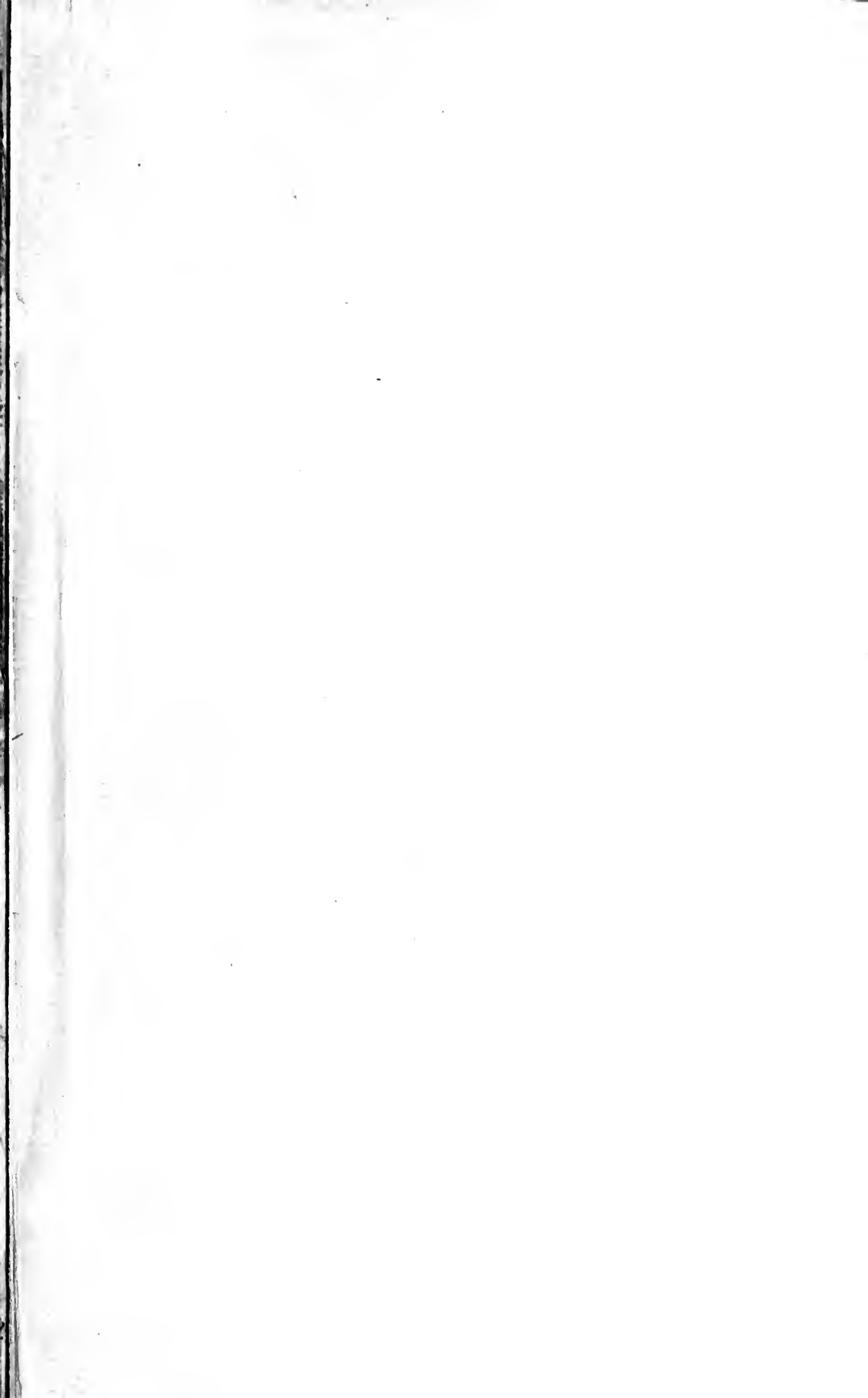


THE THEATRE:







THE THEATRE.

A Monthly Review

OF THE

DRAMA, MUSIC, AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY

ADDISON BRIGHT.

Sen. 4

(NEW SERIES.)

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AND MR. G. ALEXANDER
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QUERAY."

MADAME JANE HADING.

MISS MAUDE MILLETT.

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THOMAS IN "SOWING THE
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MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM,
MISS EMMIE OWEN, AND
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EDWIN THOMAS BOOTH.

Born November 13th, 1833. Died June 7th, 1893.

THE THEATRE.

JULY, 1893.

Mr. Pinero and the Literary Drama.



ON May 27th, 1893, a day long to be remembered in the annals of the English stage, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was produced at the St. James's Theatre, and Mr. Pinero was hailed unanimously, not only as one of the greatest of living dramatists, but as the author of a "play which is also a piece of literature."

No one who was present on that memorable occasion will forget the profound impression made by the noble tragedy. For once the individuality of the actors could not make the audience forget the master mind that had given shape to the play of the century, and Mr. Pinero was called before the curtain time after time to receive the enthusiastic plaudits of a packed house.

And the critics—well, their chorus of eulogy has been quite remarkable. It is true that one or two of the worthy gentlemen who instruct the public in matters of dramatic art have found it necessary to leaven their praises with a little fault-finding; but this, we think, has been due rather to wilfulness than to want of intelligence. For instance, the dramatic critic of the *World*, whoever he may be, remarks that "the limitations of 'Mrs. Tanqueray' are the limitations of dramatic form"—not "convention," it will be observed, but "form"—"and to say that Mr. Pinero has not entirely overcome them is merely to say that he has not achieved a miracle reserved for the greatest artists." In other words, the miracle, the masterpiece of the future, will have to be constructed with a total disregard for the limitations of dramatic form, and consequently will not be a play at all—probably a novel! And the novel on the stage we know, so Heaven defend us from such miracle plays!

This gentleman also says that the play did not move him. Well, that is a question of temperament, and we can only express our sorrow for his lack of the emotional quality. Again, he would appear to demand that the author should insert in the play an elaborate biography of the hero in order that he, the able critic, may fully

comprehend that hero's character. We can only pity him for his lack of imagination, and pass on.

There is also another critic, a gentleman who writes for the *Speaker*, and who, by-the-way, seems more anxious to impress upon his readers his own individuality than a just estimate of the play. This conscientious critic, poor unhappy man ! is met by "difficulties," as he calls them. In the first place he wants to know how it is that a man such as *Aubrey* should marry a woman like *Paula* ; and secondly, why *Aubrey* should not have foreseen that the presence of the pure-minded *Ellean* in the household would be sure to prove a "stumbling-block" to domestic happiness with *Paula*. We would suggest to this gentleman that in order to solve his first problem he should take "life up betwixt the finger and the thumb and look at it as a queer ironic game," and he will then discover that such a marriage as Mr. Pinero has postulated is one of the commonest phenomena of modern social life. As regards his second difficulty, let him on the occasion of his next visit to the St. James's be in time for the first act, and he will learn, doubtless to his surprise, that when *Aubrey* made up his mind to marry *Paula* he believed himself to be alone in the world ; *Ellean* having previously announced her intention of taking the veil, and burying herself in a convent for the rest of her natural life. As to this gentleman's suggestion that *Paula* was not bound to tell her husband of her former intimate relations with her step-daughter's lover, we can only stand aghast, content to leave such a simple question of ethics to the good taste and decent feeling of the average sensual man.

But, after all, these few jarring notes are not enough to make a discord, and so the reception of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is practically a triumphant harmony. ..

But what seems so strange to the plain man is that Mr. Pinero should have had to wait till now before receiving official recognition as one of the greatest writers (as well as the greatest dramatist) of the century. I use the term "official" advisedly, for those of us who love literature have long realised that Pinero is to the present age what Thackeray was to the last generation and Fielding to the last century--the great master of every throb and beat of that complex mechanism, the human heart ; a man filled with a noble admiration for what is best in human nature, and a noble scorn for the mean and base ; endowed with a brilliant wit and delicate fancy ; vivid imagination and genial humour ; and possessing, moreover, a perfect command and appreciation of the subtleties and beauties of our mother tongue.

Why then have our official guardians of the public taste so long denied him the title of a brilliant man of letters ? An investigation of the causes of this neglect may not prove uninteresting, the more so as it may let in a side light upon the natural history of the Superior Literary Person.

The present, we are told on all sides, is the Age of the Novel. Fiction is to us Victorians what the drama was to the

Elizabethans—the literary expression of the age. From “Vanity Fair” to “Richard Feverel,” all that is best in modern English literature is contained in the works of our novelists. And, moreover, men who had previously made their mark in other branches of literature—divines like Newman and historians such as Froude—have been unable to resist the fascination of the fictional form, and have sooner or later contributed their quota to the novels of the century.

But the stage! That, we are told, has long been in a sorry plight. The literary drama died long since, presumably with Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles. It is true that a few years ago, a dramatist called Robertson drew all London to an obscure playhouse; and it is admitted that his plays were extremely pleasing, but, alas! not literature. Then what is this ideal literary drama for which the critics have so long been clamouring? The masters of modern fiction have from time to time showed a willingness, nay more, an eagerness to supply it. Nothing easier, say they, than for a brilliant novelist to produce a brilliant play, for obviously the novel and the drama are almost identical in form. It is merely a question of compression. Here is the formula! Take an ordinary dramatic tale; cut out all descriptions and dissertations, remove the name of each character from the end of its sentence of dialogue to the beginning of the same, divide into acts, and behold, there is your play! We all know that play; it is produced at a *matinée*; the name of the author attracts a large audience, who regard it with attention, tempered by weariness, and then proceed to damn it with every token of respectful regret. And the conclusion is obvious, says the Superior Literary Person. The public does not care for a play which is also literature. There is, he goes on to say, a certain subtle quality called stage-craft, a kind of “hocus pocus,” only to be acquired by a long stewing in the tainted atmosphere of the playhouse; and they who possess it shall please the public, although destitute of every literary qualification; but they who have it not shall never write a successful play, even though they possess the combined genius of a Thackeray, a Dickens, and a Tennyson. Therefore, says the Superior Person aforesaid and his admirers, since the serious drama ignores us, we will ignore the serious drama; when we desire histrionic stimulus, we will repair to the Lyceum and the Immortal Bard; and when in need of mere amusement, the burlesque theatre and the average music-hall will adequately supply digestive gaiety.

Now if the Superior Persons who are the recognised masters of modern literature display such scorn for the contemporary drama, what must be the attitude of their humbler brethren, the journalists? These latter are the official judges of things theatrical, and so are unable like their more fortunate brethren to hold severely aloof; on the contrary, it is their painful duty to sit through every new play, whether good, bad or indifferent, and impart their opinion of the same to an expectant world. But although they may be

ignorant of stage-craft, they know good literature when they see it; for do they not themselves turn out columns of it daily in the *Telegraph* and *The Star*? and they have a simple formula for testing a play from the point of view of letters.

What is literature? The result of the labours of a literary man. But a dramatist is not a literary man; *ergo*, his plays are not literature. Besides, is it not a fact that in composition manner is now-a-days far more important than matter? Nor is the reason far to seek; all the great ideas have been given to the world, all the stories have been told and all the songs sung. Still we must have a literature, and a literature we have, but it is one of "stylists," and Meredith and Stevenson are its shining lights. Far be it from us to say one single word in disparagement of those great writers, whose works all lovers of letters ardently admire, but it is their influence on the contemporary estimate of letters that we deplore. Directness, simplicity, daintiness, delicacy, propriety of expression, are all unregarded qualities. The perfect style must obtrude itself and arrest attention. It may be rugged, uncouth, even absolutely unintelligible, but so long as it conveys a sense of effort all is well; for that is the test of literary excellence.

So after all it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Pinero's genius as a man of letters has so long awaited official recognition. In the first place he is a master of stage-craft, so according to the "brilliant novelist" he is as one possessed of an unclean spirit, and consequently can have no claim to be considered a writer of literature. Then, again, he has never placed upon the stage an avowedly "literary play," one, for instance, in which a crowd of characters, who are anything but types of humanity, pour forth "literature" by the yard, that is to say paradox, inverted proverbs, and conversational fireworks generally. On the contrary, his creations are living men and women, who speak the language, not of the theatrical nor of any other convention, but of real life; who laugh and weep, love and sorrow, even as their prototypes in the tragic comedy of human existence. But what of the bright fancy, the keen incisive wit, the genial humour, the felicity and grace of expression, to say nothing of the marvellous insight into human nature? All these, the competent critic seems to say, are the result of mere stage-craft. There is no apparent effort, no striving after effect; nothing extravagant, nothing *bizarre*; so how can it possibly be literature?

Perhaps after all Mr. Pinero may to some slight extent be himself responsible for the attitude of the critics towards his work. He has never written to the Reviews on the elevation of the Drama, nor has he lectured at Polytechnics on the Dramatic Art, and in the days of self-advertisement these have been serious omissions; for how can the poor critic be certain you are a genius if you never mention the fact publicly? On the other hand, weary no doubt of all the nonsense that has been talked about the "literary drama," Mr. Pinero once upon a time informed a representative of the *Pictorial World* that he declined to claim the distinction of literature for his plays.

"Heaven forbid!" said he, "more dramatic authors have died from literature than from any other cause."

Mr. Pinero realised that it was entirely a question of definition; he was not unacquainted with those dreary lengths of rhetorical fustian put forward as "literary plays," and regarded them with intelligible loathing. "The literature of a play," said he, in the interview already referred to, "I understand to be contained in the development of character and the suggestion of the unwritten portions—those which, by stimulating the imagination, suggest all that the novelist would describe. Really literary dialogue, if you must use the word, is that in which the right word always appears in its right place, and conveys its exact meaning with reference to the evolution of the dramatic idea." An admirable definition, and one that the critics have at last accepted!

And it is only fair to admit that for some time past it has gradually been dawning upon them that we have amongst us one who, although he never wrote a novel nor a leading article, did not graduate at Oxford nor in the office of an Edinburgh evening paper, is something more than a mere master of stage-craft; and from time to time they have admitted, grudgingly it is true, but still admitted, that there is something in Mr. Pinero's plays which approaches very nearly to literary merit. And this awakening has probably prepared them for "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which they hail unanimously as marking the birth of the modern literary drama. But admirable as is Mr. Pinero's latest play, there are many passages in his previous works, written at a time when we were supposed to be destitute of a literary drama, which equal, if they do not surpass, anything to be found in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." We are speaking, it must be remembered, not of the play as a whole—for even with "The Profligate" in our minds the later work must stand out as the masterpiece—we allude only to detached passages, considered merely from the point of view of expression and treatment. Compare, for example, the reception accorded by the censors of the Drama to that beautiful play "Lady Bountiful" with their estimate of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and may we not assume that it is not so much that the dramatist has amended his ways and become literary as it is that the critics have amended their definition of the literary drama.

Still from the public point of view the dramatic oracles are quite right when they say that the production of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" marks an epoch in the history of the modern British Drama. First as regards the author: Mr. Pinero wrote this play, not to suit any particular theatre, nor to furnish a showy part to any individual star, but to please himself. It was, to use his own words, a serious effort. And yet in connection with this play, it is an open secret that for the first time in his life Mr. Pinero received a rebuff: for "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," having been submitted to Mr. Hare for production at the Garrick Theatre, was actually declined with thanks by that gentleman. The leading dramatist writes a

serious play, and a leading manager refuses to give him a hearing ! So much for appreciation of art in high places. Now, supposing that Mr. Alexander had followed the example of the older and presumably more experienced manager, and had also turned pale at the thought of the Young Person, would a writer in Mr. Pinero's position have been at all likely to repeat the experiment, and again devote months of valuable time to a work which might once more prove to be labour in vain ? So all honour to Mr. Alexander for his courage and his devotion to art, in introducing "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" to the public ; and all honour to that despised individual the British playgoer, for his ready appreciation of a great work.

And it is not only Mr. Pinero's future work that will be affected by this success, but also modern dramatic art in its entirety. No longer will the Superior Person be able to ignore the playhouse on the ground that it is the workshop of the mediocre, and haunted by ghosts of the Drama's departed greatness ; where genius goes for naught and stage-craft reigns supreme. The Superior Literary Person may now discover that dramatic construction is not a medley of conventional formulæ, but an art or skill which may be acquired by close study and experience. He may now realise that although it cannot by itself lead to the production of great plays, yet when wedded to genius it may give birth to a masterpiece. This statement may seem closely akin to a truism, for most people will admit that a painter is not a ready-made sculptor, nor is a violinist a born trombone player ; and yet one has but to recall the latest dramatic efforts of "brilliant men of letters" of the present day to realise their absolute scorn for play-writing as an art.

And if in the future the drama be held in higher estimation, if it be regarded as a serious form of art, it will tend to a much desired elevation of the tone of dramatic criticism. Far be it from us to attack the general body of dramatic critics, but they themselves will admit, indeed some of them have already admitted it, that they are not as a class men of wide culture or literary genius ; they are simply excellent work-a-day journalists, nothing more.

But in the days to come, when the production of a new play by a leading dramatist shall be regarded not only as a theatrical fixture, but as an important event in the world of art and letters, masterpieces will not be dismissed in hastily scribbled paragraphs, but will be discussed soberly and thoughtfully by men of culture and intelligence.

And so all honour to Mr. Pinero for what he has done for the modern drama, and again all honour to Mr. Alexander for his share in the work.



Four Character Comedians.



THE following pages must be considered in the light of a companion article to a paper I contributed to the September number of *THE THEATRE* last year. As then I endeavoured to estimate the position and prospects on the stage of four of our younger "leading men," so this month I propose, with the Editor's permission, to discuss the future of four of the most promising of our younger comedians. I have little doubt that my selection of names will win approval. Most people will surely agree with me in thinking that Messrs. Brandon Thomas, Charles Brookfield, Nutcombe Gould and Cyril Maude among our rising character-actors are entitled to a like pre-eminence to that enjoyed by Messrs. Fred Terry, Lewis Waller, Herbert Waring and George Alexander, among our *jeunes premiers*.

I.—MR. BRANDON THOMAS.

The most cultured and versatile of these four players is perhaps the first named gentleman. As an actor Mr. Thomas is versatile certainly, but he is versatile also in the number of his accomplishments. But of this clever artist's achievements in other than histrionic fields it is not for me to speak here. We have only to do with Mr. Thomas as an actor. The young amateur, for such he was for several years, obtained his first engagement in 1879 under Mr. Hare's management. There were two strange coincidences connected with his London *débüt*. The play was "The Queen's Shilling," a curious reminder to the young actor of a six weeks' service in the ranks, and the theatre was the Court, destined later to be the scene of Mr. Thomas's successful management. At the end of the year the actor migrated with his manager to the St. James's, and remained there filling comparatively unimportant parts till 1885. Anyone with a collection of old St. James's programmes can fill up the details of this engagement under the Hare-Kendal management. About this time, 1885, (like Mr. Weedon Grossmith, I believe, a year later), Mr. Thomas joined Miss Rosina Vokes for a tour in the States, and acquiring some little repute as a character actor, returned to England in 1886 to play slightly more important *roles* than previously. He was in the cast of "Harvest," with Mr. and Mrs. Dacre, and appeared in one or two other pieces. But either he did not shine very much or managers were very obtuse, for it was not till the production of "Sweet Lavender" in March, 1888, that he came prominently before the public as an actor. With his performance of *Geoffrey Wedderburn*, he at once leapt into favour as a strong and virile representative of

elderly men. The same year he made a further advance in his profession by his creation of *Captain Brandon* in "Dream Faces," and by his clever rendering of the solicitor in "The Real Little Lord" *matinée* performances. In April, 1890, selected by Mr. Pinero to play in another of his comedies, Mr. Thomas again appeared at the Court in company with Mr. Weedon Grossmith and sustained his original part in "The Cabinet Minister," during the run of the piece. With practically nothing to say he made the part of the uncouth young Highlander, tied to his mother's apron-strings, stand out as one of the most diverting features of the piece. In "The Volcano," the actor had not so good a part and probably had it not been for Mr. George Edwardes, astutest of *entrepreneurs*, (who strangely enough brought out Mr. Weedon Grossmith too) the latter gentleman's erst colleague in "A Pantomime Rehearsal" might still have remained in obscurity. But the success of "The Triple Bill" is now matter of history, and it may be truthfully said that no one did more to secure the continued popularity of this delightful entertainment than Mr. Brandon Thomas. The original "Edition" enabled the actor to pose as a romantic young lover, a delightfully cynical model, and as the heavy stupid Captain in "A Pantomime Rehearsal." Playgoers know full well how admirably Mr. Thomas filled each part. Mr. Jope Slade indeed, on the strength of these performances, declared him to be a great actor, but this was perhaps a pardonable exaggeration. No one who saw him play "A Lancashire Sailor" can deny the dash, the genuine passion and pathos with which he invested the part. To "strike twelve at once," to quote Mr. Archer, is one of the most difficult feats for an actor to accomplish. Yet Mr. Thomas did this with rare success. The dialect was of course perfect; is not our actor the one acknowledged master of dialect on the stage? and the method excellent, if Mr. Thomas could only have suppressed a tendency to too explosive a style. Rarely has a first piece brought tears to the eyes of an audience as this play undoubtedly did.

I don't think Mr. Thomas has done all he can do, he has not had his chance yet. He seems the legitimate successor to John Clayton, and would probably make an excellent leading man. Perhaps to some he seems too old; but really Mr. Hare's *jeune premier* is only about a year his junior. A player of such marked individuality, such sound intellectual gifts, and such genuine emotional power seems destined for serious work, and ought certainly to go in for bigger game. As a character-actor Mr. Thomas has a distinguished record, and is aided not a little by his marvellous knack of disguising his features. His old gentleman in "A Highland Legacy," his hasty old father in "Sweet Lavender," his genial old admiral in "Faithful James," his cynical *Captain Brandon* in "Dream Faces," and his inimitably humorous portrayal of "Freddy Leighton's" model—all these, if nothing be said of his exquisite *Captain Tom Robinson*, were sufficient to mark out Mr. Brandon Thomas as a master in this branch of histrionics.

II.—MR. CHARLES H. E. BROOKFIELD.

In Mr. Charles Brookfield it were difficult to say whether we are dealing with an actor who has already arrived, or who will eventually arrive. For myself I am inclined to think that the actor has arrived—as far as he ever will get. He strikes me as one of those heroic souls “of whom the world is not worthy.” Certainly no man has suffered more from popular indifference. Of this comedian, we may indeed use the phrase dear to “our Oscar,” and say that in playgoers’ estimation he is “a man of no importance.” Not that Mr. Brookfield has at any time suffered from lack of appreciation. A scanty, if select, band of admirers has ever followed his fortunes with unwavering interest, and at least two critics of eminence—Mr. Walter Pollock and Mr. Charles H. E. Brookfield—have an implicit belief in the greatness of our subject’s art.

But even Mr. Brookfield’s warmest admirers must admit that he has failed to fulfil expectations. He seems now almost to have settled down into an “old stager,” and the rumours current three years ago about his taking a theatre seem ridiculous in the cold light of present facts. New men have sprung up—Mr. Weedon Grossmith and Mr. Cyril Maude, actors with a future—and Mr. Brookfield seems “left.” The fact is that as a character-actor this comedian is “as one born out of due time.” He has had the misfortune to be the junior of Mr. Cecil and Mr. Hare, and the contemporary of Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Tree. He does not possess Mr. Hare’s firm, clear-cut, incisive style, and he lacks Mr. Cecil’s polish and knack of disguising his voice. He has a wider range of character than Mr. Mackintosh, but the latter actor surpasses him in elaboration of detail and in cleverness of make-up. Truth to say, Mr. Brookfield’s art most resembles that of Mr. Tree. In short, Mr. Brookfield is essentially an eccentric comedian, often merely a low comedian, posturing in high comedy.

At the Haymarket under the Bancrofts and Mr. Tree the actor generally caricatured his rôles. In those early days he treated character-painting as easy work—an art to be accomplished by a grotesque make-up, an eccentric garb, and an obtrusive manner. His *Baron Stein* was composed on this principle. Of course no self-respecting actor can hope to vitalise Sardou’s Anglicised puppets: though Mr. Brookfield has essayed this hopeless task in “Peril,” “Diplomacy,” and “Mayfair”; the *Penguins*, the *Steins*, and the *Graftons* of the stage are quite too impossible. But this hardly excuses Mr. Brookfield’s exaggerated performance, which was almost as absurd as his rendering of the heroine’s father in “Partners.” His *Algernon Bellairs* was screamingly funny, but as impossible in real life as his amorous old *Mr. Bunbury* in “Godpapa.” With a passing reference to some excellent little thumb-nail sketches—*Sir George Muddle* in “Husband and Wife,” the *Irish Colonel* in “The Grey Mare,” *Menteith* in “Beau Austin” and *David* in “The Rivals”—I will pass on to some of Mr. Brookfield’s more noteworthy comedy performances. His *Sam*

Gerridge in "Caste" is the ablest and most observant piece of acting he has given us—a performance deemed admirable even by those who swear by Mr. Hare's rendering. In Sir Charles Young's famous drama Mr. Brookfield had another rôle in which he was inimitable. As the amateur detective in "Jim the Penman," he has never been surpassed. We have seen many *Penmen* and many *Mrs. Ralstons*—there is only one *Captain Redwood*. Equally convincing in its way was Mr. Brookfield's rendering of another "quiet" part—that of *General Morakoff* in "The Red Lamp." But this clever comedian has never done better work than in "Jane." His *William* remains a perfect masterpiece, perhaps rather too suggestive of a scout, but otherwise quite faultless, free from the slightest trace of exaggeration.

Of two of his most recent performances I have little space to speak. If praise be due to an actor for cleverly caricaturing a type he, as author, has the sole merit of discovering, then must this comedian be awarded due credit for his *Bertie Twyford*. But if recognisable truth to nature be an essential of the actor's or author's art, then Mr. Brookfield's epicene anæmic monster must be pronounced of as little worth as his *Saveloy Joe* in his latest curtain-raiser. It is but fair to say, however, that in "The Burglar and the Judge" the actor was often brilliant, even when the author was most unconvincing.

Our actor would be something more than a mere comedian. Every player has his weakness, and Mr. Brookfield's betrays itself in a curious way. Like Mr. Giddens and Mr. Tree, he aspires to the serious, the romantic, and the sentimental, and like the former he fails to give satisfaction in these ambitious ventures. Of the assistance lent the Haymarket manager by his colleague in the production of *fin-de-siècle* romance the less said the better. Messrs. Tree and Brookfield's styles were found to harmonise only too well, and the results were two very welcome departures in theatrical impersonation. Mr. Tree starred in a dual rôle, while Mr. Bancroft was fain to appear as "The Spirit of Fair Arbitration." Of a truth, dashing libertines revengeful men-servants and sentimental musical composers are as alien to our actor's methods and temperament as are French philosophers, scheming villains or mediæval kings. The *John Ruddocks*, the *Sir Charles Pomanders*, the *Louis XI.s*, and the *Marshalls* of our stage are for serious actors, not for Mr. Brookfield or for actors of his calibre.

III.—MR. NUTCOMBE GOULD.

Now we come to Mr. Nutcombe Gould—a comedian whose methods and career afford a most striking contrast to those of Mr. Brookfield. On the actor's early performances there seems little reason to dwell. It was not till the production of Mr. Gilbert's last serious play at the St. James's that he scored a really big success in London. "Brantingham Hall" fixed Mr. Gould's *emploi*. In *Lord Saxmundham* the talented actor gave us the first portrait in his famous gallery of aristocratic old men. A brief appearance in "The Panel

Picture " followed in March, 1889, and after this eight nights' engagement, Mr. Gould's services were called into requisition only for *matinées* till the end of the year. In February, 1890, the actor commenced his very remunerative engagement with Mr. Alexander. This was the turning point in his career. Strangely enough, though, the best acting he gave in the early part of this engagement was done at the Haymarket, when he was leased to Mr. Tree for the revival of "Comedy and Tragedy." His *Duc D'Orleans*—a remarkably able piece of work, modelled somewhat on *Scarpia* lines—was indeed the only praiseworthy feature in the performance. At the Avenue later in the year two of his impersonations merit attention. He was quite satisfactory as *Vaillant* in "The Struggle for Life," while in "Sunlight and Shadow" his *Dr. Latimer* was really a first-rate performance. The actor eventually made of this an admirably mellow and delightful piece of work. Surely I need not speak of Mr. Gould's achievements at the St. James's: his old men in "Lord Anerley" and "Forgiveness," and his brilliant *Lord Darlington* will be fresh in the memory of every reader.

If I were asked what was the most noticeable feature of Mr. Gould's art I should be inclined to say that it consisted in the air of good breeding with which he invests all his impersonations. Like all the St. James's players, Mr. Gould has just that *cachet* of ease and social distinction that Mr. Waller, Mr. Reeves Smith, and many of our younger players so lamentably lack. His *forte* has generally been held to be the delineation of sprightly, well-dressed, middle-aged gentlemen, and in the interpretation of pathetic old men. If the actor had but a little firmer touch he might almost claim to rival Mr. Hare in certain of his studies. No actor individualises and differentiates his sketches better than Mr. Gould does. In "Sunlight and Shadow," "Man and Woman," and "The Idler," his performances were relieved by many delicate artistic touches, and one at least of his elderly studies was a truly memorable performance. The actor's superb rendering of the old baronet in "Forgiveness" was a very touching and pathetic piece of work.

But Mr. Gould has proved that he is something more than a player of old men, something better than a mere character-actor. His acting in "Lady Windermere's Fan" and in "The Idler" has shown that he is entitled to rank very high indeed as a leading man. His *Lord Darlington* proved on better acquaintance a really clever and convincing performance. The charm, the geniality, the wittiness, the high-breeding, and the underlying seriousness of the man were brilliantly limned. Not even Mr. Tree could have done more for the earlier scenes than Mr. Nutcombe Gould, while even in his avowal of passion the actor proved successful. His love scene with Miss Winifred Emery was played with agreeable dignity, adroitness, and restraint. Frankly, I don't think that Mr. Gould's share in the success of "The Fan" has ever been fully recognised. During the last provincial tour of the St. James's company this refined comedian was assigned the *role* of *Sir John Harding* in

"The Idler." Strangely enough Mr. Gould achieved a considerable success in the part. He assigned the character a more sinister interpretation than its original impersonator allotted to the part. True, the actor's passion is still somewhat to seek. Mr. Gould cannot always give it due expression, still his new rôle was very well characterised and very effectively dressed. In discarding Mr. Waring's favourite reefer suit for a more distinctly House of Commons get-up, *Harding's* new interpreter had a very happy inspiration.

IV.—MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

The announcement that a gentleman so distinguished in literary and artistic circles as Mr. Comyns Carr is to manage a theatre of his own in the autumn is a very gratifying circumstance. There is no reason why a house so conducted should not succeed, always providing that the dramatic pabulum afforded is good.

Still, it must be confessed that if a manager is to fill the Comedy he must have an exceptionally good programme. Pure comedy, it is said, will be Mr. Carr's staple attraction in his new venture, and no doubt pure comedy, if Mr. Carr can write it, or get say Mr. Barrie to do it for him, might be made to pay in London, even at the Panton Street House.

But if Mr. Carr is to found at this theatre a kind of English edition of Daly's he will need to be very circumspect in the choice of his plays and players. Great comedy actresses like Miss Ada Rehan or Mrs. Kendal are not picked up every day in the week, and though I have a thorough belief in Miss Winifred Emery's comedy powers—who that has seen her as *Lady Teazle*, *Miss Tomboy*, or *Cynthia Greenstade* can help it?—I very much doubt whether this charming young lady has the physical power to pull through a weak piece. And who is to be Mr. Carr's leading man? for even comedy requires such a person. Who is to be Mr. Carr's substitute for Mr. John Drew? I suppose Mr. Cyril Maude. This hardly seems a wise policy, but I suppose our latest manager knows his own business. If Mr. Maude can occupy the position Mr. Carr seems to intend him to fill, he will have given an astounding proof of his ability. Yes, an astounding proof, for although this clever comedian has afforded playgoers countless examples of his versatility, success in such an absolutely new departure would go far to prove Mr. Maude's possession of genius for his profession.

In the three last serious dramas in which he has been seen, Mr. Maude has deservedly played the chief comedian's part. As the old diplomatist in the "Queen of Manoa," as the hard-headed Scotch man of business in "Agatha Tylden," as the friend of the family in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," this last part recalling several of Coquelin's rôles in the Dumasian preachments—this delightful actor has given us three masterly pieces of comedy. At length assigned parts worthy of his ability, he has been seen to fullest advantage. At the present time he may claim to rank as second only to Mr. Hare in the list of our leading comedians. I am not forgetting another distinguished actor; but the ex-manager of the Court must perforce yield

the palm to his younger rival. Mr. Arthur Cecil's methods are not very startling even when least conventional.

Truth to tell this very promising young actor may now be said to be in the position Mr. Tree occupied in 1886. He has played in comedy, in farce, in modern drama, and in old comedy, and everywhere with success. He has given us three or four remarkable performances, and thoughtful playgoers are waiting to see what so ingenious and clever a comedian will do, and when he means to take the inevitable leap for fame.

It was under Mr. Thomas Thorne's auspices at the Vaudeville that Mr. Cyril Maude gained his first experience. Poor Mr. Thorne! What an "eclipse of the gaiety" of theatrical London his retirement from management was! The spectacle of this stolid, tame, same, second-rate comedian, with his heroic efforts at versatility, desperately striving to maintain the rank of a prominent West End manager was a source of constant merriment to the bitterly inclined. Still much may be forgiven a man who developed the talent of Miss Kate Rorke and Miss Winifred Emery. Mr. Thorne had a rare knack of unearthing talent. The pity was that he afforded Mr. Maude such inadequate chances. The latter's earliest successes were won in the Buchanan plays. As *Lord Fellamar* in "Joseph's Sweetheart" the young comedian gave us a very telling sketch after Hogarth, and followed this, early in 1889, by an exquisitely finished rendering of *Charles Farlow* in "That Doctor Cupid." Why a very distressing physical infirmity like stammering should, however, be deemed fair game for the stage caricaturist, I don't know. But certainly the cleverness of Mr. Maude's acting went far to atone for the offensiveness of the sketch.

At a Vaudeville *matinée* during the same year the actor added very considerably to his reputation. I didn't see "Angelina," and so can only refer readers to Mr. Howard's excellent notice of the piece in his "Dramatic Notes." The part seems to have been one very similar to another *role* in which Mr. Maude has gained great success—that of *Juxon Prall* in "Judah." With a word of praise for his rendering of a dude in that distressing production, "The Old Home," I pass on to notice one of Mr. Maude's ablest pieces of work. As the polished cad *Philip O'Mara*, the actor was astonishingly good. A part similar to the one Mr. Tree magnifies into such importance in Mr. Wilde's new play, was treated by Mr. Maude with wonderful skill, and endowed with marvellous reality. If the actor gets the chance he should revive "Man and the Woman." It is in such parts as *O'Mara* that Mr. Maude excels. He showed this in "Joseph's Sweetheart," he manifested it clearly in "Man and the Woman," and proved it triumphantly in "Handfast." In all these pieces the actor was vulgarity—in the Ruskinian sense—incarnate. You remember the "bounder" he realised for us in "Meadow Sweet." What a convincing creation his sketch of the caddish City clerk was in this piece! Every tone and every accent were admirably characteristic of the young man who felt bound to apologise for his father and

sister. There was character ever in the turning up of the trousers. Indeed, the peculiarity of Mr. Maude's art is its astounding naturalism. Take his *Austin Woodville* in "Handfast." If absolute fidelity to nature, aided by the most artistic and characteristic touches, can make a performance great, then must Mr. Maude's acting in Mr. Hamilton's play be styled great. It was certainly the most powerful and convincing picture of skunkish cowardice I remember to have seen. But it matters little what kind of part the actor plays. His keen observation and elaborate art always serve to render the character attractive.

It is a strange fate that compels Mr. Maude so often to play the part of evil genius to his wife. He abducted her in "Joseph's Sweetheart," he was a miserly old man who wanted to marry her in "Clarissa," he tried to defame her character in "The Crusaders," he endeavoured to murder her husband in "Handfast," and he was her false lover in "The School for Scandal." Speaking of Sheridan's comedy, I can't say that I thought Mr. Maude made a particularly successful *Joseph Surface*. He was far too able an actor to fail in the part, but he was hardly a plausible enough lover. In truth the part requires a serious actor rather than a comedian. Mr. John Clayton, I believe, played the rôle on novel lines, made *Joseph* as well dressed and handsome as his brother, and assigned the part a semi-romantic air. The pity is that this fine actor's rendering of the part has not become the traditional one. Mr. Maude lacks the physique necessary for such a reading of *Joseph*. In fact the only actor who would do justice to the part seems to be Mr. Alexander. He has just the insinuating devilry, can assume just the priggish hypocritical manner the rôle requires. Mr. Alexander's rendering of *Joseph Surface* should be a memorable one!

What need is there to speak of Mr. Maude's old men impersonations or of his cameos in old comedy portraiture? What a wonderful sketch of decrepit old age he gave in "Clarissa"! Mr. Solmes seemed absolutely to have one foot already in the grave. Think of his sprucely dressed *Duke of Mayfair* in "The Fringe of Society," with his frank cynicism and openly avowed immorality. Mr. Maude's portrait of the old rascal who "liked entertainments where they took everything off," was a perfect gem of acting paralleled only by Mr. Hare's *Lord Dangers*. Time fails me to speak of the actor's delightful miniatures in "London Assurance" and "The School for Scandal." These Criterion performances may be said to have simply set the seal on Mr. Maude's already established reputation.

W. A. LEWIS BETTANY.



Thomas Higgie :

COMEDIAN, DRAMATIST, &c

En Memoriam.



AT a period when so many young persons of both sexes, innocent of every artistic requisite natural or acquired, are permitted, by some occult influence, to air their ineptitude on the Metropolitan stage, it may not be amiss to take a retrospective view of the "rough brake" through which an eminent actor of the old school had to pass before he ventured to claim the suffrages of the London public.

Thomas Higgie made his first appearance on the stage of life eighty-five years ago, seventy of which have elapsed since he commenced his artistic career.

At that time every English theatre had its *répertoire* of standard works, comprising tragedy, comedy, melodrama, ballad opera, pantomime, farce, and certain burlettas, such as "Midas," "Tom Thumb," Bombastes Furioso, etc. Obviously the adequate rendition of works of so wide a scope rendered a troupe of competent comedians absolutely indispensable even for the humblest theatre. The old managers were terrible martinets, hence any person presuming to engage for a specific range of characters and discovered to be ignorant of the "business" or imperfect in the text, was regarded as an impostor, and summarily dismissed. Under these circumstances, the stage-struck aspirant was, of necessity, driven to the strolling manager of the barn, or fit up, where he obtained at least a knowledge of the text and such rough and ready practice as, after repeated failure, qualified him to take a subordinate position in some small, but respectable theatre, under a responsible stage manager. The next step was towards the great provincial centres. Having succeeded in passing the audience at Bath, York, Birmingham, Edinburgh, or Glasgow, he became eligible for a London engagement.

I here propose to show, as well as brevity permits, how the subject of this sketch passed through this trying ordeal and emerged triumphant. Although of Scottish descent, Mr. Higgie was a Cockney, born in Berners Street, Oxford Street. Intended for the legal profession, "he penned a stanza when he should engross," became stage-struck while yet a lad of fifteen, and after a succession of amateur performances at the *Sans Souci*, in Leicester Square, and elsewhere, he obtained an engagement from an agent who frequented "The

Harp," Kean's favourite hostelry, which still exists opposite the pit door of Old Drury.

It was the epoch of romance. Kean was at the height of his glory ; it was notorious that he had drudged barefoot and starving from town to town, hence the youth of his generation thought it the proper thing to tread in his footsteps. Higgle didn't quite see the matter from this point of view, and, thanks to the kindness of a doting mother, he took coach at the "Golden Cross" to join a company under the management of Mr. Coppin (a famous stroller of the period) at Southwold, in Suffolk, where a life-long intimacy with Creswick commenced.

When Higgle and Creswick (or Master Collins, as he called himself then) arrived, they found "Old Copp," Master George (his son), and the other members of the company hard at work rigging out the scenery and white-washing an old dismantled barn. The new comers were called upon to bear a hand by carrying in some deal planks and fitting them on barrels for the pit seats. Higgle was nothing loth, but the tragedian of the future declined. "I am the *leading* man!" quoth he with dignity. "Certainly," laughed Higgle, "and being so it is your duty to take hold of the end of this twelve foot plank and *lead* the way into the pit."

The management was of the most primitive character, and both tragedian and comedian were called upon to assist in getting in the properties, delivering the play-bills, etc. Creswick had a soul above bill-sticking, and as, moreover, "The Ghost" didn't walk regularly, he resigned his engagement, leaving Higgle to play high, low, Jack and game for the remainder of the season. It didn't last long though, for the company "waxed smaller by degrees and beautifully less," till at length a mere handful remained. Everyone had to put both shoulders to the wheel ; even "Old Copp," who was the leader of the orchestra, and who detested acting, was compelled to act *Dyrkile*, the villain, in Fitzball's drama, "The Innkeeper of Abberville," for Higgle's benefit. *Mr. Dyrkile* has to die to an *agitato* accompaniment, so the old gentleman took the precaution to place his fiddle behind the prompt wing prior to the commencement of the scene. When the critical moment arrived, he fell with his head and shoulders behind the scene, while his feet and legs remained *en evidence*, and, seizing the fiddle, began to play his own requiem. Master George was to have lowered the curtain on the final *tableau*, but had forgotten all about it, and was engrossed in a cock-fight outside. When "Old Copp" had played his last note and given his last kick he whispered, "Now George, let go the painter !" Finding no response he growled, "I can't lie here dying all night." Then the dead *Dyrkile* came to life, and vowing vengeance on young hopeful, stalked off amidst yells of laughter, and lowered the curtain himself.

By the way, I may here remark that the "young hopeful" of the Southwold Strollers ultimately became the pioneer, and is now the father, of the Australian stage. Yes ! Master George of that ilk, has developed into the Right Honourable George Coppin, for many years

member of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, and at this present writing is not only Managing Director of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, but Chairman of the Commercial Bank of Australia, which has passed through so terrible an ordeal during the recent commercial crisis in the Colonies.

From Southwold, Higgie went to the Northampton circuit, then under the management of Mr. Jackman ; and thence to the Worcester circuit with Mr. Bennett, each move being a step higher. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and the trials through which he had passed now stood him in such good stead, that the raw unfledged recruit was transformed into an excellent and accomplished comedian.

It was at this period that a distinguished actress, impressed with his zeal and ability, recommended him to Frank Vining, then about to open the Brighton Theatre in conjunction with a certain Mr. Pugh, who prided himself on being dental surgeon to George IV., then located at the Pavilion. Evidently the Royal rake must have had a bad time with his teeth in those days, for Mr. Pugh's invariable salutation when he turned up at the weekly treasury was "Good morning, ladies and gentleman, good morning! I hope you've got through your business as deftly as I've got through mine. As loyal subjects, you will, I am sure, be delighted to learn that His Majesty has just been safely delivered of another—tooth! I performed the operation myself. In the language of the bard I may say, 'Alone I did it.'"

During this season Higgie came in contact with Charles Young, Charles Kemble, Miss O'Neil, Lucius Junius Booth, Liston, Farren, Dowton, Macready and Edmund Kean, then approaching the end of his meteoric career. Having frequently seen him at Old Drury, the young comedian was terribly nervous at the thought of encountering the great little man, especially as at that time he never came to rehearsal—that part of the business being delegated to his secretary, Mr. John Leigh. Finding himself cast for *Wilford* ("Iron Chest") on the opening night, Higgie very properly declined to play the part unless he could rehearse it with Kean himself, who invited him to the hotel, received him most graciously and coached him up in the "business." The result was so much to the tragedian's satisfaction that after the play he invited his young colleague to supper, and during the remainder of his visit treated him with the utmost courtesy and kindness.

It was soon afterwards that the wayward genius died, and Higgie, with many other country actors, made his way to Richmond to follow the great actor to his untimely grave.

From Brighton, Higgie moved to the Nottingham circuit, then under the management of the eccentric Manley ; from there he went to Penley at Newcastle-on-Tyne and Windsor ; to Malone Raymond at Liverpool ; and thence to the New Theatre at Leicester, and to Birmingham, under the management of "Jimmy" Munro, of amazing memory, who was said to be able to study a page of the *Times* in one

reading, and of Mr. Mercer Simpson, father of my friend, young Mercer, proprietor of the Old Theatre, Birmingham, and the new one in St. Martin's Lane. From Birmingham Higgie migrated to York, then under the management of Gentleman Hooper.

The Great Northern circuit was at that time famous for the excellence of its company. Besides Hooper and his wife, both excellent comedians, the company comprised Mude, the tragedian from Drury Lane, Dion Boucicault (then Lee Morton), Leigh Murray, Compton, Chippendale, H. T. Craven (the dramatist), Bob Roxby, and other distinguished actors. Higgie occupied a very prominent position among this excellent troupe of comedians. From York he returned to Birmingham.

Having passed through this prolonged probation, he at length succeeded in obtaining a London engagement, and joined Mr. Maddox at the opening of the Princess's Theatre. Here he remained till the commencement of the memorable management of Phelps and Greenwood at Sadler's Wells, where he was engaged as principal light comedian.

Strictly speaking, he was an eccentric comedian, a line of character for which both nature and art had provided him with plentiful endowments.

In person he was tall and slender, face oval, nose pronouncedly aquiline, eyes brown and piercing, features mobile and expressive, voice musical yet incisive, manner animated and—if so anomalous a description may be permitted—sententiously vivacious. I have seen him play *Mercutio* and *Cassio* with elegance and vigour, but his *Jack Absolute* was an old-fashioned young gentleman. His *Flutter* was delightful, but his *Doricourt* detestable. He was the best of *Backbites*, and the worst of *Charles Surfaces*. I recall with pleasure two delectable performances of his in melodrama—the one a certain *Harry Markwell*, a kind of modernised *Mercutio* in “The Rake's Progress” of Leman Rede; and one *Warner*, a dissipated scoundrel, in “Fifteen Years of a Gambler's Life.” It is scarcely possible to conceive a better *Sir Frederick Blount*, *Lord Tinsel*, or *Osrick*. This latter impersonation will be remembered by old playgoers in connection with Fechter's “Hamlet,” which Higgie produced at the Princess's. His *Mantolini* was inimitable, his *Chateau Renaud* stylish and quite *fin de siècle*. His *Jeremy Diddler* was full of life, whim and vivacity, while his *Robert Macaire*, to my thinking (and I have seen them all, from the great Frederick to James Browne, Sydney Davis, and Henry Irving) held its own beside the best. Whatever he attempted was accomplished with the ease, grace and precision which comes from observation, culture and experience, but candour constrains me to say that when the exigencies of the theatre forced him into some tragic or romantic characters, although he compelled respect, he never excited admiration.

As a stage-manager, I have heard Augustus Harris, the elder, and Charles Mathews both maintain that Higgie was one of the best of his time. He was also a prolific and skilful dramatist, and author of up-

wards of a hundred plays and pantomimes. Although many of his pieces were acted hundreds of nights, he never received half as much for the whole of his works as a dramatist of to-day receives for a single piece at a West End theatre. His "Laid up in Port," "Black Anna's Bower" and "The Jew of Constantine" all rattling, transpontine dramas, were quite equal to their offspring to-day at our principal theatres. An amusing little comedy-drama of his, called "The House Dog," which I remember to have seen George Forman act at the "Vic.," was stolen, translated into French and German, and has been a stock piece in the Continental theatres for the past twenty years. A sprightly duodrame of his called "A Devilish Good Joke" was enacted for an entire season at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, but he never received so much as "thank you" from the management.

To return, however, to his career in town. When he left Phelps and Greenwood he became stage-manager to Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris at the Lyceum. Upon their retirement he managed the Victoria for some years for Mr. Osbaldiston, and at his death fulfilled the same functions for Miss Vincent till she, too, died. He then became stage-manager to Augustus Harris the elder, with whom he remained during the whole of his career at the Princess's and Covent Garden. Subsequently he migrated to the Surrey, where he occupied the same position with his old comrade Creswick, till he transferred his services to E. T. Smith at Astley's.

Ultimately he became my stage-manager at Liverpool, and "thereby hangs a tale." We had only a fortnight in which to get up our pantomime. At the eleventh hour our ballet master failed us, but at the instigation of Higgie, our harlequin (Mr. E. W. Royce) got up our dances to the admiration of everybody. Our chorus master left us in the lurch, but again at the instigation of Higgie, our *prima donna* (Miss Marian Taylor) came to the rescue, and pulled us through splendidly. To crown all, at the last moment our drunken property man struck, and his drunken subs followed suit; again the indomitable Higgie rose to the occasion. "I have never been licked in my life, sir," said he "and I don't mean to be licked now! no sir! damme, no!" With that he placed a couple of stalwart policemen at the stage door, subsidised half-a-dozen intelligent supers to assist, then he stripped to his shirt sleeves, so did I; he mounted guard at one side of the stage, I at the other, and the pantomime went without a hitch; in fact it beat the record, and was played right up to Easter.

Having other theatres elsewhere, I was seldom in Liverpool, hence Higgie was left "monarch of all he surveyed." During my absence his most intimate acquaintance was a young actor whom he had previously met during the run of "Ivy Hall" at the Princess's. This gentleman was at the Prince of Wales's with the late Mr. Henderson, who did not appreciate his ability at its proper worth. Higgie, however, stoutly maintained that his young friend needed only time and opportunity to become a great actor, and Higgie was right, for his young friend was Henry Irving.

One of Higgle's pet hobbies was agriculture, hence I was not surprised to learn that soon after he quitted Liverpool he had bought a farm in the vicinity of the New Forest, and, like another Cincinnatus, devoted himself to the cultivation of cabbages. After all kinds of experiments with guano, phosphates, nitrates, and new-fangled agricultural implements, he found that every vegetable he raised cost him twice as much as it would have cost at Covent Garden Market. Then at nightfall, when he tried to lose himself in some abstruse scientific work, or when his bucolic friends discoursed at the club of the price of wheat, cattle, mangold wurzel, and the rest of it, the old time came back to him with a vengeance. He smelt the orange peel, saw the glare of the footlights, heard the tuning of instruments, the roar of the full-throated pit, and after a severe struggle 'twixt duty and inclination he returned to his native village.

During my tenure of the Queen's Theatre we renewed our old intimacy, which continued till the end.

As an object lesson for some of those airy young gentlemen who without a tithe of the industry or a scintillation of the ability of this accomplished actor succeed in obtaining salaries twice or thrice as large as he ever received, and yet perpetually exploit themselves to the honor and glory of their cloth in the Court of Bankruptcy, I may mention that he never received a salary of more than £10 a week, yet ere he reached the meridian of life he had by thrift and economy amassed a modest competence, which enabled him to retire and enjoy the *otium cum dig.* at his cosy villa at Ealham. His declining years were saddened by the loss of one of the best of wives, but with characteristic philosophy he accepted the inevitable. He had passed through all the "ologies and all the isms," with the result that he frankly admitted he knew nothing of the great mysteries of life, death, time and eternity. On the verge of "the great forever" he was content to—

"Find tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything ;"

that is, in everything but the Radicals and the G. O. M. A rabid Conservative, he distrusted the "swinish multitude" and abhorred the very name of the greatest of living Englishmen. We never met without breaking a lance on this subject, except indeed upon one memorable occasion—my birthday, January 1st, 1892, when he called upon me with a New Year's gift. It was a massive gold ring, presented by Edmund Kean to Oxberry seventy six years ago. The inner circle contains a double posy. The first inscription runs thus—"From Edmund Kean to W. Oxberry, October 17th, 1817, "With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;" the other, "From T. H. to J. C., New Year's Day, 1892, "With many happy returns of the day." "I meant to have left it to you in my will," said he, "but 'Tis better as it is,' as Othello says."

Barely three months ago we collided against each other in the crowd

in front of the Mansion House. After adjourning to Simpson's for lunch, I took him to an office in Mansion House Chambers to inspect certain specimens of ore taken from some property in which I am interested at the Tasmanian Silver Fields. There was an expert present, and it was interesting to note his appreciation of the unerring accuracy with which the old man described the component parts of the various specimens, and appraised their value.

For some years past we had been accustomed to make a little party to see a morning performance of the pantomime at Drury Lane (in which he took as keen a delight as a boy home for the holidays), and to dine together afterwards.

On Wednesday, March 22nd, he was to have accompanied us as usual, but on the previous night came the following telegram :—

"DEAR JOHN,—In bed since Friday last ; chill, prostrate, quite exhausted. When better (if ever) will be down to see you. God bless you both."

In defiance of medical advice, he persisted in leaving his bed to write these lines. They were the last he ever wrote. Having a presentiment of evil, I rushed down to Balham, where I arrived barely in time to say good-bye. At half-past two the next morning my dear old friend passed peacefully away, and on the following Monday we laid him beside the wife he had loved so well.

JOHN COLEMAN.



Actors of the Age :

RECOLLECTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS.

II.—THE MEN AT THE HELM.



LAST month I dealt with some of the actors and actresses of the past generation—the generation to which, for example, Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. Stirling belong, artistically, although happily they are still dwelling in our midst. This month I propose to say something about the men who are now in the forefront of the dramatic battle—the men who are indisputably at the head of their profession, and by whom not only the present, but, for some time, the future, of the stage in England is certain to be mainly dominated. From this class, I omit, in the meantime, the comedians pure and simple, such as Mr. Toole and Mr. Hare, of whom I shall have something to say by-and-bye. Here we will confine ourselves to the players of “leading” parts—the “leading men,” as they are technically called, who occupy the highest reaches of their art.

And first and foremost, of course, comes Mr. Irving, who maintains with ease the premier position which he seized more than twenty years ago and has held against all comers ever since. He did not secure that place without a struggle. I remember, in my own case, that I could not accept his *Hamlet* all at once. It so happened that I came to it fresh from the *Hamlet* of Salvini, and I found my enjoyment of it much obscured by the peculiarities of tone, gesture, and locomotion by which it was then disfigured. But I must take to myself the credit of having recognised from the beginning the chief excellences of the impersonation. “He has a conception of his own,” I wrote, “and certainly succeeds in putting it before the spectator with wonderful vividness. And not only has he this close grip of the character, but in certain passages he produces effects which are singularly original and striking.” I then went on to devote a newspaper column to expounding the main merits of the performance. I recollect that, on this occasion, the part of the *King* was played by Mr. Pinero, and that of *Osric* by Mr. Carton. Little did any of us then dream that the one was destined to produce “The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,” and the other to be the author of “Liberty Hall !” After “*Hamlet*” (in this instance) came “Charles I.,” and by that I was wholly subjugated.* The aforesaid peculiarities had

*Mr. Pinero played *Lord Huntly* in this piece.

almost wholly disappeared, and in their stead were a dignity and a restraint which took me captive. "From beginning to end," I wrote, "his acting was masterly—consummate. Everything was realised—not only the dignity, but the domestic tenderness, the state-craft, and the patriotism." These sentences were penned seventeen years ago, and I may be pardoned for priding myself upon the fact that I was among the first to surrender to Mr. Irving's originality and charm. It was at this time, or thereabouts, that the country was flooded with copies of a little pamphlet called "The Fashionable Tragedian," in which Mr. Irving, as an actor, was held up to reprobation and to ridicule. It has since come to light that the *brochure* was the work, so far as the letterpress was concerned, of Mr. William Archer and Mr. Robert W. Lowe. Mr. Archer was at that period a young man of twenty-one, and the value of his opinion at that age may be conceived. He has virtually apologised for the juvenile indiscretion; but no apology, I believe, has ever been tendered by the artist, also presumably a young man, by whose caricatures of Mr. Irving the pamphlet was "illustrated." On the whole, I am inclined to think that "The Fashionable Tragedian" did something towards founding Mr. Irving's popularity—so manifestly exaggerated were the drawings, and so obviously one-sided and unfair were the "criticisms" with which they were associated.

Of the other actor-managers of to-day, I made play-going acquaintance first with Mr. Kendal, who was then a member of the Buckstone company. The present generation, which knows him best as *Philippe Derblay* in "The Ironmaster" and in similarly serious parts, has no idea how delightful he used to be as the *jeune premier* of comedy, both old and new. Handsome and well-made, he had a gaiety which was agreeable and infectious. I am thinking especially of his *Charles Surface* and his *Captain Absolute*, which are, without exception, the best I ever saw. Mr. Coghlan's *Surface* is a finished piece of work, but it never had the spontaneity of Mr. Kendal's, while in the younger *Absolute* Mr. Kendal was unrivalled. The scenes between him and the *Mrs. Malaprop* of Mrs. Chippendale were genuinely joyous. Excellent was his *Orlando*; admirable, by-and-bye, was his *Captain Beauclerc* in "Diplomacy." Of late years he has developed an unquestionable capacity for stronger, even for pathetic, work. I was much impressed, the other day, by the simplicity and sincerity of his *Hugh Trevor* in "All for Her," which he and Mrs. Kendal revived in the country before taking it to America. Mr. Kendal's ability as a serious actor has, I think, been under-rated; but it is as a comedian, nevertheless, that he is most notable. His *Captain Crichton* in "Impulse" cannot be bettered; it would be difficult to better his *Colonel Blake* in "A Scrap of Paper." His visit to the States, and his reception there, have given him a confidence in his powers which he seemed not to possess before. But I, who can remember him as he was when almost a beginner, have always regarded him as a light comedian of the first order, well worthy to be associated artistically with his brilliant and distinguished wife.

Next to Mr. Kendal, chronologically (in my memory), comes Mr. Wyndham, who first presented himself to me, in my capacity of theatre-goer, as *Bob Sackett*. I have seen him in every part that he has played since, and I owe him a debt of gratitude for the many hours of enjoyment he has bestowed upon me. He took the place in my affections which Charles Mathews had vacated—not, as I have already said, because Mr. Wyndham's method was in the least like the elder actor's, but because he had the same high spirits, the same irresponsibility, the same imperturbability of demeanour. I confess that, when Mr. Wyndham broke for a time with Criterion farce and appeared as *David Garrick*, I had my doubts. It seemed rash for him to court comparison with Sothorn, and especially rash to desert a *genre* in which he was admittedly a master. Nothing succeeds, however, like success. Mr. Wyndham's *Garrick* conquered all prejudice and anxiety. The first shock of surprise once over, it developed gradually into an impersonation much more rounded and effective than that which Sothorn had given us at his best. Herein we saw the fruits of long experience combined with natural ability. Mr. Wyndham's voice is not, in itself, that of the ideal stage lover, but in "*David Garrick*" it is modulated to a tenderness which charms the hearer. The play is a happy combination of comedy and sentiment, and exhibits both sides of Mr. Wyndham's talent with triumphant effect. The Criterion manager has been the "champion" light comedian of his day; and yet it is more than probable that he will be remembered longer and more favourably by his *David Garrick* than by any of the lighter impersonations with which his name is connected.

Still confining myself to the actor-managers, I come next to Mr. Tree and Mr. Alexander, who, in the temporary absence of Mr. Willard, may be regarded as the "rising hopes" of the British Drama. Mr. Alexander is, for me, the older acquaintance of the two. I saw him play his first part in the Theatre Royal, Back-Drawing-room. I did something towards providing him with that part. When I next met with him, as an actor, he was a member of the travelling "Caste" company, playing the youthful heroes, and playing them, moreover, with an earnestness and a buoyancy which delighted everybody. Like Mr. Kendal, he started with good looks, a good figure, and a good address—natural advantages by no means to be despised. As a *jeune premier*, indeed, he was quite perfect. His love-making was not to be resisted. His *verve* and his brightness swept all before them. At this time it was impossible to say into what he would eventually develop. By-and-bye, he was seen as the lisping *Freddy Butterscotch* in "*The Guv'nor*." This showed that he had humour and a sense of character. Later, he was "spotted" by the acute eye of Mr. Irving, and appeared in London as *Caleb Decie* in "*Two Roses*." After this came *Faust* and *Macduff*, but it was not until Mr. Alexander went into management for himself that he began to exhibit the faculty that was in him. *Faust*, after all—as portrayed by Mr. Wills—is only a walking gentleman; *Macduff*

is hardly a character to "score" in. Mr. Alexander's opportunity came with the production of "Sunlight and Shadow" and his assumption of the rôle of the humpbacked organist. That, I venture to think, is the best thing that he has done—the performance of most promise for the future.

My knowledge of Mr. Tree's histrionic achievements dates from the year in which he played (in the provinces) the *Marquis de Pont-sablé* in "Madame Favart." I happened to see that impersonation, and was struck by the excellence alike of the "make-up" and of the simulation of senility; the representation, as a whole, was amateurish, but it was obviously clever and undoubtedly prophetic of better work. When I next saw Mr. Tree he was *Maleotti* in "Forget-Me-Not," and it seemed certain that he was to be ranked, in future, among the "character" actors. I am induced to believe that it is in that artistic category that he will finally be included. He has played *Hamlet* and *Falstaff* amid much popular applause, but to me those renderings were not quite convincing. The *Hamlet* though ingenious, was slow, and I could detect (or thought I could detect) the mechanism at work. The *Falstaff* of the Haymarket was a great improvement upon the *Falstaff* at the Crystal Palace; but great as was the care which the actor lavished upon the impersonation, both within and without, I missed in it the unction, the good humour, which I take to be characteristic of the fat knight. I witnessed, at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Tree's *King John*, but cannot advise him to cultivate that kind of rôle. He is best, in my view, in parts which admit of effective "make-up," and to which his deliberate method is specially appropriate. As the *Marquis de Pont-sablé* he foreshadowed his success as *Demetrius* in "The Red Lamp"—perhaps the most completely praiseworthy of all his efforts. As the *Marquis* he also displayed the leading defects of his style—its dilatoriness, its tendency to over-thoughtfulness.

I have referred to Mr. Willard, who, of late, has dedicated his powers rather to the American than to the English public. We have yet to see what position this able and interesting player will permanently take in our metropolis. My recollection of him goes as far back as the days in which he was a member of Mr. Duck's "Our Boys" company. I remember dropping in to a performance of Mr. Byron's play, and noting that the rôle of *Middlewick, jun.*, was being performed by a Mr. E. S. Willard. This must have been about twelve or thirteen years ago. I should like to be able to say that I there and then detected in Mr. Willard the possession of powers which would ultimately place him among the first of living actors. As a matter of fact I did nothing of the kind. *Charles Middlewick* is not a rôle in which a player with individuality can shine. It is a commonplace part, and susceptible only of commonplace treatment. When, therefore, I afterwards recognised in Mr. Wilson Barrett's principal supporter at the Princess's the whilom representative of young *Middlewick*, I was thoroughly surprised. Since then, Mr. Willard has successfully escaped from the rut of the "well-dressed villain," and has

established himself as an actor of versatility as well as power. What he has yet to do is to succeed decisively in Shakespeare. In the modern drama he stands as high as it is possible to stand; he has yet—notwithstanding his *Iachimo* and *Macbeth*—to be accepted in the great Shakespearean rôles. He may not care to essay them; and if he does not, he will still remain one of the most sympathetic and engaging of our players.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, too, has lately devoted himself more to the Transatlantic than to the metropolitan playgoer. I remember the days—it is about twenty years ago; I cannot be certain to a year or two—when he travelled through the provinces with his wife, Miss Caroline Heath, and, if I recollect aright, figured with her in the “Jane Shore” of W. G. Wills. I fancy it was as *John Grist* in that dismal piece that I first saw him act. My later memories of him are those of most theatre-goers, though perhaps not every one recalls his *Mercutio*, his *John Stratton*, or his *Friar John*. As a player of romantic parts he is popular everywhere, his *Hamlet* had many admirers, his *Othello* (I can well believe) is full of fire and vigour. It is with the past rather than with the future that I deal, but it may be that Mr. Barrett may yet achieve in London a series of successes similar to those that marked the earlier years of his sway at the Princess’s.

So much for the actor-managers. Now for some of the “leading men” who have never undertaken management in London. And let us take first those who are youngest in reputation. They are Mr. Herbert Waring, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Arthur Elwood, Mr. Abingdon, Mr. Bassett Roe. Of these I know best Mr. Waring and Mr. Elwood. Mr. Waring, if my memory serves me, was in the “Caste” and “Guv’nor” companies with Mr. Alexander. He had an excellent provincial training, and was a well-equipped actor when he came to town. He was always satisfying, but his first opportunity was as *Torvald Helmer* in “A Doll’s House,” when the piece was brought out at the Novelty. Since then he has progressed rapidly. He was truly powerful as the husband in Mr. Parker’s “Chris,” and his *Halvard Solness* in “The Master Builder” gave him a place among our best. Beginning with light comedy, he has exhibited his adaptability to the strongest and most “modern” rôles. Mr. Arthur Elwood also has come markedly to the fore—notably in “The Honourable Herbert,” and still more prominently in the first representation of “Hedda Gabler.” He is now our best available exponent of “reserve force.” His capabilities are no strangers to me. I saw him play *Count Orloff* in the provinces years ago—it was in the seventies, at any rate—and at once made a mental note of his performance and his possibilities. My readers will remember how much he did to give plausibility to “Man and Woman” at the Opera Comique. Mr. Forbes Robertson is apparently one of the most modest and unambitious of players; otherwise I should like to ask why his triumphs as *Leontes* in “The Winter’s Tale” and *Buckingham* in “Henry VIII.”

(to name no others) do not spur him on to the achievement of that wide popularity which surely awaits him. I recollect Mr. Fred Terry in "Called Back." I remember him also in "Twelfth Night." How greatly he has advanced since then! There was one scene in "The Dancing Girl" in which he was genuinely "thrilling"; some day, no doubt, he will get his chance, and show himself more than ever worthy of being the brother of Miss Ellen and Miss Marion Terry. Mr. Abingdon and Mr. Roe have hitherto been limited almost solely to the "villains" of the stage. The former was really moving as *Laurent* in "Thérèse Raquin"; the latter first attracted me when he played the *Duke of Gloucester* (Shakespeare's "Richard III.") in, I think, a play by Mr. Wills. Mr. Abingdon has unquestionable intensity; Mr. Roe tends rather to "sweet reasonableness" in his general method.

Among "the old guard" it is permissible, perhaps, to include Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. W. Rignold, and Mr. J. Fernandez. My earliest recollection of Mr. Vezin is of his performance in "Dan'l Druce"; in later days I was much interested by his *James Harebell* in "The Man o' Airlie," though I could not account for the vogue which the play seems originally to have obtained. Recently Mr. Vezin has appeared in farcical comedy, and has thus completed the circle of his versatility. Mr. W. H. Vernon comes midway between "the old guard" and the new. For me he is always, in the first place, the Mr. Vernon of "Mammon" and "The Snowball"; in the former play he reached, perhaps, the high-water mark of his capacity, excellent as was his *Henry VIII.* in "The Prince and the Pauper." But, in truth, he is always sound and acceptable; and it should be recorded specially in his honour that he was one of the first to give adequate interpretation to Ibsen: his acting in "The Pillars of Society" reminded me of his firmness and sobriety in "Mammon"—which is saying a good deal.

Of the younger "leading men," my oldest stage acquaintance is Mr. J. H. Barnes, who played the hero of "The Shaughraun" to the heroine of Miss Rose Massey—how many years gone by? Most playgoers now think of Mr. J. D. Beveridge as of the villain or *père noble* of Adelphi melodrama. I recollect when he was the *Prince Florian* in Mr. Gilbert's "Broken Hearts," and a good Prince too. There was at least one occasion on which I envied Mr. H. B. Conway, and that was when I saw him rehearsing *Romeo* to the *Juliet* of Miss Adelaide Neilson—a fascinating occupation for a youthful player! He was a good-looking and a gallant *Romeo*, albeit a little mincing in his speech. The part in which Mr. Kyrle Bellew first fixed my attention was that of the *Dei Franchi* in "The Corsican Brothers." It would have been more effective than it was if it had not given the impression of being largely modelled on Mr. Irving's performance of the *role*. The most far-off thing I remember of Mr. Arthur Dacre is his impersonation of *Loris Ipanoff* in "Fedora:" the passionate earnestness of this assumption will always, I think, make it linger in my thoughts. With Mr. Leonard Boyne I associate, in the first

place, his provincial appearances in parts which Mr. Wilson Barrett had made popular in town—*Claudian*, in particular. I shall always recall, too, his acting in "A Man's Love"—the clever little adaptation (from the Dutch) by Messrs. Grein and Jarvis. That had at once a theatric and a realistic value. I cannot now say when I first set eyes on Mr. Terriss, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Warner; those artists seem bound up with all my impressions of the theatre. Last on my list, they assuredly are not least. Mr. Terriss grows in artistic mastery every year; his *Henry VIII.* and his *Henry II.*, for example, are vigorous portraits, firmly photographed on the mind. Immensely varied has been the repertory of Mr. Macklin, one of the most trustworthy and acceptable of actors. With such men at the helm, the dramatic ship is guided safely, over and over again, into harbour. The steersman is as important, in his way, as the captain. Mr. Macklin is one of the experienced seamen who, in English theatrical waters, have so often helped a belated craft to weather the storm.

W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.



To A. W. Pinero, Esq.



SIR.—You may possibly remember that, towards the close of the run of "The Profligate" at the Garrick Theatre, I took the liberty of expressing by an open letter addressed to you in the columns of the London edition of the *New York Herald*, my opinion of that piece and my conjectures of the reasons of its partial failure to attract the public. I said, as I thought, and still think, that "The Profligate," viewed as literature, was the most remarkable and encouraging contribution to the English drama of the decade, that its construction as a bit of stage work was altogether admirable, that its characterisation was, for the most part, excellent, and that, but for one fatal flaw, it might have claimed rank as a masterpiece. That one flaw was, unhappily, constitutional, like the discoloured veins which sometimes mar the whiteness of the purest marble, and could neither be planed out nor whitened over. It arose simply from the fact that you had allowed your theme to frighten you, that you had, as the schoolboy has it, "funked" the task of presenting the logical and inevitable consequences of your scheme of character in action, and had consequently fallen on the doleful necessity of stultifying your figures and spoiling your story. A little more courage in the handling of its subject would have made "The Profligate" one of the biggest

plays of the century. One had to admit that the lapse from artistic heroism was easily pardonable. Even the most popular of dramatists cannot altogether despise those vague forces known as *les convenances*, solidified as they are in his case in the persons of timid managers, a crotchety Government official, and the nightly returns at the box office, dependent on a pruriently prudish public. Still, it was a pity to see a fine theme poorly handled, a fine play, which had held one spellbound for three acts, go suddenly limp and spineless in the fourth, and impossible not to wish that a dramatist capable of three such acts had not dared a little more in the cause of art and morals.

These memories were in my mind as I sat a few nights ago in the St. James's Theatre, waiting for the curtain to rise on the first act of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." I had read some of the criticisms the piece had inspired in the daily press, and, without their help, had quite made up my mind for such an evening's pleasure as falls but seldom to the lot of a dramatic critic. I don't think you *could* write badly if you tried, and your lightest dramatic trifle has always shown good workmanship and knowledge of the world. Smart dialogue, telling situations, the air of *vraisemblance* which is perhaps the most indispensable virtue of modern comedy dealing with modern life, I felt assured of. But the critics had given me more than that to expect. I had come, on their assurance, to see a great theme largely and fearlessly handled, a strong story strongly told. But then, a good many of them had said as much of "The Profligate," which had after all disappointed me.

I am (in parliamentary English) free to confess that "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" did not disappoint me in any single particular. It has its faults, I think, and I hope I may not be thought ungenerous for dwelling on them. But they are not faults of the order which marred "The Profligate." They are of a diametrically opposite kind. "The Profligate" missed the highest level of success because its main theme was weakly dealt with. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" falls short of that level (in a very much smaller degree, however,) because it is unnecessarily strong in a purely dramatic sense. In writing it, you allowed the craftsman to get the upper hand of the thinker, a very frequent mistake with creative artists, from which only the very greatest, the Shakespeares, Molières, and Balzacs are wholly free.

Let me explain myself. You took as your theme the ill-judged generosity of a chivalrous gentleman who entertains the insane hope that by making a woman of loose life a present of his name and social status, he will convert her to ways of decency and honour. In real life such a story would find its own end, and that end would infallibly be sufficiently tragic without the addition of any such extraneous accident as the former relationship between *Paula* and *Captain Ardale*. That such a complication is perfectly possible and likely is really no part of the question. In "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" you had obviously meant, not to construct the mere

ordinary well carpentered drama, but to perform a far more worthy and onerous task—to work out to its true conclusions a problem in social morality, to show the heroic and hopeless folly of such an enterprise as is undertaken by *Aubrey Tanqueray*. All the elements of a most thrilling modern tragedy lay in that idea, and it is a thousand pities that you did not recognise the enormous innate strength of the theme, and thought it necessary to introduce a mere fortuitous accident to bring about a catastrophe which should have sprung logically from the ill-considered action of your principal characters. Your superb first act posed a problem of enthralling interest, the second witnessed its inevitable development, the third and fourth, brilliantly written and admirably constructed as they are, destroy the ethical value of the piece entirely. The moral of “The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,” as it stands, is that a middle-aged gentleman who has a marriageable daughter should not marry a woman of dubious life, or, that a woman of dubious life should not marry a middle-aged gentleman who has a marriageable daughter. No doubt, it is dramatically strong to make the catastrophe come by the innocent love of a pure and harmless girl. But it is a distinct and regrettable departure from the severe simplicity of the original theme. The model of the class of piece to which “The Second Mrs. Tanqueray” belongs is Augier’s “*Lionnes Pauvres*,” and not the least of the virtues of that admirable play is, that, with nothing accidental to enhance its interest, it fascinates the reader or the spectator by the implacable logic with which its characters are developed. *Paula* is a very different type of woman from *Séraphine*, a woman for whom one can feel much pity, and, in some aspects of her character, some respect. But the conditions in which you place her would have resulted in tragedy of some sort without the aid of so purely fortuitous a circumstance as the engagement of her former lover to her husband’s daughter. You have drawn her so admirably, with so certain a knowledge, and Mrs. Campbell’s method is so perfectly fitted to her reproduction, that I feel I know her as I should know a woman of flesh and blood after long acquaintance. I am not trying to belittle a remarkable intellectual feat, or carping at a play which has given me more pleasure, as the production of an English dramatist, than any other piece I have seen from the pen of a living man. If *Paula* were not the splendid creation she is, the means by which you brought about the catastrophe would be proportionately indifferent. It is because she is such a triumph of characterisation that I regret that you did not seek your *dénouement* in the logical evolution of her nature amid the given circumstances, instead of arriving at it by the intrusion of an accidental coincidence. And my regret is the greater because I believe you to be the one English dramatist now alive capable of bringing so difficult and complex a study to a successful end. The dramatic presentation of psychological problems is not the *forte* of most of the gentlemen now writing for our stage, and the result of such a study in almost any other hands would have been either to bore or shock the audience. You

do neither, in spite of the crudity of the incident to which I have already stated my objections. Throughout, the piece is written with that certainty of touch, with that perfection of unobtrusive tact, which are the happy privileges of the man who is intellectually a gentleman. There is such a thing as mental good breeding, and it is not the commonest of gifts. You possess it, as both "*The Profligate*" and "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*" have served to show, in perfection. Both pieces deal with scabrous subjects, both, in varying measure, deal boldly with their themes, and both show evidence of that reticence and dignity which are the very soul of verbal art applied to the delineation of human passion. One knows what Ibsen would have made of such themes, the happy mixture of dirt and dullness he would have expressed from them. One knows what Mr. Wilde would have done with them, what a field for cleverly platitudinous epigram and unconvincing philosophy he would have found in them. There is nothing of dirt or of dullness or of flippancy in "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*." Its tone and tact are beyond cavil, its story is told with a certain sweetness of sad gravity.

One other word, and I have done with fault finding. Is the flash of inspiration by which you make *Ellean* read the puzzle of her father's rejection of her lover quite natural in a girl so young and inexperienced? It is boldly and delicately done, and the revolt of a pure and rather cold nature against the mere presence of such a woman as *Paula* is an admirable bit of psychology. But is that illuminating flash of divination quite possible? Girls, it is said know a good deal nowadays. I don't suppose they know much more than their grandmothers, and I am very sure that knowledge on sexual questions, as on all others, is better than ignorance. But throughout the play the purity and innocence of *Ellean* have been so insisted on that her rapid reading of such a problem comes—at least it came to me—with something of a shock.

Your subsidiary characters are all admirable, and Cayley Drummle in especial is observed and drawn with wonderful truth and delightful humour. Contrasted with those impossible volumes of proverbial philosophy bound in man's skin who perform the part of chorus to the plays of Dumas *fils* and—in one or two instances at least—of Augier, he is a refreshing novelty. We have all met and loved him, the good, kindly, bustling little man, who looks on at the comedies of life from a well padded stall, liking best the plays which end happily, neither a cynic nor a sentimentalist, but just a man of the world whose original sweetness of nature has outlived a good deal of sad experience, not believing too readily in virtue or heroism, but respecting and acknowledging them gladly wherever they are visible. *Aubrey Tanqueray* is, I cannot help thinking, more of a triumph for Mr. Alexander than for you. One has some difficulty in quite determining what you meant him for, or whether it was from overmastering passion or as a kind of splendidly unselfish social experiment that he made his great mistake. Mr. Alexander's ad-

mirable quietude and gentle strength kept me from asking myself that question till after I left the theatre. Of *Paula* I have already spoken. She is a creation worthy of unmixed and unstinted praise. She stands beside Nana and Madame Marneffe. Much praise is due to Mrs. Campbell for her rendering, but the veriest stick that ever faced the floats could hardly have hidden the genius with which she is drawn. No man who has at heart the interests of the English stage will fail to yield his full meed of praise and admiration to the dramatist capable of such work as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

Believe me, Sir, your sincere and grateful admirer,

THE CANDID FRIEND.



"Andrew Paterson."

A one-act play by NORA VYNNE and ST. JOHN HANKIN.

[ALL RIGHTS OF REPRESENTATION ARE RESERVED.]

SEYMOUR O'NEAL (Andrew Paterson), a tutor ; RICHARD POOLE, his pupil ; ROSY ; MARGARET, a servant.

SCENE—Seymour O'Neal's room.

Cosy but untidy ; two big comfortable armchairs, pipes, books, and papers littered all over the room ; on the table, a big lamp with shade ; O'Neal at a desk, writing.

O'Neal : There—that's done. An exhaustive edition of the fragments of Æschylus, one line of text to a page of commentary all in Latin. Such Latin ! "μὴ φῦναι τὸν ἀπαντα νικᾷ λόγον," but I couldn't tell him so. Well, here lies an editor whose name is writ in water with a vengeance. A most learned work, and absolutely useless ; I don't suppose it will ever be heard of again. However, that's not my business. The author didn't ask me to criticise it, but to look over the proofs, and write a preface, and I have made twenty-five pounds over it in three weeks. (*Ties up parcel and flings it into a corner.*) Parcel post to-morrow will do for that, and now to write to Rosy. (*Turns to table again.*) Hallo ! a telegram—when did this come ? Margaret must have brought it in with the lamps when I was too busy to notice her. (*Opens it and reads.*) "Back some time to-day.—Dick." That's all right, dear lad, it's been dull enough without him. I'm glad he is coming home. Some time to-day—some time means dinner time, of course—and—(*looks at watch*)—a quarter to seven—(*hurries to the door and calls*)—Margaret.

Margaret (*coming to the door*) : Yes, sir ?

O'Neal : Margaret, I say, I hope you've got something decent for dinner ; Mr. Poole is coming home.

Margaret : Oh, yes, sir, I took care to get what he liked when I saw his handwriting on the telegram.

O'Neal : Saw his handwriting on the telegram, you foolish old person. (*Scientifically.*) A telegram, Mrs. Margaret, is—

Margaret : Well, sir, I mean I thought it was from Master Dick, because I knowed that's what he always calls you.

O'Neal (*looking at the envelope*) : Oh, "Andrew Paterson, Esq." What a boy it is ; one would have thought he would give me my true name on the outside of an official communication at least. Well, at any rate, I'm glad he is coming, one always misses people most about ten minutes before they return, at least I didn't know how much I missed Dick till I got his wire. Now for Rosy's letter. I shan't get much chance to write it when the boy is here again. (*Returns to table and writes, speaking at intervals.*) Rosy was to go back to her teaching three days ago. She would find my last letter waiting for her. She has not had time to answer it yet, poor child, of course. She has often told me how unmanageable those wretched children are after a holiday. I suppose she is busy dragging the youngsters under her control again. What a life for such a girl, and what a long time it will be before I can offer her anything better. It's hard ! I wonder if I could earn more than I do, or spend less. Well, that "Fragment" in the corner there has brought things a bit nearer. Twenty-five pounds, it all counts. Shall I tell her, I wonder why I didn't run over and spend these holidays near her ? No, she'd fret over my working too hard, bless her. I'll not tell her that I'll tell her—(*writes*)—but that's a thing that somehow one never can tell satisfactorily. (*Looks at letter and smiles.*) Dear child, that will content her better than bragging of how I've worked, or what I've earned for her. (*Fastens the envelope.*) She'll get that to-morrow morning—she'll open it—she'll—(*looks at envelope a moment, and then kisses it ; laughs nervously and puts it in his pocket.*) Dick should be here now. I hope that old girl has got a decent dinner. (*Moves a pile of papers off the other easy chair and stirs the fire. Dick enters, opening the door with a bang. O'Neal is very pleased to see him. They speak together.*)

O'Neal : Well, here you are at last then.

Dick : Well, here I am back again.

O'Neal : I'll go and tell them to serve dinner.

Dick : No, don't ; tell them to let it wait, I have something to say.

O'Neal (*anxiously*) : You've not—not been doing anything you shouldn't Dick, I hope.

Dick (*cheerfully*) : Why no, one wouldn't say that. Something I should, I would call it rather—it all depends on the view you take of it.

(*They sit in the two big chairs, and O'Neal waits patiently.*)

O'Neal : Well, Dick ?

Dick : Well, I am very glad to be back, Andrew Paterson.

O'Neal : Had a pleasant holiday ?

Dick : Oh, yes, good enough. That is very pleasant, indeed.

O'Neal : Your people all right ?

Dick : I suppose so. I haven't seen them, I wasn't at home.

O'Neal : Oh, I thought you were.

Dick : Yes, I meant to go, but I went on to some people I knew first, and I liked it, so I stayed on.

O'Neal (nervously) : Oh, a—a—girl, Dick.

Dick (breaking into a laugh) : Yes, a girl. Look here, Andrew Paterson, how long have I been here being reformed ?

O'Neal : Six months.

Dick : And the good advice you have given me in the time would fill several volumes as big as Mill's logic, wouldn't it.

O'Neal : Well, you took most of it.

Dick : I've taken all of it now. You advised me to read, which I did, and not to spend money, which I didn't, and to be sober, which I have more or less, and to be vigilant and all the rest of it ; if we have not gone all through the Christian graces together we've done our best at them.

O'Neal (affectionately) : You've been a very good boy.

Dick : And of all the wise things you have ever said to me, Andrew Socrates Paterson, the wisest have been said on the all important subject of love and matrimony.

O'Neal : I said love was a serious thing, and not to be fooled over.

Dick : Exactly, and you know you see, because you had taken it seriously yourself ; I've been thinking over what you said.

O'Neal : I said the love of good woman was a good thing to get, worth getting, worth keeping when you get it, worth making sacrifices for.

Dick : Now there's where I can't agree with you. I don't see where the fun of making sacrifices comes in ; if you want to marry a girl you want to marry her *when* you want her, you know. What's the use of loving a girl because she's young and sweet, and then waiting until she is old and faded before you marry her. It is so hard on the girl. Oh, yes, I have been thinking of that girl you are engaged to a great deal during the past fortnight. You told me she was a governess, you know. Governesses aren't very happy mostly, while you have a pretty jolly time. Don't you think it would have been far wiser to have married her right off and brought her here, and let her have as good a time as she could with us ? I know you are trying to save money for her, but while you are doing it, she's spending all her youth, getting no good at all out of being in love with you beyond a weekly illegible letter, and a visit when you can spare the time. Why you've not even been to see her these holidays. Don't you think she must be fretting for you. I've often pictured her to myself these past weeks waiting all alone patiently—pretty, of course, but getting old and worn before her time.

O'Neal (aside) : He's a bit out of it there. Rosy getting old and worn ! If only he could see her. (*After a pause.*) What does all this lead to, Dick ?

Dick : Why that if love is a good thing, as you say, and waiting is

a bad thing, as I say, I've been very wise to marry right off when we both wanted to.

O'Neal (amazed) : Eh, marry ! What's the boy talking of.

Dick : She was staying with the same people as I. Such a very young girl, and awfully pretty. So I stayed and stayed—I couldn't leave her. I didn't think we should settle it as suddenly as this, but she was fond of me, that was what did it. She was so fond of me. I went a bit off my head to find a girl like that really caring for me. You see I'd been gone on her all the time, ever since I saw her, I mean. At first she seemed to like me, we got on capitally, so I stayed on, and it was very pleasant. Then she seemed to take a dislike to me and wouldn't go for walks and that sort of thing, so of course I couldn't go till I had found out what was the matter, and the matter was—she loved me.

(O'Neal during this speech has listened with interest, and an occasional "eh" or "well," but not loud enough to make an interruption.)

Dick (continuing) : This was how it all came about. She was going away next morning, and she thought that no one was in the room. It was dark, and I didn't know she was there. I was feeling pretty bad about her going. I was over by the fire, and she came in and went to the piano in the dark, you know, and I didn't feel as if I wanted to speak just then. Then she began to sing—a French thing—Marie Stuart's song, I believe it was. I didn't understand it except "Adieu les plus beaux jours de ma vie," and then she broke down.

O'Neal (softly) : Yes ?

Dick : Why then you know I found it easy enough to speak. I said everything there was to say. So did she, and the end of it was I ran up to town that night and had a special license ready by the time she came in the morning, and so we were married. I wonder what my father will say to my spending his Christmas tip in a wedding license ? I wonder if he can be persuaded to give me a wedding present in specie to make up for it.

O'Neal : You've not told him ?

Dick : Oh, you'll do that, won't you ?

O'Neal : I ?

Dick : Yes ; he'll take it so much better from you, you see. When I go home there's always a confession and a lecture, or a lecture without a confession. They'd take it for granted a thing was wrong if I told them I had done it. But they have such a high opinion of you that if you say it's all right they will believe it is all right. You've made them let me have my own way about going to the Bar. You must make them let me have my own way about this.

O'Neal : You've got it already.

Dick : Yes, that's one comfort, they can't prevent it, so you must let them see it would be absurd to make a fuss now. They believe

in you, you see. Do you remember when I was first sent down here—in disgrace, you know?

O'Neal: You hadn't been doing anything very bad.

Dick: No, but bad enough—knocking about and spending money. You remember when they gathered from my letters that I was pretty comfortable with you, they concluded that you must be even “such an one as myself,” instead of a fit and proper tutor and guardian for me, and my father rushed down to denounce you, because you couldn't but be a reprobate if I liked you, and found us peacefully reading Theocritus over the fire? I thought he was going to embrace you, or make you a present of £50, which would have been a far greater sign of affection. Blessings don't make such a hole in the parental banking account. You made my peace with him then.

O'Neal: I told him that you were all right, and hadn't been any worse than most, and might turn out well if he'd exercise a little patience, that's all.

Dick: Well, now you must tell him that I am still all right, and have done rather better than most, and that everything will turn out very well indeed if he'll only be good-natured.

O'Neal (rising and considering): I'm not sure you have not done right. I'm not sure this isn't the wisest thing you could have done; you want steadyng; it will steady you.

Dick: It will.

O'Neal: You see you've got it in you to do something in the world, but you never had motive enough. Now a man could not have a better motive for getting on than a sweet young wife. She's a lady of course?

Dick: Oh yes; of course.

O'Neal: You see the worst part of your character is your idleness. You knew that you could do something if you liked; but you didn't care enough. Now you will care. You will feel bound to justify that girl's faith in you. You are an honourable man. You won't shirk a responsibility when you have once undertaken it. I think I can conscientiously say this to your people.

Dick: That's what I want you to say.

O'Neal (lays his hand on Dick's shoulder, and looks at him searchingly): It will be true, Dick?

Dick (very seriously): Yes, it will be true.

O'Neal (heartily): That's all right then. (*Laughs.*) Well, so you've really married, and before me too. We neither of us expected that, did we? How long have you been a married man?

Dick: Three days.

O'Neal: Going on pretty well, eh?

Dick: Rather! Just wait till you see her Andrew Paterson.

O'Neal: Where have you left her?

Dick: Why! I haven't left her. Of course not, I brought her down here. You wont mind will you? You see I hadn't anywhere else to take her.

O'Neal (peering round puzzled): Here.

Dick (laughing): Oh, not in the coal-scuttle or under the table.

She is over the way at the "Sun," and pretty tired she must have got of it waiting while I have been rambling on trying to make you see things sensibly, and you have seen them very sensibly haven't you. I *knew* you would. She was a little doubtful; she said tutors were always cross and middle-aged, and she was sure Mr. Paterson—

O'Neal (laughing): "Mr. Paterson!"

Dick: Oh yes; by-the-way, I must explain to her that that is only a disrespectful nickname. I called you by it when I was telling her all about you—and of our *menage* here. I have told her you are going to be married. You will be soon, won't you? There will be plenty of room for us all, and we will be so cosy together. Why, what a good fellow you are, Andrew Paterson. You are looking quite as pleased as if it were your own wife who had come. I'll go and fetch her at once. (*Exit.*)

O'Neal (takes out his letter and looks at it tenderly, then begins to re-arrange the disorder in the room, murmuring the while): I'd better put things a bit straight if a lady is coming. Anywhere will do for these. (*Shoving papers out of sight.*) The best thing the boy could have done; the very best thing. I'll tell his father so. I'll put it all right for him. I shall be able to manage that certainly.

(*Re-enter Dick, followed by Rosy, who at first sight of O'Neal starts back with a little cry; he peering forward near-sightedly recognises her, but commands himself.*)

Dick: Seymour, old man, let me introduce you to my wife. She's been longing to meet you. Now look at her and congratulate me, Andrew Paterson, isn't she a rose? (*Dragging Rosy forward, and then looking a little surprised.*) Isn't she? Well, she's very white now because she is tired with travelling, but you shall see her to-morrow when she's had a good rest.

O'Neal (hesitatingly): You must be very tired with travelling, Mrs. Poole.

Rosy (incoherently): Very tired. Yes, very tired—that's all.

O'Neal: Get her a chair by the fire, Dick, and turn down that lamp a little, it's smoking. I congratulate you both; I hope you will be very happy.

Dick: She doesn't often look like that. She generally has such a colour; but we have been travelling, and railways are always hateful. She has heard all about you, Seymour. I have talked of you a great deal. In fact, she must know all your virtues by heart, I should say.

Rosy (in a strained voice): Why did you always call him "Andrew Paterson"?

Dick: Oh, I don't know; he was always called so long before I knew him, and he's even got into the way of calling himself so. I did tell you just now it was only a nickname, but you didn't catch what I said, I suppose. I don't know why that's his particular nickname—

O'Neal (carelessly): Someone once said that so shabby and uninteresting a person as I ought not to have such a romantic high-flown name as Seymour O'Neal, and that I looked much more like

Andrew Paterson. So Andrew Paterson has stuck to me ever since. What does it matter? what does a name matter?

Rosy: It was a pity; it was a pity.

Dick: What does it matter? He's just as good a fellow by one name as another, and Seymour O'Neal is a little high-flown for every-day life. Now, don't you think that as everything is explained and settled they may as well serve dinner, mayn't they, Andrew?

O'Neal: Tell them so. They will want to see you. They like you, you know.

Dick: Of course. I promised old Margaret a bonnet for a Christmas present. I've got it in my hat-box. I'll go and tell her that I'm a married man, and shall be very much more particular about everything in future. (*Exit.*)

(*Rosy shrinks back in her chair; O'Neal approaches her slowly; she shrinks more and more, till as he reaches her she is slipping from her chair as if to kneel; he lays his hand on her shoulder to stay her.*)

Rosy (breathlessly): I didn't know, Seymour; Seymour, I didn't know; Seymour, don't kill me. He always called you Andrew Paterson. How was I to know? I was a wicked girl to be false to you, Seymour, but—but we were so fond of each other. I didn't know where he was bringing me to-day. I ought to have written, I know, Seymour—Seymour—

O'Neal: Hush! You must never let Dick know, that is all I wish you to understand. He is a dear boy—we really like each other, you know—and I think if he found out what he had done it would break his heart.

Dick (flinging the door open with a bang): Here's dinner. Oh I say, I didn't notice I'd turned the lamp down as far as that. It's quite dark in here. This way, Rosy, you must be starved; this way, the dining-room is just across the hall. (*As Rosy passes him he steps behind*—"Isn't she sweet old man?")

O'Neal: Quite the prettiest girl I ever saw.

Dick: You think so really? Well, that's nice of you considering that you're engaged yourself. But what's wrong? You look upset. Feel a bit "left," or as if it ought to be your wife who was here? Dear old chap, she will be soon, you know.

O'Neal: I think I'd better tell you, I—I wasn't going to talk about it just yet. I didn't want to spoil your first evening with bad news. The fact is, as soon as I have made this right with your father I shall go abroad a bit. My marriage won't come off, Dick. She—the girl, you know—is dead. She died three days ago. (*Rosy appears in doorway, and creeps a step forward listening tearfully.*) Hush! here's your wife come back to see why you are so long. Please don't speak of this to her, it would distress her.

(*As Dick turns to go out with Rosy, O'Neal, lingering behind, takes the letter from his pocket and, tearing it in pieces, throws it on the fire.*)

(CURTAIN.)





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MR. ARTHUR WING PINERO.

"There are some acts which are hard to explain, hard to defend—
some acts which one must trust to Time to put right."

AUBREY TANQUERAY. ("The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.")

Plays of the Month.

"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

An original play in four acts, by ARTHUR W. PINERO.
First produced at the St. James's Theatre, on Saturday evening, May 27th, 1893.

Aubrey Tanqueray ..	Mr. G. ALEXANDER.	Gordon Jayne, M.D. . .	Mr. M. HATHORN.
Sir George Orreyed ..	} Mr. A. VANE-TEMPEST.	Morse	Mr. ALFRED HOLLES.
Bart.		Lady Orreyed	Miss EDITH CHESTER.
Captain Hugh Ardalo ..	Mr. BEN WEBSTER.	Mrs. Cortelyou	Miss AMY RONELLE.
Cayley Drummle ..	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE	Paula	Mrs. P. CAMPBELL.
Frank Mlsquith, Q.C. }	} Mr. N. GOULD.	Ellean	Miss MAUDE MILLETT.
M.P.			

With his new play, Mr. Pinero has at one blow accomplished a revolution. The methods of the playwright are familiar. His pen, let us say, is in demand. A drama is expected of him. What does he do? He puts on his considering cap, and goes forth into the highways and hedges, and collects his characters, much as an entomologist conducts a beetle-hunt. Having pocketed his specimens, he takes them home, and in the seclusion of his study works his petty way upon them. He tones down their uglinesses and rounds off their angularities that they may shape well in the glare of the footlights. Then he robes them in a kind of wedding garment to avoid incurring the public's frown, and puts them through an emotional measure—sometimes stately, sometimes rollicking and free—and there is his play. The method is neither so deep as a well nor so broad as a church door; but, like *Mercutio's* wound, it serves. Time and again it has served even Mr. Pinero—the Mr. Pinero of "The Squire," "Sweet Lavender," and all those brilliant fantasies unjustly belittled (by their author himself) by the appellation "farce." Now it serves him no longer. With "Lady Bountiful" he began to leave the beaten track. In "The Times" he almost completed his emancipation. With "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" he becomes purely and simply a (Stevensonian) Lantern-bearer. There is no question this time of his wandering a-field and driving his people into a pen, whither we are bidden to observe their huddled antics. The process now partakes of the solemnity and dignity of tragedy. With finger upon lip he leads us forth, out of the sunshine into the dark. He beckons us on and on, from smooth ways to rough, from pleasant levels of cheeriness and ease, down declivities of sadness, till we stand in the valley of the shadow of death, and then he uncovers the face of his lantern and throws its light upon a woman's form. There is nothing theatrical about the exhibition. She smells neither of patchouli nor midnight oil. There she is, just as God (and devilish man) made her—the good and evil in her inextricably blent—a woman who has passed through heaven knows what defiling orgies and who yet preserves something of the heart of a child. The type is not a new one. Since the Magdalen crouched at her Saviour's feet and bathed them with her tears, two thousand years ago, *Paulas* innumerable have stumbled pathetically through the world, but the transfiguring light of genius has not been shed upon a single one of the tearful band till now. How or why *Paula* fell is open to conjecture. Perhaps like Olive

Schreiner's *Lyndal* she doffed her maiden robe and dived into foul waters from simple curiosity. Perhaps her fate was Regina's—there was “a devil in her blood that commonly rebels.” But fall she did, and became “anybody's, everybody's property.” One man at length she met, a noble-hearted man, who loved her temperately, pityingly. He saw the good in her striving to be free, and after weighing well their chances of burying her past he married her. But that hideous past declined to suffer sepulture. It preferred to stalk abroad in its unclean grave-clothes and grinningly confront them at every turn. The Tomlinson philosophy was everywhere shouted in her ears—“For the sin that ye do by two and two, ye must pay for one by one.” The past stamped itself in *Paula's* face and frightened the pure soul of her conventual step-daughter, “Saint” *Ellean*. It poisoned the intercourse between *Aubrey*, her husband, and herself. It cut her off from the consolations of society and lopped away his friends. It threw up great barriers of revolting memories between this loyal, loving, ineffably patient man, and his poor, tortured, hungry-hearted wife. Finally it brought them, as “Saint” *Ellean's* first love, a young hero who in his wild oats' days had lived with *Paula*. Then the house of cards builded with such pains, collapses at a touch. Love makes *Ellean* wise beyond her experience and her years. She reads the riddle aright and shrinks from her father's wife with loathing. And *Aubrey* and *Paula*, face to face with the ruin of their own and *Ellean's* happiness, look out upon the dreary waste of hopelessness before them. *Paula* can do but one thing in love and pity for her victims, and in cutting herself adrift from life—the wild old life of infamous success and the piteous new life of tragic failure—she sets them free. Before the naked reality of the figures in this enthralling tragedy, this haunting picture of a soul upon the rack of this tough world stretched to its doom, the critic is almost dumb. The horror and the pity of it hold him in a vice. And even when the spectator is not under the spell of the players, the dramatist still has him in his grip. At one point alone is one conscious of the playwright—when *Captain Ardale*, *Paula's* half-forgotten lover, enters on the scene. Here indeed there is a hint of management, of ingenuity, making itself seen and felt. But the feeling endures for but one instant. In a flash the situation establishes its mastery, and the brilliant contriver is lost in the still more brilliant dramatist. After the creator come his interpreters, and here again there is next to no room for aught but admiration. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's study of *Paula* is worthy of the play and part. In one sense perhaps it scarcely reaches the tragic level. That is to say, the element of grandeur is wanting. But in another sense its tragedy is heightened by this very fact. And as a faithful portrait of one of the great unclassed, nothing could surpass it in vividness and truth. One hardly knows whether it were truer to call it fascinating or repellent, exquisite or terrible. But this is certain, that it is the most unforgettable piece of acting seen for years on the English stage, and that it stamps Mrs. Campbell as a genius. Mr. Alexander merits praise as warm and as emphatic. *Aubrey Tanqueray* is a fine part; but only for a very sensitive and subtle actor. The part gives him no help. Pitfalls beset him on every hand. And the value to the play of Mr. Alexander's grave solicitude, chivalrous restraint, and winning gentleness, of his hints of silent suffering and steadfast love, was inestimable. Miss Millett as the cold and virginal *Ellean* showed welcome delicacy of touch, and gave once or twice a glimpse of real power. Mr. Webster, in one terribly difficult scene,



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MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AND MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER
IN "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

"If we promise each other to forget—to forget—
we are bound to be happy."

ACT I. "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."



as trying perhaps as any that an actor could be called upon to play, rose to the occasion with a burst of passion and held a dangerous position gallantly. Mr. Cyril Maude as a cheery man of the world, not overburdened with sentiment, but having a heart somewhere about him, provided some very clever comedy relief. And the rest sustained the reputation of the St. James's for unassailable ensemble. The play produced a profound impression. Any other result would have been at once amazing and degrading. For *Paula* is Mr. Pinero's highest achievement. More, she ranks with the most comprehensive and uncompromising studies of womanhood in all drama. His play is great—the greatest of modern times. But this portrait of a woman is Shakspearean. To find, indeed, the equal in dramatic force and ethical enlightenment to this revelation of a fallen woman, one must go back to that wondrous scene where another sinner was “set in their midst,” and the mild gaze of another Master of the human heart was turned compassionately upon her. But for this, Mr. Pinero's tragedy, in simplicity, nobility, and solemn pathos, would stand alone in literature.

“LEIDA.”

A play, in three acts, by “JOSINE HOLLAND.”

Translated from the Dutch by Mr. A. TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS.

First produced in London at the Comedy Theatre on Friday evening, June 2nd, 1893.

Wertem.. .. Mr. M. HERAPATH.
Saar Miss H. COWEN.
Leida Miss M. CONYNGHAM.

George Wielrave .. Mr. BASSETT ROE.
Geertje Miss C. MORLAND.
A Milkmaid.. .. Miss GRACE CONOVER.

Leida's mother was an opera singer. Further, had there been any necessity for an examination into her private life, the newspapers would have called her “an actress.” However, she is dead, and so is her lover and husband, and only innocent child-like *Leida* is left, with a good deal of her mother's blood in her veins. No vinegary grumbling maiden-aunts for her, says the madcap, no hen-pecked grandpapas, no dreary if comfortable home in a dead-and-alive village. She is sick of it all, and it's hey for the great world, and a great career and love and day dreams and happiness unspeakable. Unfortunately a libertine uncle of thirty summers comes that way, and as in Holland uncles and nieces are allowed to marry, and *Leida* is of an extremely “coming-on” disposition, and *George Wielrave* likes kissing pretty girls, and has nothing better to do at the moment, *Leida* begins to taste the sweets of life. It is not for long, however. The pure image of her idolised mother is besmirched, *Uncle George* is seen kissing a milkmaid, and *Leida* is generally made acquainted with several of the unpleasing facts of life. Whereupon, disillusioned, she turns her back upon the repentant profligate, the sour *Aunt Saar*, the silly grandpapa, the narrow home, and sadly goes out into the world alone. The character of this ultra-innocent girl is prettily drawn. Everything about her is wonderfully fresh, ingenuous, and pure, and Miss Conyngham gave pretty and girlish expression to it all. But this one character excepted, there is nothing in the play, which fell far below the average level of the Independent Theatre productions. Mr. Bassett Roe's light-hearted libertine was an exceptionally tactful and clever piece of work.

A one-act play, by Mr. H. M. Paull, called “At a Health Resort,” was the opening comedietta. It dealt in a long-winded uninspiring way with the comparative guilt of the loose-living of a woman and a man. Perhaps fine acting might have redeemed it—though that is open to doubt. As it was, Miss Gwynne Herbert and Miss Violet

Thornycroft did what in them lay, but they strove in vain, and the result as a whole was boring and irritating to a degree.

“AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE.”

A play, in five acts, by HENRIK IBSEN.

First produced in London at the Haymarket Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, June 14th, 1-93.

Dr. Thomas Stock-	} Mr. TREE.	Aslaksen	Mr. E. M. ROBSON.
mann		Captain Horster ..	Mr. REVELLE.
Peter Stockmann ..	Mr. KEMBLE.	Ellif	Master SKELLY.
Morten Kiil	Mr. ALLAN.	Morten	Miss DORA BARTON.
Hovstad	Mr. WELCH.	Mrs. Stockmann..	Mrs. WRIGHT.
Billing.. ..	Mr. CLARK.	Petra	Miss LILY HANBURY.

It is not very often that an actor improves upon his author when the latter is a genius. But Mr. Beerbohm Tree has done it. *Stockmann* in Ibsen's play is a tragedian. A kind of Don Quixote, tilting at municipal windmills, he is obviously drawn as a fanatic, a single-minded iconoclast. That is good. But the tragi-comedy Mr. Tree reads into him is better. Broader, more human, and more sympathetic, the new *Stockmann* drives home the truth of the play with immeasurably increased force. Set, as he is, in the centre of a rather tedious play, *Stockmann* as an element of unrelieved seriousness would go far towards choking what interest there is in the theme by sheer overpressure of intensity. The “suburbanism” of Ibsen, as it is called, would become the more pronounced by the vigorous application of grey earnestness. And Mr. Tree's softening of the hard high lights and toning of the deep ugly shadows, by frequent sly touches of humour, were in the nature of inspiration. So handled, the play exhales an almost exhilarating atmosphere. *Stockmann* becomes such a simple-hearted, big-souled fellow, that the history of his hopeless fight and inevitable downfall assumes the look of a political contest—in which when the fight is done, hands are shaken, friendships renewed, and hard words and knocks forgotten. To a certain extent, no doubt, this diminishes the tragedy of the situation. But the pathos of the honest man's defeat remains untouched, and there is wisdom in removing the problem posed from the sphere of bitter persecution. Of Mr. Tree's share as an actor in the effect achieved it would be difficult to over-estimate the value. Breezy, impulsive, vigorous, he dominated the stage. A giant among pigmies—which is exactly what *Stockmann* ought to be—he painted in equally glowing colours the foolishness of the great fellow and his heroism, and presented in his ill-fitting frock coat and abbreviated trousers the most engaging figure of a hot-headed, warm-hearted mixture of right-head and wrong-head—as Charles Reade might have called him—that could well be conceived. Nor was his the only emphatic success of the afternoon. Mr. E. M. Robson with his chirpy voice, quaint method, and weak manner, was *Aslaksen* the “Moderate,” himself. There has been nothing on the stage more unobtrusively humorous than this leader of “the compact majority” for many a day. Mr. Welch was a slight disappointment. His *Hovstad*, though conceived and played on the right lines of cringing insincerity, seemed thin and even a little mechanical. Mr. Kemble's melodramatic elder brother, a kind of unrelenting Wicked Uncle to *Stockmann* and his Babes, was in its way faultless. But Mr. Allan forced *Kiil* into too prominent a position by tricks of manner and a spluttering laugh; and Mrs. Wright also seemed to overdo *Mrs. Stockmann's* solicitude in her efforts to be natural. Miss Hanbury, however, restored the balance. Her simply-garbed fresh upstanding school-teacher struck precisely the right note of girlish independence.

SIGNORA ELEONORA DUSE AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

After Henrik Ibsen, not the deluge but La Duse. The one is the complement of the other. With aims and aspirations probably as wide asunder as the poles, their methods are identical. And in each case the effect upon the public and the critics has been much the same—a shock, an upheaval, a wholesale destruction of ideals, and a wide-spread feeling of dissatisfaction with the old order of things. The night of May 24th, 1893—appropriate date, the birthday of a Queen—will be long remembered. Over another Marguerite Gautier, maudlin product of a morbid mind, *blasé* London was thrown into a fever. In a theatrical character and tricky play, contemptibly familiar from their birth, hardened playgoers found freshness and truth. Hearts petrified by the year-in-year-out drip-drip of stage sentiment thawed, throbbed, and became sentient again. Critics unused to the melting mood dropped tears like summer rain. And wildly eulogistic notices rambled amiably over yard long columns next morning in the daily press.



SIGNORA ELEONORA DUSE.

Then came "Fedora," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "La Locandiera," "A Doll's House," and "Antony and Cleopatra," and bit by bit the shouting of the mob of worshippers died down, one by one they tailed off with a sort of meek apology for that loud enthusiasm into which they had been startled, and Ephraim was once more joined to his idols. Only a small minority stood unwavering and they proclaimed from the house-tops, with the thunderous accents of Dr. Stockmann, preacher of that soothing creed—the minority is always right—the supreme genius of their heroine. The whole experience was most instructive. Here was an actress who by the employment of methods exquisitely delicate and subtle opened the eyes of everybody to what pure art really is. Always she employed these methods—always played with the same poignant feeling—never swerved from the rigid line of simple rightness, with the result

that she steadily lost ground from the moment that her hearers realised the truth, that behind art in its highest and purest form there lies nothing to startle or excite. In this lay the disappointment for most. The art appreciated in England is of the seismic kind. It must dazzle, convulse, or frighten its patrons. For them Kean with his lightning flash illuminations of Shakespeare. For them the lurid *Mathias* of Mr. Irving, not M. Coquelin's (equally clever and more truthful) clod-like peasant. Who does not recall how an almost empty house witnessed that marvellous triumph of Salvini's, the death scene in "La Morte Civile," and how but a week or two ago from stalls to gallery a shuffling Exodus was going on throughout Mr. Irving's wondrous sinking to rest in "Lear." These miracles of truthfulness are not for the majority. Like Hamlet's strolling players—though with less reason—they are *caviare* to the general. The art that conceals art is for all popular purposes no art at all. How are the poor purblind to know that it is hard to do—and therefore something to admire—unless they are permitted to recognise the effort!

In a certain sense, therefore, Signora Duse has apparently created no very abiding or profound impression. True she has impressed the clear-sighted minority as an artist of matchless accomplishments, but that with the public goes for little. Where, however, inevitably her greatness will eventually be shown is in the absolute inability of anyone who has once seen her to ever again accept the old-style acting as supreme. Again, like Ibsen, she effects a revolution with every performance. Ninety per cent. of her audience, perhaps, will, and do, go away complaining of something. One asks for the rich mellow voice of Miss Ada Rehan. Another for the full-blooded passion of Madame Bernhardt. A third for the tender charm of Miss Terry. And so on. But not one but will find something missing when next he sees his more conventional favourite. Signora Duse has, in short, raised the standard of art, and although few as yet seem to guess the fact, the day of brilliant jugglery is past. After absolute sincerity, after literal interpretation of human nature, there is no acceptance for artifice however splendid, and the Italian has with her inexorable art sounded its death-knell. Judged by her highest achievements, her death in "Camille," *Fédora's* horror as she learns her lover's treachery, her despairing confession and suicide, *Nora's* tragic stupefaction when the utter selfishness of *Torvald* is revealed to her, she is an actress without a rival. Judged by her lowliest, her fond and faithful *Cleopatra*, her sparkling landlady in Goldoni's cumbrous comedy, she still claims pre-eminence as an artist incapable of meretricious methods. But she forfeits much in disdaining Balzac's prescription for securing popularity with awe. "Drop something in that nobody can understand," said the pellucid author of "La Comédie Humaine," "or nobody will think you great." And be sure he was right. Signora Duse's art is so perfect that, like his, it gives the effect of truth, and is accepted as nature. Had it but the glow of brilliance, the show of complexity, it would be universally acclaimed as unapproachable. But in being by just so much more the actress, she would be infinitely less the artist, and there can be little doubt where lies the highest honour.

The company supporting her was of deplorable weakness. Signor Flavio Ando, the *Armand*, *Antony*, and so on, was an uncouth, restless actor, of superabundant gesture and superfluous tears. He had fiery southern passion, however, and as *Ipanoff* and *Torvald Helmer* showed considerable cleverness. The one actor equal to

sound, sober work in everything he touched was Signor Ettore Mazzanti. His *Alvio*, the jealous husband, in "Cavalleria Rusticana," and his *Enobarbus*, were excellent specimens of straightforward characters firmly handled.

IBSEN PERFORMANCES.

From May 29th to June 10th, revivals of "Hedda Gabler," "Rosmersholm," and "The Master Builder" were in progress at the Opera Comique. Two afternoons and two evenings were allotted to each, and in conjunction with the last play an act from "Brand" was submitted, this latter proving the chief attraction. The acting generally called for little comment. Miss Robins presented *Hedda*, slower, heavier, more peevish, and less masterful than her intense and alert original. Mr. Lewis Waller as *Lovborg* showed a man more forcible and sensitive than Mr. Elwood drew, but the indispensable note of mental aberration, the uncanny suggestion of genius, were wanting. Mr. Sugden and Mr. Scott Buist took up their old parts; and Miss Marie Linden replaced Miss Marion Lea as *Mrs. Elvsted*, acting with prettiness and simplicity, though without a hint of the tragic pathos underlying that simple soul. There were in short no depths in the picture, it was all surface femininity.

"Rosmersholm" saw Miss Robins at her best again. She and Mr. Waller speedily wiped out the dismal memory of that sultry afternoon at the Vaudeville, when Mr. Benson and Miss Florence Farr as *Rosmer* and *Rebecca*, spoke their words—merely spoke and nothing more. The intense feeling infused into their long scenes lent the new guilty couple an absorbing interest, and up to the last act they created a deep impression. The author's ingenuous method of bringing about a tragic catastrophe, however, the childish way in which each "dares" the other to commit suicide, interfered with their complete success, and the last state of the audience was worse (from the standpoint of reverence) than the first. Mr. Scott Buist was very effective as *Mortensgard*, the boycotted journalist; Miss Frances Ivor played the antique retainer who never heard infant laughter, or any other kind, at "Rosmersholm;" and Mr. Bernard Gould brought a light and playful touch to his happy satire of the visionary, as the plausible Ulric Brendl.

"The Master Builder" revealed Mr. Waller in a new light. As Solness he looked beneath the surface of the part, abandoned the hero's claim to be heroic, and played, not like a leading actor, but, the unhinged architect of Ibsen's puzzling pages. Miss Ivor, too, struck out a new line as *Mrs. Solness*, whom she relieved of excessive middle-age-ness and depression, with manifest advantage to the play. Miss Robins' *Hilda* remained what at the first it was, a remarkable example of pure audacity in art, an effort so bracing and breezy that it stopped the questions that flew to the lips and permitted nothing but a sense of supreme exhilaration.

In "Brand" the very reverse method was adopted and a contrary effect produced. Every pitiable stage of the bereaved *Agnes'* final sufferings received woe-begone expression and was dwelt upon at realistic length. Every agony was lived through, humbly, quietly, with scarcely audible dry stifled sobs and fond caressing murmurs that would have melted a stone. The figure of the woman robbed of her last cold comfort—the clothes of her dead child—induced an abiding compassion, and as an example of pure pathos will not easily be superseded. Miss Ivor gave picturesque expression to the coarse

flouts and jeers of the gipsy shrew, and Mr. Bernard Gould was, interesting if not wholly satisfactory as *Brand*. Only two satisfying conceptions of *Brand* seem possible. One, that of an iron-willed fanatic; the other, of a man possessed by a religious frenzy. Neither of these was suggested by Mr. Gould, whose acting lacked authority and the will force necessary to control and subdue even so mild and meek an *Agnes* as Miss Robins.

THE QUINTESSENCE OF LITERARY DRAMA.

The late Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mr. Walter H. Pollock, and Lady Colin Campbell! These were the names Mr. Charrington conjured with upon reopening Terry's Theatre on June 3rd. Not since four-and-twenty blackbirds were baked in a pie has there—seemingly—been so rare a dish to set before a King. Seemingly, be the iteration noted, for in exact proportion to the expectation aroused was the disappointment felt.

An old-fashioned farce by Lady Colin Campbell, an egregious bit of theatricalism of the worst kind, with not a glint of observation, nor half-a-dozen gleams of humour to redeem it, "Bud and Blossom," a would-be travesty of the doings in a lady's newspaper office, easily secured the wooden spoon. It necessitated the woeful martyrdom of Mr. Waring, Miss Annie Hughes, and Mr. Fred Thorne.

"An Interlude," the joint work of Mrs. Clifford and Mr. Pollock, had at least the merit of modernity and truth. A brief love-passage, at two a.m. in a moonlit garden, between a man who is engaged to marry another girl, and a girl who intends to accept another man, it reflected one phase of the social farce, and gave Mr. Waring and Miss Achurch opportunity for some of the sub-acid, bitter, "society" cating which Ibsen has done so much to bring to perfection.

"Foreign Policy" was Dr. Doyle's first *lever de rideau*, a trifle frankly theatrical and farcical, showing a clever woman out-manceuvring a Foreign Secretary, and a youthful Prime Minister in his hours of ease. Quite unreal, it was not quite ineffective, and thanks to Mr. Edmund Maurice as a pompous Harleian medico, won a measure of laughter and success. Miss Achurch and Mr. Charrington were the secretary and his wife; and Mr. Waring the Premier of tender years.

"Becky Sharp," arranged by Mr. Barrie, came last on the programme and proved curiously unreal, unrecognisable. *Becky* at Pumpernickel, *Becky* red-nosed and sitting on a brandy bottle, the *Becky* who placed George Osborne's declaration under *Amelia's* meek little nose and so brought *Dobbin* and that long-sought widow into harbour at last—this was the *Becky* depicted; but she did not fit into her surroundings. Though scarce a word that was not Thackeray's was spoken, the atmosphere was no more his than Shakspeare's. For the padded person of Mr. Maurice merely suggested the paunchy Nabob. Miss Achurch pictured only a baleful vixen with faded fair hair and naked feet. Mr. Charrington's *Dobbin* just lisped and was sententious, and Miss Annie Hughes looked very sweet in a poke-bonnet and a crinoline, but made *Amelia* young enough for *Becky's* child. And none of this would do.

The one success of the evening, an un mistakeable success, was Mr. Hardy's. In his "Wessex Tales" is a story called "The Three

Wayfarers," and this, with merely a brief addition here and there to let the audience into the secret, was his play. In a cottage near Casterbridge, rustics of the pre-Victorian period are swilling mead and footing it noisily in honour of the shepherd's last christening. A knock comes at the door and a stranger enters from the storm. He is gaunt, grey, haggard, and his eyes have a hunted look. Well they may. For he has just broken from gaol, and if caught he will be hanged on the morrow for sheep-stealing. The mead comes round and puts life into him again, and the interrupted dance is resumed. Again a knock. And again a stranger. An ugly sinister looking fellow, who swallows mead by the jugful and in his cups sings of his trade with a hempen rope, and lets out the fact that he is the hangman. His client and he crack jokes. Again the dance is set a-going when yet a third knock comes, and a timid little fellow enters, who no sooner sets eyes upon the convict than he turns and rushes out. Immediately comes the boom of cannon. A prisoner has escaped. All leap to the conclusion that the last wayfarer is he, and away in search they go. Two of the band return, however, one for the mead, the other for some food—the hangman and his unknown runaway! More jests pass between them, and out slips the convict. The party return with their prisoner, to find that he is only the escaped man's brother. The hunted fellow makes good his escape, and the shepherds are left to finish their dance in peace—the hangman leaping wildly in their midst with no partner but his coil of rope. Strongly played by Mr. Charrington as the ghoulish hangman, Mr. Waring as the hunted sheep-stealer, Mr. Stewart Dawson and Mr. Fred Thorne as racy rustics of the Hardy breed, it took the fancy of the house and was received with enthusiasm. As a play, it proved indeed only a little inferior to the story, which as a short story is perhaps the most dramatic ever written.



Some Amateur Performances.

"THE HOBBY-HORSE" BY THE SURREY STROLLERS.

What is it that keeps the Surrey Strollers at such a far higher level than the majority of their fellows? Farce, and nothing but farce—farce of any quality, farce of no quality—is the cry of the London clubs, and therefore to come across one for whom apparently it has few attractions is an event, and demands some enquiry into the causes of the phenomenon. Were I not well acquainted with their most unrural haunt I should hazard a conjecture that the bracing air of the hills where Meredith and many another writer find inspiration is responsible for their permanent abode in the breezy region of comedy and drama. But that theory does not hold water. St. George's Hall itself—the temple in chief of the amateur—is scarce further removed from the Surrey hills than are the Strollers. Even were it otherwise, however, I fear the theory would fall through. Rusticity does not spell healthfulness of taste. Do not dire reports reach us of dainty nooks and fairy dells?—spots so fair that the inhabitants might well be expected never to think save in blank verse, but spots, alas! which know no (dramatic) god but Byron. That being put out of court, I can only fall back on the supposition that the Strollers have decided that farce is as injurious to the dramatic health as the marching-step is said to

be physically. Long may they be of the same opinion! "The Hobby Horse" is an ambitious choice. It isn't a question of staying-power, it's a question of nice style and a clean, lengthy stride. Fortunately, the Strollers can meet this demand for good action and neatly-assorted styles. Mr. Gordon Young's *Jermyn* would have borne filling out, but his breezy, unforced humour carried it along. Mr. Cecil Hayward played with simple dignity, and made a manly *Brice*, and that's as much as we expect from the amateur—with the exception of a bare two or three who don't seem disposed to enter the lists. There was very little to urge against the *Mrs. Jermyn* of Miss Schuler, who is rapidly becoming a very valuable actress, whose work reveals marked intelligence and infinite pains. Mrs. Cooper Keates and Mr. Evered were immensely popular as *Miss Moxon* and *Pinching*; and Miss Coningham and Mr. Vaus were lively and unconstrained as the youthful lovers. Mrs. Sadler's portrait of *Mrs. Porcher* was effective but not quite true to life; and Mr. Sharp and Mr. Noad put all they knew into the jockey scenes, with satisfactory results.

"SOPHIA" BY THE BANCROFT CLUB.

If Mr. Buchanan's comedy is destined to become popular with amateurs it needs no extraordinary gift of foresight to predict that in three out of four performances the same remark will be applicable—that the laurels, for the most part, fall to the actresses. That such should have been the case with the actresses of the Bancroft Club does not call for surprise, since all the weight of Miss Kate Rorke's bewitching *Sophia* was thrown on their side, but even with a less formidable substitute I venture to predict that the feminine star will still be in the ascendant. For one thing their's is a very much easier task. Feminine human nature in Fielding's day did not differ so widely from what it is now, despite all that Lady Brooke and Mrs. Lynn Linton (combatants on opposite sides) would have us believe. No unusual demand, therefore, is made upon their powers. But it's another pair of shoes when we come to the men. Fielding's men belong to that "lusty, old, militant world" so fervently regretted by Mr. Lang. They were the product of beef and beer, men of lusty lungs and rollicking spirits. We don't seem to do that quality now—at any rate on the stage. The beef and beer diet is not apparent. The results point rather towards that favoured by the *Private Secretary*—a glass of milk and the innocuous bath-bun. Then again amateurs, like their betters, have caught up the cry of "restrained force"—an excellent thing in its way, though it may be carried too far, but a restrained *Tom Jones* is an anomaly. Mr. Dawson Milward is not a robust hero. He is wanting in weight, and he does not understand the meaning of the verb "to rollick." These are serious disadvantages for *Tom*, but against them may be set the facts that Mr. Milward makes a well-looking gallant, that he has the knack of making love, and that he plays with spirit—if it be but the spirit of the end-of-the-nineteenth-century, and therefore born of the bun and milk—and after all, I sorely doubt whether more than this would be forthcoming from the majority of "pro's." Mr. Rowse understood what was required of *Squire Western*, but, here, too, Nature stepped in and interfered with excellent intentions, and why, oh why, did Mr. Rowse indulge in those strained and eccentric attitudes? Mr. Mannering's *Blifil* wanted a back-bone of malignity. *Partridge* was safe in the hands of Mr. Cahill—most reliable of actors. Mr. Winthrop must be singled out for praise for a vigorous bit of work as *Seagrim*; and *Square's* courtship would have gone with a roar had Mr. Cyril Kenyon been better matched with a partner. Miss Rorke's *Sophia* was, as it has ever been, an exquisite bit of womanliness with a very distinct note of force in it. Miss Adela Drayton, as *Molly*, was too little the woman, too much the child, but it was a pretty, effective piece of acting. Miss Chester was quaint and piquant as *Mistress Honour*; and Mrs. Evans played *Lady Bellaston* with ease and finish. The performance went with remarkable smoothness, due in great part to the stage-management of Mr. Fred. Thorne, who on behalf of the Actors' Benevolent Fund had, like Miss Rorke, generously given his services.

"THE PAPER CHASE" AT THE CHELSEA TOWN HALL.

To cheer and strengthen the heart of the Conservative at a "function" of the Primrose League was the aim and object of this performance—an object only attained at rare intervals, it must be confessed. Everyone worked hard

and put spirit into the business. Individual performances were good, but as a whole the performance hung fire. It was a little like Mr. Lewis Carroll's caucus-race. The actors were placed here and there along the course. They began running when they liked, and they left off when they liked. There was no cohesion. What was wanted was a long, strong pull, and a pull all together. Each one might tug, and tug bravely, but to carry the play there must be three or four gathered together with hands joined and resolved upon a definite plan of action. Otherwise all is nerveless and uncertain, and the effect is exactly *nil*. A stage-manager with a keen eye for the broad effects of farce would have set everything to rights in a very short space of time with such good material to his hand. Mr. Morten Henry was clever, as he always is, and lavished a lot of trouble upon *Busby*, but though his humour was ingenious and finished, it was not graphic and mirth-compelling, and failed to carry successfully over the footlights. Mr. Hill and Mr. Deane made disjointed efforts to back him up; Mr. Lloyd should lay to heart the fact that exaggeration is not permissible outside politics and the press; Mrs. Royal Dawson and Mrs. St. Hill brought an appreciable amount of energy to bear upon their work; Miss Violet Oswald promises well as an actress in farcical comedy; and Miss F. Leclercq should make a winning *ingénue*. But "The Paper Chase" is a poor choice as far as the ladies' parts are concerned.

"THE HOBBY HORSE" AT THE BIJOU THEATRE.

It is always the unexpected which happens. 'Tis a trite remark, and one that might have been uttered by every human being in turn since the day when Adam found himself ejected from Eden. Such being the case one wonders that the world has never become prepared for the unexpected, that there is still room for surprise when it happens. So it is, however, and this comedy of Mr. Pinero's is the latest example of it. Things were beginning to look black for "The Hobby Horse." Amateurs had experimented upon it. Several had made an effort to mount, and there had been some awkward tumbles. Most of the experiments were failures, and to the very best nothing stronger than the adjective "passable" could with justice be applied—"the fault of the play" said the audience, always ready when sent on it's way unrejoicing, to shift the blame on to the author's shoulders. But those who knew the play, knew better than that. Nevertheless it really seemed as if this brilliant comedy was not food for amateurs. It seemed impossible to get the nicely-contrasted styles, and such neatly-finished work as that required seemed beyond their power to supply. That a satisfactory amateur cast could be produced was certain, but then it must be a composite one. Half-a-dozen clubs would be drawn upon to supply it, and these ideal casts are, alack, impracticable. One had then grown accustomed, if not reconciled, to failure, when up stepped a little band, and since seeing them I must fain admit that I have no further use for my ideal cast. Save in one or two minor parts, in this play these actors could scarce be bettered, let who will of their amateur brethren throw down the glove. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe and Mr. Gerald Bowman were fitted to a wrinkle with the East-end curate and *Jermyn*, the would-be philanthropist. Here, at last, was the genuine thing in the way of a half-starved, over-worked London curate, with the right grit about him. Tyke's Court would have risen and rent the majority of *Noel Brices* who tread the boards. Like Mr. Gilbert's *Clayton Hooper*, they are "the mildest curates going." With Mr. Waring's admirable performance at the St. James' still fresh in my mind, I can yet think of Mr. Fyfe with unalloyed satisfaction. Mr. Bowman follows closely in the footsteps of Mr. Hare, and does so with marked success. His keen alertness and quaint, dry humour are invaluable to *Spencer Jermyn*. Neither would it be possible to improve upon Mr. Paget Bowman's refreshingly boyish and natural *Tom Clark*, and his rendering of *Peers* had some undeniably clever touches. Mr. Hardisty doubled with equal success the role of the "young family solicitor" and that of the stage-manager; and Mr. Sutherland Harris contributed a well-toned sketch of *Shattock*. The actresses were strong, but not so strong as the actors. Mrs. Collett's experience went for a good deal with *Mrs. Jermyn*; and Miss Clementi Smith threw the right spirit into her work, though she did not exhaust its possibilities. Miss Whiteside Smith supplied a delightful companion picture to Mr. Paget Bowman's; and Miss Drayton an incisive portrait of *Mrs. Porcher*.

"TIME WILL TELL" BY THE SIDCUP A.D.C.

Why will amateurs cling to the belief which is said to be the principle of painting, with not a few of the new school of painters, that a sketch with an hour's work on it is a picture ready for exhibition. To be sure with amateurs this phase of opinion is rarer than it was. They are growing to appreciate the value of rehearsal, and the productions of the better clubs, such as the Romany, are stamped with the hall-mark of hard work and conscientious rehearsal. But the number of these, alack, is limited, whilst there are hundreds still in their sins, who think no shame of imposing upon a confiding audience work which has scarcely cost them a moment's thought. Nay, worse, they glory in their shame. It is not uncommon at a performance, which might more justly be termed a first rehearsal, to hear the proud boast that two or three rehearsals represented the sum total, as if that fact reflected the highest credit upon the actors. The Sidcup amateurs were not as bad as that. Their work did bear traces of preparation, but with just three times the amount it would have been an estimable performance. Mr. Gribble's *Czernocski* was the most finished piece of work. It betrayed study, and was executed with firmness and discretion. Mr. Washington has not the weight for *Carr*, but he plays simply and earnestly, and so there seems little amiss with him. Mr. W. R. Washington displayed energy as *Fayniant*; and Mr. Spencer Ward revealed a talent for comedy. The old Duke, who is nothing if not insincere, was curiously misread by Mr. Davy; Mr. Fearis, ably assisted by Mrs. Fry, lightened the later scenes wonderfully. This lady was also the *Lettice* of the prologue, and here her girlish simplicity and tenderness were invaluable. Mrs. Speck was effective as *Edith*.



Musical Notes.

THE musical critic who wishes to be conscientious in his work, has a terribly hard task before him, during the months of May, June, and July. Apart altogether from the opera, which he is supposed to attend at least three times weekly, there are, on an average, over twenty concerts each week, which require attention of some sort. This, in broiling hot weather, is not a task to be envied.

SINCE our last issue, the Opera season at Covent Garden has been going on splendidly. Sir Augustus Harris may not only be congratulated on really good work, but also upon remarkably large audiences. It is characteristic of our leading *impresario* to do everything well, and in no city in the world is grand opera more carefully staged and dressed, than it is at Covent Garden. First let us take the novelties.

"I PAGLIACCI" (PUNCHINELLO).

Words and Music by R. LEONCAVALLO. English adaptation by FREDERIC E. WEATHERLEY.
Produced at Covent Garden on Friday evening, May 19th, 1893.

The greatest compliment one can pay to the composer of this opera, is to say that "*I Pagliacci*" is a worthy rival of "*Cavalleria Rusticana*," and this is literally true. The story of *Punchinello* is a very charming one, though terribly tragic in its *dénouement*. The scene is laid amongst a travelling troupe of comedians. A faithless wife's

intrigue is discovered by the husband, through the woman having rejected another would-be lover, with scorn and blows. His revenge is swift and sure, for Punchinello kills both wife and lover. Exception has been taken to Mr. Weatherley's English title, but in my opinion this matters little, for he has done his work admirably. The music throughout is really beautiful; ever melodious, it often rises to a point of grandeur, especially in the dramatic passages. Special praise must be given to the orchestration. One thing only is lacking from a popular point of view: there is no *intermezzo* or catchy air, which is likely to become the rage. The opera was performed almost to perfection: Madame Melba, M. Ancona, Mr. Richard Green, and Signor Guetary were all most excellent, while as for Signor De Lucia, he achieved a veritable triumph, especially in his grand scene at the end of the first act. It only remains to be said, that "I Pagliacci" has since become extremely popular.

BIZET's one act opera "Djamileh" (The Slave in Love) was the second novelty. It is a little remarkable that this work has not been seen in London before, as it has been performed in the provinces by the Carl Rosa Company (for whom Mr. Joseph Bennett wrote the English libretto) on more than one occasion. It may be said at once, however, that in "Djamileh," Bizet is not seen at anything like his best. The whole score shows unmistakable signs of his early and immature style. The music is pretty and graceful, but lacking in power, and distinctiveness. The orchestration is occasionally striking, particularly so, in a little ballet, which is full of oriental coloring. The scene is laid in Cairo, which gives opportunity for picturesque scenery and dressing, and the story deals with the love of the slave-girl Djamileh for her master. M. Bonnard, M. Contellier, and Mdle. Gherlsen did full justice to the work, which was not received with very great favour.

By far the most notable event of the present Opera Season so far, was the performance of "Carmen," in which Madame Calvé appeared for the first time in London in the title rôle. Never since the days of Madame Minnie Hauk and Madame Trebelli, have we had so perfect a *Carmen*. Madame Calvé is undoubtedly one of the greatest—if not *the* greatest—dramatic sopranos now before the public, and in "Carmen" she is suited to perfection. Both from a dramatic and vocal stand-point, she achieved a veritable triumph. The new tenor M. Alvarez, also was remarkably successful on this occasion. In a previous performance of the work he was good, but when playing with Madame Calvé, the difference was wonderful. Taken altogether, the whole representation was the best we have had for many years. Among other operas revived, have been "Romeo and Juliet," "Faust," "Philemon et Baucis," "Lohengrin," "Orfeo," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Tannhauser," "L'Amico Fritz," and "La Favorita." Of these it is only necessary to specially mention the three last. In "Tannhauser," Madame Albani repeated a familiar success, and she was very ably seconded by Signor Vignas (*Tannhauser*), Signor Guetary (*Walther*), and Signor Ancona, (*Wolfram*). The performance of "L'Amico Fritz" was chiefly noticeable for the fact that the composer, Signor Mascagni, conducted, for the cast was the same as last season. It was a memorable night, for Signor Mascagni was greeted with a perfect ovation, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed during the whole even-

ing. "La Favorita" is a heavy old-fashioned opera, which has never succeeded in becoming very popular. There is of course some very fine music in it—especially in the dramatic scenes—but it was evidently only revived for the purpose of introducing a new dramatic mezzo-soprano. Madame Armand is a sound actress, and has an exceedingly rich and powerful voice. Her appearance in "Le Prophète" will be looked for with great interest. Most of the old favourites have appeared, including M. Jean de Reszké (of whom more hereafter), M. Lassalle, M. Edouard de Reszké, Madame Melba, the Sisters Ravogli, Herr Max Alvary, and Mdlle Sigrîd Arnoldson. In Herr Alvarez, Sir Augustus Harris has found a really admirable tenor. I should like to add a word of very warm praise of Miss Esther Palliser, who sang Marguerite in "Faust" one evening at very short notice. Our young English artist not only looked the part to perfection, but she both sang and acted with infinite charm. Among the new works promised during the present season are Mascagni's "I Rantzau," Professor Stanford's "Veiled Prophet," Isidore de Lara's "Amy Robsart," and Berlioz' "Faust." Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" is also announced.

"POOR JONATHAN."

A modern musical comedy in two acts.

Adapted by C. H. E. BROOKFIELD. Lyrics by HARRY GREENBANK. Composed by MILLOCKER and ALBENIZ.

Jonathan Tripp	Mr. H. MONKHOUSE.	Marion	Miss A. SCHUBERTH.
Signor Pirnetto	Mr. FRED KAYE.	Dr. Hatty Grant ..	Miss V. ROBINSON.
Herr Steinbach	Mr. W. W. DENNY.	Miss Lind Lettuce ..	Miss M. ST. CYR.
Vandergold	Mr. S. TOWER.	Molly	Miss JESSIE BOND.
Ruggles.. .. .	Mr. A. WILKINSON.		

"Poor Jonathan" must be dismissed in a few words, for though I must confess it was received with considerable favour, it is nevertheless hardly likely to meet with very great success. Why the libretto should have been re-modelled at all is best known to Mr. Brookfield, but, as it stands, the book is extremely weak and thin. The music is very pretty all through, especially the numbers contributed by Senor Albeniz; but there is nothing very striking in the score. "Poor Jonathan," was, however, admirably performed, the principal honours being carried off by Miss Jessie Bond and Mr. Harry Monkhouse.

Two new prodigies have appeared during the past month, who call for special mention. Little Frieda Simonson—the eight-year-old pianist—is without doubt a wonder, but not so great a one as her boy rival Koczalski. In the first place, though she has attained a marvellous technical command of the instrument, she lacks very great feeling; she plays gracefully, and with a really beautiful touch, but it is a cold style, and one would rather have had a little less correctness, and more warmth. Frieda Simonson is a wonderful child nevertheless, and should be carefully looked after. It is only fair to add, that she comes to us with a very high recommendation from Rubenstein himself.

THE second prodigy was a Boy Soprano, hailing from America, who made his first bow to an English audience at the Prince's Hall, under the direction of Mr. N. Vert. Master Cyril Tyler is the happy possessor of a really exquisite voice of extensive compass, and rich quality, which has been trained to perfection. His phrasing is

very nearly perfect. Strange to say, however, the timbre of the voice seemed to me unmistakably feminine. I make this remark with all reserve, for it is probably only a remarkable peculiarity. Master Tyler sang couplets by Félicien David, and a couple of songs by Cowen and Chadwick; being encored with the greatest enthusiasm each time. The last item on the programme was the Gounod-Bach "Ave Maria," which the boy sang with exquisite expression. A great error of taste, however, was made by those in authority, in dressing him in a surplice and cassock for this solo. Mr. Vert, I am sure, was not responsible for this. Master Tyler is pretty sure to attain immense popularity in England, for in addition to his really wonderful voice, he is possessed of great beauty.

THE crowd of recitals, which have taken place during the last month must be very briefly summed up indeed. Little Anna Hegner (sister to Otto Hegner), who is only twelve years old, gave a couple of violin recitals at the Steinway Hall. She has already gained wonderful command over the instrument, and what is more important, plays with the feeling of a true artist. Miss Agnes Zimmermann and The Shinner Quartet gave a most interesting Concert on June 6th, at the Prince's Hall, and on the following day our leading English lady pianist—Miss Fanny Davies—nearly filled St. James's Hall. Her programme was most varied, and the recital was throughout a most delightful one. Other recitals have been given by Miss Muriel Elliot, Mr. Edgar Holland, Miss Frida Scotta, and Mr. Hans Wessely, who was assisted with a full orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Mackenzie. Mr. Edgar Haddock has given three delightful "musical afternoons," with the great composers, and an excellent Chamber Concert was that of the "Trio Parisien."

THE greatest of all living operatic tenors, M. Jean de Reszké, made his first appearance this season on Tuesday June 20th, in "Romeo and Juliet." It will be remembered that last season the famous Polish artist was somewhat seriously ill, and considerable anxiety was felt as to how this might affect his glorious voice. It is a pleasing task to record that never in all his brilliant career, has M. Jean de Reszké sang to greater perfection. His voice is, if possible, better than ever.

PRESSURE of space prevents me saying what I should like to do, about the Richter and Sarasate Concerts (both under the direction of Mr. N. Vert), which, however, have been fully up to their splendid standard of excellence. A summary of these Concerts—too important to be criticised in a few words—will be given in the next issue.



Notes of the Month.

W.R.W. writes :—"I regret to say that, so far as I am concerned, there will be no 'Condensed Drama' in this month's THEATRE. As my excuse, I must plead lack of material. It is true that, since the last issue of the magazine, a drama has been produced at the St. James's, which is undoubtedly the 'play of the month,' but it so happens that it is also the 'Play of the Century'; and in the presence of such a work of art as 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' even the irreverent parodist stays his hand. Had I the will, I have not the power to burlesque such a faultless play. So the Condensed Dramatist lays down his pen, and takes off his hat to a masterpiece; at the same time congratulating himself that there are not many dramatists like unto Mr. Pinero, or where could the poor parodist find his prey."

BY the death of Mr. Edwin Booth, the American stage loses its chief ornament, but the English stage can hardly be said to suffer any appreciable loss. Mr. Booth, known to us through his second visit to London in 1880—his first was exactly twenty years previously—was a scholarly earnest actor, but nothing he did here could render intelligible the enthusiasm he evoked in his own country. True, he was not seen to advantage either at the Princess's or the Adelphi, but when Mr. Irving with characteristic generosity placed the resources of the Lyceum at his command and alternately played *Othello* and *Iago* in order to exhibit the tragedian in two of his most famous parts, all that was possible was done to provide him with a worthy setting. But even then the result was disappointing.

HIS cold mechanical method seemed curiously artificial when set against the live and vivid style of Mr. Irving and his comrades, and though the latter player's *Moor* was by no means an unqualified success, it more than held its own against Mr. Booth's almost colourless elocutionary reading of the part. Perhaps the highest point touched during his English tour was in "King Lear," in which despite the drawbacks of slipshod production, and "support" which merited contemptuous condemnation, he trod the heights of tragedy. His magnificent voice, of wondrous volume and richness, here stood him in fine stead, and his heath scenes were more impressive even than Salvini's. In "Richelieu" and "The Fool's Revenge" he won most popularity, his gnarled and knotted-limbed *Bertuccio* being a remarkable essay in contortion as well as—in one scene—a startling play of (rather obviously) simulated agony.

MR. BOOTH, though belonging to the classic school of acting, was hampered by many mannerisms. Redundant gesture and a distracting play of his great brilliant eyes were among his besetting weaknesses. He was a picturesque actor, many of his entrances and





Photographed by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker St., N.W.

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MISS KATE RORKE.

" . . . Quaeris Kattiae parem ?
Nemo est nisi ipsa ! "

SENECA.

poses being wonderfully striking and impressive. In *Petruchio*, moreover, and *Don Cesar de Bazan*, he revealed a charming sense, and mastery, of comedy. But in every part he appealed more to the head than to the heart, more to the intellect than to the feelings, and in England at any rate it is doubtful if he was ever considered a really great actor.

WHAT Mr. Booth was as a manager may easily be realised when it is said that he was the Irving of America. By the magic of his personality he kept alive the poetic drama in a country where poetry is at even a greater discount than here. In 1863, at the Winter Garden Theatre in New York, he played *Hamlet* for 100 nights, an unheard of thing in those days; and in 1869 he opened Booth's Theatre, in which he sunk the whole of his large private fortune. Here he produced Shakespearian plays with "Star" casts, but his experience was akin to Mr. Chatterton's, and ruin before long stared him in the face. Seven years later he toured in the Southern States and California, and in less than a year realised another fortune. In Chicago, however, his life was attempted by a madman, and this led to the English venture in 1880. After this and a short season in Berlin and Hamburg, where his *Hamlet* was much admired, he returned to America and entered upon a long farewell round of the States in company with Mr. Lawrence Barrett. More of a triumphal progress than a business speculation, the venture proved a brilliant success, and more than £100,000 were divided between the two stars at the end of their engagement. Mr. Booth retired from the stage in 1891, founded the Players' Club in New York, presented the beautiful club house to its members, and left a fortune of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

OF neither of the subjects of the photographs this month is it necessary to say more than a few words. Miss Kate Rorke has appeared in the pages of THE THEATRE before, and her career is known to everyone. At the moment she shares with Mr. Forbes-Robertson the honours accruing from the Garrick revival of "Diplomacy," and is looked to as the one and only hope, alike of playgoers and critics, among the younger leading ladies of the English stage.

MR. PINERO needs no introduction, although for some inexplicable reason he has never figured in THE THEATRE till now. It were easy to dwell upon his achievements before he took pen in hand and shook off the sock and buskin. For Mr. Pinero was a very interesting and popular member of Mr. Irving's company in pre-managerial days, and his *Marquis of Huntly* in "Charles I." was a piece of pure pathos never to be forgotten. It were easy to dwell upon his triumphs since in every branch of dramatic literature. In fantastic farce, in comedy, in razor-edged satire, in sentimental drama, and in modern tragedy, he has consistently mounted to heights beyond the reach of any other writer for the English stage. But his history may be condensed into one line! He is not yet forty and has written "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."



Received for Review.

BOOKS.

- Recollections of Middle Life.* By Francisque Sarcey. (W. Heinemann). 10s. 6d.
Judith Shakespeare. By William Black. (Sampson Low & Co.) 2s. 6d.
Introduction to Shakespeare. By Edward Dowden, LL.D. (Blackie & Son). 2s. 6d.
Playbills. A Collection and some Comments. (Francis Edwards).
Mr. Punch's Model Music Hall. Songs and Dramas. By F. Anstey. Illustrated. (Bradbury, Agnew). 4s. 6d.
Mr. Punch's Young Reciter. By F. Anstey. Illustrated. (Bradbury, Agnew). 3s. 6d.
Ben Jonson. (Vol. I.) The Mermaid Series of Best Plays by the Old Dramatists. Edited by Brinsley Nicholson. (Fisher Unwin). 2s. 6d.
Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen. By F. Anstey. Illustrated by Bernard Partidge. (W. Heinemann).

MUSIC.

MESSRS. COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street.—“Half Dreams” (song), by Leslie Gordon; “Together All the Way” (song), by Arthur E. Godfrey; “My Heart is wi' My Lassie” (song), by Madge E. Conroy; “Apart For Evermore” (song), by Frances Allitsen; “Long Years After” (song), by Gilbert A. Alcock; “As of Yore” (song), by Angelo Mascheroni; “The Boy and the Brook” and “Ronald Ray” (songs), by Lawrence Kellie; No. 1 and No. 2 of Six “Volkslieder” (with German and English words), by Maud Valerie White; Mascheroni's “Ave Maria” arranged for organ, by Edwin H. Lemare; Romance for Violin, by Percy Godfrey; Leo Stern's “Serenade,” transcribed for pianoforte, by Benno Schönberger; “Petite Danseuse,” for violin, by Percy Godfrey; “Serenade Espagnol,” for violin, by Gilbert Betjemann; Nos. 2 and 3 of “The Candidate's Practical Scale and Appoggio Handbooks,” by Graham P. Moore; a complete scale and appoggio tutor, by Adolphe Schloesser; “A Woodland Serenade,” for pianoforte, by Angelo Mascheroni; and “Summer's Goodbye,” for pianoforte, by Barry M. Gilholy.

MESSRS. SHEARD & Co., 192, High Holborn.—“Rachel” (song from “La Juive”), by Halévy; “Dimples” (song), by Geo. Fred. Horan; “Her Wedding Ring of Gold” (song), by K. C. Spillane; “Will They Answer if I Write” (song), by John St. George; “Love's Golden Hope” (song), by Frank Milton; “I Long to See the Girl I Left Behind” (song), by John S. Kelly; “Time Will Show” (song), by Mary Carmichael; “Inez My Queen” (song), by Franz Morgan; “The Darkie's Dance” (song), by Angelo A. Soher; “Yawning” (song), by Franco Novara; “The Recruiting Sergeant” (comic song), by Fred. Eplett; “The Jap” (comic song), by George Le Brunn; “Put Yourself in Gilligan's Place” and “He Isn't on the Job Just Now” (comic song), by Felix McGlennor; “Dear Old Country Homes” (song and chorus), by Frank Buoman; “Dancing Wavelets” (pianoforte), by F. W. Meacham; “Love's Seal” (pianoforte), by G. Carmichael; “In the Ball-Room” (schottische), by Theo. H. Northrup; “Chummy and I” (march), by D. L. White; and “The Fan Tan” (pianoforte), by Adolph Bergman.



New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from May 18th to June 15th, 1893:—

(Revivals are marked thus °)

May 19 “Pagliacci,” opera, in two acts, libretto and music by Leoncavallo. Royal Opera, Covent Garden.

„ 22° “Mankind,” drama, by Paul Merritt and George Conquest. Surrey.

- May 22 "Box B," a musical trifle, written and composed by Corney Grain. St. George's Hall.
- " 22 "Sins of the Night," drama, in five acts, by Frank Harvey (first time in London). Grand.
- " 22 "The Battle of Life," a new version of "Le Paillasse (author un-announced). Standard.
- " 23 "King for a Day," romantic light opera, adapted by Valentine Smith. Parkhurst.
- " 24° "Camille," in Italian. (Signora Eleonora Duse's season). Lyric.
- " 25 "The Mills of God," drama, in four acts, by Robert Overton. Bijou Theatre, Bayswater.
- " 25 "A Casual Acquaintance," a play, in a prologue and three acts, by J. F. Cooke. Trafalgar Square.
- " 25° "My Awful Dad," comedy, in two acts, by the late Charles Mathews. Terry's.
- " 26° "Fedora," drama, in four acts, by Victorien Sardou. (Signora Eleonora Duse's season). Lyric.
- " 27 "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," play, in four acts, by A. W. Pinero. St. James's.
- " 27° "Uncle Dick's Darling," comedy-drama, in three acts, by the late Henry J. Byron. Toole's
- " 29 "The Days to Come," drama, in four acts, by Forbes Dawson (first time in London). Elephant and Castle.
- " 29 "Frasquita," comic opera, in two acts, by Meyer Lutz. Gaiety.
- " 29° "Hedda Gabler," a version of Ibsen's play, by Edmund Gosse. Opera Comique.
- " 30 "Cavalleria Rusticana," drama, by Verga. (Signora Eleonora Duse's season). Lyric.
- " 30 "La Locandiera," comedy, by Goldoni. (Signora Eleonora Duse's season). Lyric.
- " 30° "Captain Thérèse," opera-comique, libretto by F. C. Burnand and Gilbert à Becket; music by Planquette. *Matinée*. Criterion.
- " 31 "Tickle and Scrubbs," farce, by W. S. Penley and Frank Wyatt. Trafalgar Square.
- " 31° "Rosmersholm," by Ibsen. Opera Comique.
- June 2 "Leida," play, in three acts, by Josine Holland; translated from the Dutch, by A. Teixeira de Mattos. Comedy.
- " 2 "At a Health Resort," play, in one act, by H. M. Paull. Comedy.
- " 2° "The Master Builder," by Ibsen. Opera Comique.
- " 2° "Brand," by Ibsen. Opera Comique.
- " 3 "Foreign Policy," play, by Conan Doyle. Terry's.
- " 3 "Bud and Blossom," farce, by Lady Colin Campbell. Terry's.
- " 3 "An Interlude," a "modern instance," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford and W. H. Pollock. Terry's.
- " 3 "The Three Wayfarers," by Thomas Hardy. Terry's.
- " 3 "Becky Sharp," arranged by J. M. Barrie. Terry's.
- " 3° "The Merchant of Venice." Lyceum.
- " 5 "The Wheel of Time," drama, by T. B. Bannister and George Comer. T.R., Stratford.
- " 5 "Coquette," an opera-comique, in two acts, written by R. E. Pattinson, composed by Misses Daisy Sopwith and Angela Rawlinson. West Theatre, Albert Hall.
- " 5° "A Scrap of Paper," by the late Pa'grave Simpson. Avenue.
- " 5° "The Cross of Honour," drama, in five acts, by Arthur Shirley and Maurice Gally. Surrey.
- " 5° "For England," drama, in five acts, by Sutton Vane. Grand.
- " 6 "Caleb; or, The Curse," comedy-drama, in three acts, by S. A. Johnson. *Matinée*. Terry's.
- " 8 "The Lucky Bag," by Mrs. E. S. Willard; lyrics and music by Louis H. Barker. Terry's.
- " 8 "The Merry Piper of Nuremberg," by Mrs. E. S. Willard. Terry's.
- " 8 "Punch and Judy," by Mrs. E. S. Willard. Terry's.
- " 8 "A Ministering Angel," drama, in one act, by Neville Doone and Horace W. C. Newte. Victoria Hall, Bayswater.

- June 9 "The Younger Son," comedy, in four acts, by R. S. Sievier. Gaiety.
 " 9^a "A Doll's House," play, in three acts, by Henrik Ibsen (in Italian).
 (Signora Eleonora Duse's season). Lyric.
 " 12 "St. Ronan's Well," drama, in four acts, by R. Davey and W. H.
 Pollock. Trafalgar Square.
 " 12 "Les Plaideurs," *Le Malade Imaginaire*; 13th, "Un Pere
 Prodigue"; 14th, "Par Le Glaive"; 15th, "Denise." French
 Plays, by the Comédie Française, at Drury Lane.
 " 12 "Bess," play, in three acts, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer. St. James's.
 " 13 "His Highness," comic opera, in three acts, by J. W. Houghton and
 Auscal Tate. *Matinée*. Opera Comique.
 " 14 "The Enemy of the People," play, in five acts, by Henrik Ibsen.
 Haymarket.
 " 15 "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," the late Robert Browning's tragedy.
 Opera Comique.
 " 15 "Poor Jonathan," musical comedy, in two acts, adapted by C. H. E.
 Brookfield, lyrics by Harry Greenbank. Prince of Wales'.

In the Provinces, from May 17th to June 12th, 1893 :—

- May 19 "Bail Up," drama, in four acts, by Julian Hughes. (Produced for
 copyright purposes). T.R., Kidderminster.
 " 22 "The Age We Live In," drama (author unannounced). Grand,
 Birmingham.
 " 22 "The Cat's Eye," a farcical comedy, by Edward Rose. New Theatre,
 Oxford.
 " 22 "Keen Blades ; or, The Straight Tip," drama, in three acts, by A. F.
 Cross and J. F. Elliston. T.R., Sheffield.
 " 22 "The Lass that Loved a Sailor," operetta, libretto by Neville Doone ;
 music by Bond Andrews. Folkestone Pier Theatre.
 " 22 "The Burglar and the Bishop," musical vaudeville, by Sir J. J.
 Coghill, Bart. ; music by Wellesley Batson. Folkestone Pier
 Theatre.
 " 22 "Helen of Troy Up-to-Date ; or, The Statue Shop," by Wilton
 Jones ; music by John Crook. Folkestone Pier Theatre.
 " 29 "The New Boy," comedy-drama, in four acts, by Ralph R. Lumley.
 T.R., Margate.
 " 29 "Sea Fruit," drama, in five acts, by Hugh Moss. T.R., Swansea.
 June 1 "Sparkle's Little System," comedietta, by Neville Doone. Folkestone
 Pier Theatre.
 " 5 "The Gladiators," play, adapted by T. B. Bannister. T.R., Cardiff.
 " 12 "Joe the Miner," drama, in three acts, by Berte Thomas. T.R.,
 Margate.

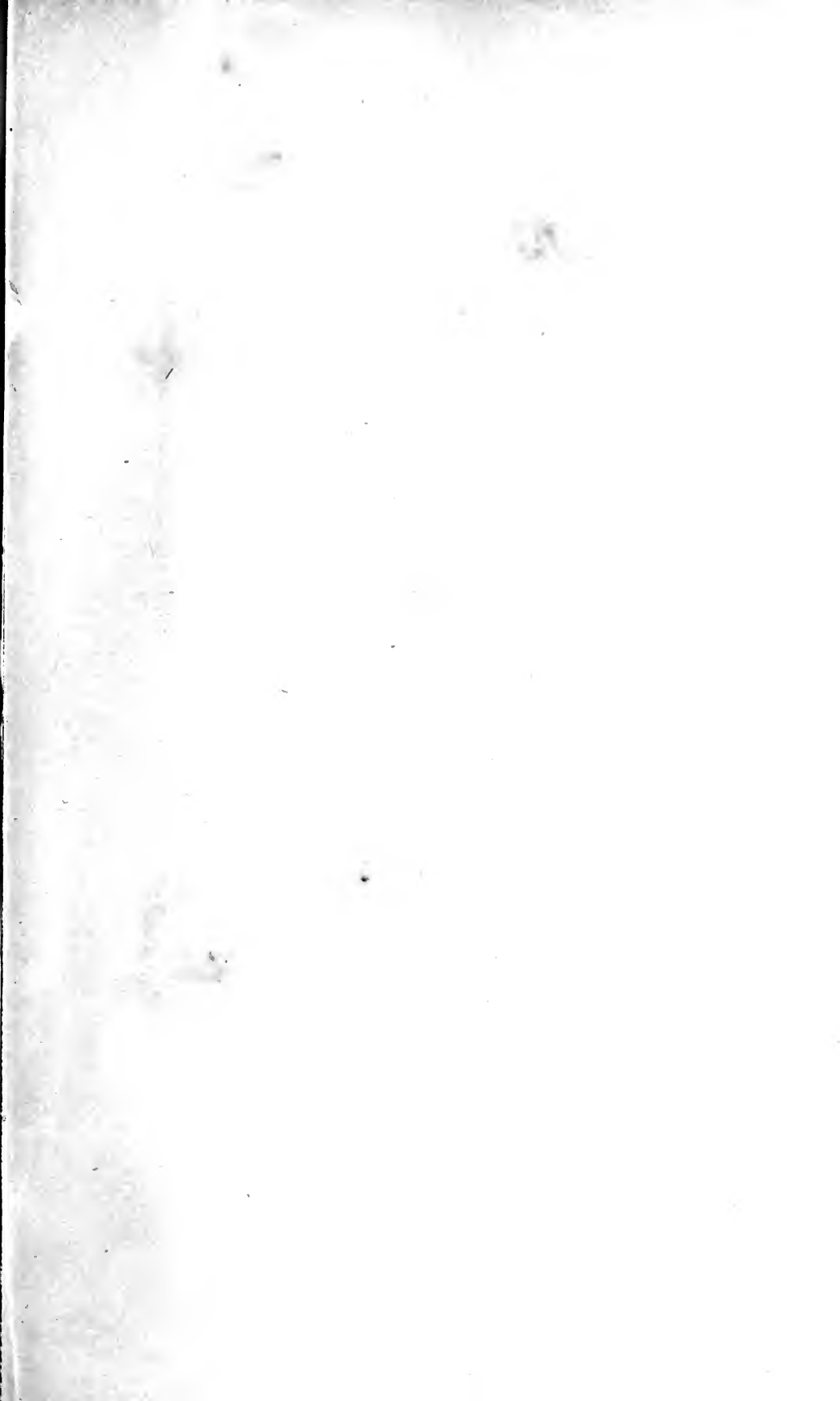
In Paris, from May 13th to June 12th, 1893 :—

- May 24 "Phryne," comic opera, in two acts, words by M. Augé de Lassus,
 music by M. Camille de Saint-Saëns. Opera Comique.
 " 24 "Ah le Bon Billet," one-act comedy, by M. Edouard Burcau. Odéon.
 " 25^a "Les Femmes Collantes," farcical comedy, in five acts, by M. Léon
 Gandillot. Théâtre-Déjazet.
 " 29 "Les Tisserands," drama, in five acts, by Herr Gerhardt Hauptmann,
 Menus-Plaisirs.
 June 2^a "Le Crime de Jean Moul," drama, in five acts, by MM. Lucien
 Cressonnois and Charles Samson. Ambigu.
 " 7 "Jean Mayeux," mimodrama, in three acts and a prologue, by M.
 Blanchard de la Bretesche ; music by M. Charles Thony. Folies-
 Dramatiques.
 " 12 "La Belle au Bois Revant," comedy, in one act, in verse, by M.
 Farnand Mazade. Menus-Plaisirs.
 " 12 "Ahasvere," drama, in one act, by M. Herman Heyermans. Menus-
 Plaisirs.
 " 12 "Mariage D'Argent," piece, in one act, by M. Eugène Bourgeois,
 Menus-Plaisirs.





MADAME JANE HADING
(Aetat. 3),
As Blanche de Caylus in "Le Bossu,"
At the Gynase, Marseilles, 1866.





Photographed by Reutlinger, Paris.

Copyright

MADAME JANE HADING.

"And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly,
Not in the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensch of Parys was to hire be-knowe."

Chaucer's "CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE" (adapted).

THE THEATRE.

AUGUST, 1893.

Stars of the Stage.

NO. III.—MADAME JANE HADING.



T was the morning after having enjoyed the rare artistic treat of witnessing Madame Hading's delightful performance of the *Marquise d'Auberive* in Augier's evergreen "Les Effrontés," that I hied me to a house in the neighbourhood of the British Museum, where the gifted actress had taken up her temporary abode, and presently found myself in the presence of a charming lady of handsome classical features, recalling the Venus of Milo, who was attired. It may interest lady readers of THE THEATRE to know, in a black crêpon dress, trimmed with red at the neck and wrists. We opened conversation with a discussion of Augier's play.

"I think it is an admirable piece," said Madame Hading, "it is a play which has lived. Acted now for the first time for thirty years, it is as fresh as when it was first written."

"Thanks to the representative of the *Marquise*, Madame Hading. May I ask which is your favourite play?"

This was a horrible "chestnut" of a question to ask, I know; but the fact remains, I did ask it. The actress greeted it with a merry peal of laughter.—"Oh, I know that question so well! I have been asked it scores of times, but I have never yet been able to give a satisfactory answer. All I can say is that every play is my pet play while I am acting in it. If I had no love for a particular part, I should simply be unable to play it. I have often found that in studying a character, and endeavouring to overcome its difficulties, I have come to like it, though at first sight I have not cared for it in the least."

"There is another question, Madame Hading, which we have always with us. I should like to know your views as to the desirability or otherwise of a British Conservatoire?"—"Well, for my part, I do not believe in the Conservatoire. I think the system tends to pro-

duce mediocre automatons, and to hamper originality. If I had a son (which I haven't, you understand) who wished to go on the stage, I would never think of sending him to the Conservatoire. I would, however, send him to some experienced actor for advice and preliminary hints. That is all the teaching that is of the least use to an intelligent novice. The rest must come by practice. You know I myself was never at the Conservatoire. I made my first appearance on the stage when I was three years old. Here is a photograph of my *débüt*. My father was playing *Lagardère* in "Le Bossu" at the Gymnase at Marseilles. One night he astonished the audience by carrying me on instead of the property doll which had always done duty for little *Blanche de Caylus* on previous occasions. I have practically been on the stage ever since."

And, indeed, for so young an actress, Madame Hading's experience has been "extensive and peculiar." As a child, she played numerous more or less insignificant parts in comedy at the Marseilles Gymnase, where her father acted for upwards of thirty years. At the age of thirteen, she accompanied him on a tour to Algeria, playing a round of *ingénue* parts. After a subsequent engagement at Cairo, she rejoined her father on a tour through France with comedy and drama. Then followed a three years' engagement at the Palais Royal in Paris, where she made her *débüt* in a vaudeville by Paul Ferrier called "La Chaste Suzanne." At sixteen, before the Palais Royal engagement was over, the young actress took the place of Mademoiselle Jeanne Granier at the Renaissance owing to the illness of the last named lady, and a series of brilliant triumphs on the lyric stage followed this. At this time Offenbach composed specially for Madame Hading the music of "La Belle Lurette," which he did not live to see her play, but which was perhaps her greatest success at the Renaissance. Madame Hading, however, was shrewd enough to foresee that the rage for comic opera would not last for ever, and that the then popular works of Offenbach, Charles Lecocq, Hervé, and Co., were not for all time, nor even for an age. Accordingly, she abandoned comic opera for comedy, and went to the Gymnase, where she made her *débüt* in Ohnet's "Maître de Forges," creating the part of *Claire de Beauprè*, a magnificent piece of acting, never to be forgotten by any who had the privilege of witnessing it. This was followed by other successes: Jules Claretie's "Le Prince Zilah" (in which the actress's early musical training stood her in good stead), Daudet's "Sapho," Ohnet's "La Comtesse Sarah," and "Frou-Frou." Then came a tour in America, ranging from New York to San Francisco, and thence to Rio de Janeiro. This tour was so brilliantly successful that it was prolonged for several months beyond the period originally arranged. On returning to Paris, Madame Hading opened at the Vaudeville in "La Comtesse Romani," by Dumas *fils*, and afterwards created the title-*rôle* in Stanislas Rzewusky's "L'Imperatrice Faustina," at the Porte St. Martin. Back at the Vaudeville again, she played in Sardou's "Nos Intimes," and, for a charity performance, in Zola's

grimly impressive "Thérèse Raquin" with M. Antoine of the Théâtre-Libre. Subsequently she achieved a great success as the *Princesse* in "Le Prince d'Aurec," which led to the Comédie Française and "Les Effrontés."

That an actress with this varied record should have something to say worth hearing on the distinctive peculiarities of audiences and actors in various countries goes without saying. "I like your English audiences," said Madame Hading; "compared to French audiences they are certainly very cold and undemonstrative, but I believe they are fully as intelligent, and as capable of appreciating great art. I think one cause of the frigidity of English audiences is the custom of wearing evening dress at the theatre. You cannot expect people starched up in evening dress to be enthusiastic. In France it is very rare to dress for the theatre, though the English custom is being adopted by degrees. Five years ago, if a man was seen in evening dress in a Paris theatre he was at once supposed to be a foreigner. Our audiences consist largely of wealthy *bourgeois*, who pay for the best seats in the house, but who are very simple in their habits. They come in ordinary dress, and the ladies all wear their bonnets." "Yes," chimed in Madame Hading's brother, who was present, "and if you sit behind one you see nothing of the stage." (The affliction known to us as the "*matinée-hat*" is evidently a "pestilence that walketh by night" as well, in France).

"The American audiences," continued Madame Hading, "are also much less cold than the English, but I don't know that they are any more critical or appreciative. The American women are most enthusiastic playgoers, and very artistic. The men are too much occupied with business to care for art. They have no time. They are in too great a hurry. My opinion on the relative merits of English and French acting? I do not think it is really possible to compare the acting of two different nations. There is so much allowance to be made for difference of national characteristics. Manners, habits, and customs differ so much in different countries, that every actor must be judged in his own language, and in his own country. However, I have a very great admiration for English acting. Mr. Beerbohm Tree I regard as an admirable actor of character parts. I greatly enjoyed his *Lord Illingworth* in 'A Woman of No Importance' the other night. What a wittily written play that is! And what a perfect piece of acting was Mrs. Bernard Beere's *Mrs. Arbuthnot*! I like her immensely. I remember seeing her some years ago in 'Diplomacy' (an excellent adaptation of Sardou's piece, by the way), and being charmed with her. But of all English actresses, I admire Ellen Terry most. She is adorable. Mr. Henry Irving is a marvellously intellectual actor, and he has a wonderful command of expression and gesture."

"Don't you think the talent for acting comes more readily to a Frenchman than to an Englishman—that is to say that every Frenchman is more or less of a born actor?"—"Well, I think that is perhaps so. The Englishman may require more effort to become an actor,

still, with that effort, he produces quite as good results as the Frenchman."

"Quite so, Madame Hading, 'he gets there all the same.' Have you seen Signora Duse?"—"I am sorry to say I have not. What do I think of Ada Rehan? Well, I have scarcely had an opportunity of judging; I have only seen her in a very poor part, in a version of 'Les Surprises du Divorce' in America. She had no chance in it, and the piece is so essentially French in subject that it did not bear translating well. Ibsen? I have an intense admiration for Ibsen, and I bitterly regret that I can't read Norwegian. I have read all his works in French, but I am sure there is more genius in the original than the translations show. I should love to play some of his pieces in Paris, but I am afraid the general public are not able to understand him, and the majority of the critics are opposed to him tooth and nail. 'Hedda Gabler' was tried in Paris, but it was an utter failure. 'Ghosts' was played at the Théâtre-Libre with some success, however."

"Ah, may I ask your views on the Théâtre-Libre movement, Madame Hading?"—"Oh, it is a step in the right direction, but I think its influence for good will be felt more in the future than at present, because now, under the pretext of progress, writers who have not the ability to write good plays, write indifferent plays which are produced simply because they deal with risky subjects. Zola's 'Thérèse Raquin,' in which I have played, is a piece of marked 'Théâtre-Libre' tendency, but then it is a genuine work of art."

"One more question, and the wicked interviewer will cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest. How long must London wait for an opportunity of seeing you in something more worthy of your genius than the *Marquise d'Auberive*?"—"Oh, you know, I sail for America in September for ten months. I shall play in a round of pieces including 'Le Maître de Forges,' 'Frou-Frou,' 'La Dame aux Camélias,' 'Nos Intimes,' 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' 'Hernani,' 'Ruy Blas,' 'Fédora,' 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'La Mégère Apprivoisée,' 'Tartuffe,' and—but perhaps that will do to go on with. I begin with a month at the Chicago Exhibition, then I visit New York, Boston, Washington, San Francisco, and Mexico, after which I shall return to London with the same *répertoire*. Till then, *au revoir, monsieur!*"

WILLIAM ALISON.



Actors of the Age :

RECOLLECTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS.

III.—PLACE AUX DAMES.



IN my opening paper I said : "As for those players who have gone voluntarily, or involuntarily, into retirement, who shall name them ?" Before I turn to some of the "leading ladies" now still on active service, let me say a few words concerning some who apparently have withdrawn permanently from the boards. I am thinking of Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Mrs. John Billington, Miss Carlotta Leclercq, and Miss Ada Cavendish, though I am not without hope that more than one of these artists will yet return to the stage they have adorned. Miss Cavendish was seen not so long ago in Mr. Buchanan's "Bride of Love," and it would be a thousand pities if the powers which we all so much admired in *Mrs. Pinchbeck*, *Mercy Merrick*, *Lady Clancarty*, and *Miss Gwilt*, were not again exhibited in public. There used to be in Miss Cavendish a sort of rough electric force which would help to vitalise many a drama of to-day. It is, of course, as *Mercy Merrick* that contemporary playgoers think of her, and they will not readily forget the convincing aspect that she gave to that rather dubious heroine.

Miss Carlotta Leclercq was also recently in evidence. I remember very well her performance of *Marguerite* in Robertson's version of the famous story, and how graceful and interesting it was, even within the last twenty years or so. I recollect, too, her *Marie de Fontanges* in "Plot and Passion," and also her appearance in an American melodrama called "Fate," which made, I think, but little impression upon theatre-lovers generally. Miss Leclercq was always an artist to the finger-tips, setting an example to all her younger associates in the care and finish bestowed on her assumptions. Mrs. Billington's name is most closely associated in my mind with such pieces as "Rough and Ready" and "Olive Branch." She, too, is a type of the actress of the old school—admirably trained in all the technique of her art, and never failing to convey exactly the impression desired by the playwright. In these days of slipshod, "natural" acting, it is pleasant to recall the time when players like Mrs. Billington were the rule rather than the exception. There was Mrs. Vezin, for example, better known to many as Mrs. Charles Young. What breadth and vigour of style had these accomplished ladies ! Mrs. Vezin, when I knew her, was in the meridian of her career, and my

memory is especially vivid in regard to her *Mrs. Oakley* in "The Jealous Wife"—an impersonation of much force and vivacity. Of late years Mrs. Stirling's *Nurse* in "Romeo and Juliet" has been tolerably familiar to *habitués*. I can, however, recall her *Widow Green*, and even her *Lady Teazle*, which, though *passée* when I witnessed it, still enabled me to understand what it was that charmed the public when Mrs. Stirling was in her prime.

Of the feminine stars who now range high in the artistic firmament, I fancy Mrs. Kendal is my oldest acquaintance. She was *THE Lilian Vavasour*, *Lydia Languish*, *Galatea*, *Pauline Deschapelles*, *Rosalind*, of my youthful enthusiasm. Among my pleasantest recollections are her performances in Mr. Aïde's "Nine Days' Wonder" and Mr. Buchanan's "Madcap Prince," which most people seem to have forgotten. In the latter piece she figured in cavalier costume, and very charming she looked in it. In those days there was for me only one actress in the world, and that was Miss Madge Robertson.* Nor has my allegiance ever been seriously impaired. Other artists have found a place in my affections, but they have never extruded Mrs. Kendal. Her style, naturally, has not the freshness that it had; it has crystallised, and lost in flexibility. Her method is formed, and cannot be altered. Her comedy is mannered, and its delicacy has been affected by her performances in the United States. Nevertheless, she remains the most finished of *comédiennes*, and her capacity for expressing emotion—not exhibited at all during her recent season at the Avenue—is, I can well believe, as great as ever. A year or two ago I had the pleasure of seeing her play (at Manchester I think it was) *Lady Marsden* in "All for Her." It was a delightful piece of work, and I am sorry it has not been submitted to the London public. In comedy, Mrs. Kendal will always be very welcome, though I hope she will very soon come before us in parts calling for pathetic treatment. In most of the rôles that she has played of late, she has not been too fortunate; and yet one would have thought that, in writing for so consummate an artist, our playwrights would have been more than usually inspired.

After Mrs. Kendal came (for me) Miss Ellen and Miss Marion Terry. It so happens that I saw Miss Ellen Terry first as *Lilian Vavasour*, and shortly afterwards as *Gilberte*, in a version of "Frou-Frou" called "Butterfly." The former was to me, as to everybody else, extremely winning. The *Gilberte* disappointed. It opened charmingly; but in the scene where *Gilberte* turns upon her sister, Miss Terry rather lost herself. It was, however, the first representation of the piece, and in those days Miss Terry had not had the wide artistic experience she has since acquired. Her complete sovereignty over my imagination began with her first appearance as *Beatrice* in "Much Ado." This, as careful readers of this magazine are aware, took place at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, in

* I embodied my feelings in a sonnet which was afterwards printed in *THE THEATRE* for September, 1881, and reproduced in "Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and America," published in New York.

September, 1880, and I had the good luck to be present on the occasion. Her *Beatrice* was not then so enchanting as it afterwards became, and still remains ; but it was enchanting enough, and I was allowed to record my sensations of delight in the issue of THE THEATRE for October, 1880. Since then, Miss Terry, as an actress, has placed us all under a series of artistic obligations, for which it is impossible to be too grateful. What she has done is known to every Metropolitan playgoer, for, apart from her *Gilberte* and her *Beatrice*, her adult creations have all been submitted in the first place to the London public. Of her it may be said that, whatever she may attempt in the future, she will always be fascinating, because she has a personality and a method which, even though they may not suit every character essayed, will always be engaging in themselves. It is an enviable possession, this individuality which conquers without necessity for exertion. Miss Terry has only to present herself in what *rôle* she will, and her sway is instantly acknowledged. It is not so much that criticism is silenced, as that the critical faculty is not exercised at all. The susceptible spectator is as if agreeably hypnotised, and Miss Terry holds his intellect, as well as his heart, in the hollow of her hand.

Miss Marion Terry first subjugated me in the *rôle* of *Dorothy* in "Dan'l Druce." In the face of that truly charming performance I surrendered at discretion. In those times I was not contented with the medium of prose ; I must needs drop into verse, and these, accordingly, were the terms in which I ventured to address myself (in print) to Miss Marion's *Dorothy* :—

"O maid demure, how sweet the glow
That fires us as you come and go !
A vision flashing on the sight,
You put all lesser things to flight:
You're there—that's all we care to know !

"A little while—then comes a flow
Of smiles, and you are lovely so ;
Your eyes are as a well of light,
O maid demure !

"And then fall sighs and tears ; and lo !
Our hearts beat, aching at each blow
That gives you pain ;—we breathe aright
Only when sunrise breaks the night—
When joys, renewed, all griefs o'erthrow,
O maid demure !"

These are very bad verses, and I submit them only as a sort of document, to prove, by contemporary evidence, how much this *Dorothy* had affected me. By-and-bye came *Belinda* in "Engaged." and in that Miss Terry showed that she had as deep a vein of comedy as of tenderness and pathos. At the present moment, she is perhaps the best "all-round" actress that we possess. There are few styles that she has not adopted, and she touches nothing that she does not adorn. She gives pleasure in everything that she does.

Of the gradual acquisition of histrionic accomplishment there

could not well be an apter example than Mrs. Bernard Beere. That lady is now without a rival in a certain line of parts. There was a time when her acting was very rough indeed. It was the time when, apparently, she found her height—she is more than common tall—a considerable impediment in the way of her artistic progress. When I first knew her as an actress she was unquestionably awkward and altogether crude. She was then touring (if I remember rightly) with Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale, playing “juvenile lead,” and playing it very unskilfully. No doubt the experience was useful, but it was not in that direction that her talents lay. Her *Lisa* in Mr. Gilbert’s “*Gretchen*” had much merit, but it was not until she came to play *Bathsheba Everdene* in “*Far from the Madding Crowd*,” *Dora Steer* in “*The Promise of May*,” and *Jane Eyre*, that she made any very marked impression upon London playgoers. Then we had her *Princess Fedora*, and people began to call her the English Bernhardt. For my part I have always thought her *Peg Woffington* her most admirable performance, and I hope we shall never see her again in such rôles as that of the unwholesome *Lena Despard*. Mrs. Beere is now one of the most accomplished of our artists, and much that is good is to be expected from her. Let us hope that she will be fortunate in her future creations. An actress, after all, is dependent on the parts she finds available, and in that respect Mrs. Beere has been, like Mrs. Kendal of late, unlucky. Here, again, is a player whom our dramatists might be proud to fit with rôles adapted to her powers.

Miss Rose Leclercq and Miss Fanny Brough are now best known on the whole, as comedy-players. Miss Leclercq, with her superb *aplomb*, has become the typical *grande dame* of the modern kind on our stage, and Miss Brough’s smart and cheery manner has helped to sustain many a so-called comic piece of recent years. It was, however, as “leading ladies” that they first earned laurels. My earliest memories of Miss Leclercq gather round her *Galatea* in Mr. Gilbert’s play, and her *Lady Hilda* in the same dramatist’s “*Broken Hearts*.” Even then I recognised her as in temperament a *comédienne* pure and simple, but it was as representing somewhat tearful heroines that she originally secured my admiration. So with Miss Brough. That lady first impressed me most vividly as the *Ethel Grainger* of H. J. Byron’s “*Married in Haste*.” There was one scene of that play in which she acted with genuinely pathetic effect; and I am not sure, even now, that she is not thrown away upon the pseudo-comic parts in which she is invited to appear. I am of those who consider that the best piece of work she ever did, in the course of her long and honourable career, was the *Mrs. Egerton Bompas* of Mr. Pinero’s “*Times*.” That was something more than an assumption; it was an impersonation—a bit of real, unexaggerated human nature. Miss Brough, I remember, was splendidly vivacious as *Mary Merton* in “*Our Boys*,” but her *Ethel Grainger* was the more artistic performance, faithfully foreshadowing the *Mrs. Egerton Bompas* of later days.

I was once so happily situated as to witness some of the earliest professional efforts of Miss Fanny Enson, Miss Alma Murray, Miss Fanny Addison, Miss Louise Moodie, and Miss Ellen Wallis (Mrs. Lancaster). Miss Enson and Miss Murray appeared together in "Two Roses" and "False Shame," playing *Ida* and *Lottie* in the former, and *Magdalen* and the *ingénue* in the latter. Miss Murray was then very young, and in her pretty performances of *ingénue* parts I could hardly be expected to detect the faculty for strong emotional acting which she has since exhibited on so many delightful occasions. On the other hand, Miss Enson's already neatly-finished style at once suggested the successes in comedy which she has since achieved. She has modelled her manner, apparently, upon Mrs. Kendal's, and, with certain reservations, could scarcely have done better than study so accomplished a prototype. Miss Fanny Addison I recollect best in connection with the "Caste" company, of which she was at one time the *Esther Eccles*, *Bella*, and so on, playing with unaffected ease and seriousness. I cannot recall precisely in what part Miss Louise Moodie was first seen by me, but I think it was in that of *Berthe de Savigny* in Feuillet's "Sphinx." I have a very keen recollection of her *Lady Marsden* in "All for Her," and of her *Countess* in "The Danicheffs," both marked by "reserve force" and much carefulness of execution. In London her first great hit was made as *Mrs. Goring* in "The Crisis." So recently as the production in London of Mr. Henry James's "American," of what immense service to the play was Miss Moodie's quietly impressive impersonation of the old "servant with a secret"! Miss Wallis's "first appearance" was made just twenty years ago. She was then very young; she is now one of the best equipped of living actresses. Her early efforts, such as *Cleopatra*, were necessarily tentative. Since then, she has had long and wide experience, and she is one of the few contemporary artists who could succeed, if called upon, in the "legitimate." A few years ago I saw her play *Isabella* in "Measure for Measure," and I trust she may have an opportunity of presenting the part in town. In strongly dramatic rôles she ought always to "score."

One of the actresses of whom, in the old days, I used to see a good deal, was Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer, who, at that time, was touring with her husband. Her *Ophelia* and her *Desdemona* were excellent, her *Desdemona* especially so. She was endowed with a particularly sweet and soothing voice, and made of *Desdemona* a very touching and engaging picture. Quite lately I saw her represent *Mary Stuart* in a translation from Schiller, and discovered that she had gained greatly in knowledge of the stage and considerably in histrionic power. Miss Marriott is another of my old acquaintances. What most abides with me is her *Queen Elizabeth* in that play by Giacometti in which Ristori used to figure. I am also able to say that I was once present when Miss Marriott played *Hamlet*. Her figure favoured the adventure, and

the impersonation, I need scarcely say, was highly intelligent. Still, it struck me as more of a *tour de force* than of a legitimate achievement, and it is not of Miss Marriott in that character that I like to think. How valuable is practice in the standard drama was shown, not long ago, when Miss Marriott was engaged to play in "Ravenswood" at the Lyceum, and when her firm and vigorous performance, characterised by admirable elocution, stood out prominently even in a notable cast. To the ranks of the "old-fashioned" players, Miss Dolores Drummond, I suppose, must be assigned. Most people can recall this artist's life-like Frenchwoman in "Bleak House"; I can also recall her sturdy interpretation in "The Golden Plough," a piece in which she "starred" for a while. Miss Maud Brennan and Miss Annie Alleyn are less familiar to London than to country playgoers, though the former has done a good deal of excellent work in town. Both are products of the old "stock company" system, which turned out actresses who knew their business thoroughly. Miss Alleyn, after many years' varied labours, is still popular with provincial theatre-lovers, who appreciate sound and earnest effort. Not less well-known and not less popular are Miss Lizzie Baldwin and Miss Eyre Robson, who have for a long time been among the mainstays of the Beatrice company, and of whose forcible effective method I have myself seen samples.

I regret that I see so little now of what is going on in the provinces. It was there that I originally witnessed the *Stephanie de Mohrivart* of Miss Geneviève Ward, surely one of the most skilful and impressive impersonations of these latter years. It was there that I made acquaintance with the *Leah*, and *Mary Warner*, and *Margaret Field* of Mrs. Crowe (Miss Bateman), who was so fine the other day in the "Karin" of Alfhild Agrell; as well as with the earliest assumptions of Miss Isabel and Miss Virginia Bateman (Mrs. Edward Compton). It was there that I noted the expanding talent of Miss Maud Milton and Miss Cissy Grahame, which has since displayed itself to such good purpose. I, at least, was not surprised when Miss Milton took playgoers by storm at one of the "Independent Theatre" performances. She had played equally well in melodrama in the country. It is pleasant to find her long and careful apprenticeship rewarded by an engagement at the Lyceum. Miss Grahame, I think, has never been seen to quite so much advantage as in Mr. Jerome's "New Lamps for Old," which brought out happily her comedy powers. It was somewhere in the "shires" that I studied Lady Monckton's performances *en amateur*; this was in the days when she and Sir Charles Young played for charities, and when she laid the foundation of her present-day successes. It was in the country that I witnessed the *Galatea* of Mrs. Langtry, who has not yet represented the character in London. (Of this *Galatea* I have already written in THE THEATRE for April, 1882). Lastly, it was in the country that I had the opportunity of recognising and admiring the ability of Miss Janet Achurch. She played *Mercy Merrick* in a little theatre, and at once impressed me

by her individuality—an individuality which is perhaps too marked for the ordinary, every-day purposes of the stage. Afterwards came *Nora Helmer*, and, with it, a London success; but Miss Achurch had already done well in “Devil Caresfoot.” It is in *rôles* out of the common rut and susceptible of unconventional treatment that Miss Achurch is likely to succeed most in future.

W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.



The Acting of the Comédie Française.



AT first sight it seems needless and ungracious to write except in a complimentary manner about the work done by the members of the Comédie Française. They are guests and have given us great pleasure; why then say anything unkind of their performances? It happens, however, that an examination of the late season may give results of practical value in relation to certain vexed questions, and therefore no sense of politeness should keep one from making it. For years past people have been suggesting that England ought to have a National Theatre and a school for teaching actors, or both. The advocates of the National Theatre are not perhaps in the majority, but the correspondence in the *Daily Graphic* of 1891 showed that most people desire the establishment of the training school. Indeed I was almost the only one to express the opinion that such a school is unnecessary and undesirable. I believe that the National Theatre would be beneficial if its management proved to be really eclectic, which I fear is not likely. On this point we can learn little from the season of the Comédie Française. Its programmes seem to show a wide range, but in fact we know that a good many of the pieces given were not originally produced at the Théâtre Français. In my opinion the history of the institution tends to show that a National Theatre inevitably becomes Conservative, and that as a rule it does not produce plays until their authors have made a reputation without its aid; from my point of view then, the present season and the history of the theatre are to some extent an argument against the establishment of a National English Theatre.

Yet if we do not get much light from the Drury Lane season upon the question of a National Theatre, it is very instructive in relation to the training school discussion. For whilst one might hope to have a more useful system of management for an English theatre,

one could not expect a better training school than the Conservatoire. Now most people assume that the French nation has a greater natural aptitude for acting than the English; it would help me in my argument to treat this assumption as true, but I cannot, since there appears to be a fallacy in it. The truth is that acting is an art so essentially relative, that each nation has an equal capacity for acting to the satisfaction of members of its own race. I will therefore assume that the French have an aptitude for acting at least equal to that of the English. If then, assuming that the Comédie Française is composed of persons not more nor less richly endowed by nature for their work than English actors, it follows that since almost all of them have been through the Conservatoire, their standard of acting should be higher than that of our actors; if not their Conservatoire training has been useless. Consequently it is my intention to criticise the company with a view of showing how I came to my opinion of its work.

The Comédie Française has twenty-six *sociétaires* of whom sixteen are men, and twenty-six *pensionnaires* composed of sixteen ladies and twelve men. In addition two ladies, Mmes. Jamaux and Drunzer, have played small speaking parts. The performances may be considered from two points of view, either as noteworthy for all-round or for individual excellence. Since no one denies that a Conservatoire cannot create genius, it has always been supposed that its function is to make mediocrity at least passable, and so it must be admitted that if bad acting is frequently found, something must be wrong with the system. Now I confidently assert that there has been acting passively or actively bad in almost all the plays—by passively bad I mean colourless insignificant work. Of the thirty-two dramas long and short which have been produced, I have seen almost all—"Par le Glaive," and two or three minor works I missed—and I find from notices written or notes taken at the time, that in a large proportion there was acting unworthy of a first class theatre as well as work of a high order. Indeed, except in the Molière plays it seemed to me impossible to see any results of a Conservatoire training, or of any other system of teaching or tradition, except a certain uniformity of style and a skill in the way of dealing with long speeches. I am bound to allow that in the art of giving light and shade to long speeches the French actors excel ours; the reason is not hard to find—our actors are not often called upon to deal with them.

One must bear in mind the enormous difference between English and French stage history. There never has been a classic period for us—the first great influence was purely romantic. Shakespeare, essentially modern, broke away at once from the ideas that hampered the French stage till this century, which even show influence in those who rebelled against the classic school. The "barbare ivre," as Voltaire called him, had he been French would have rendered impossible the revolution that dates from the production of "Henri III." and "Hernani," indeed, one may say that his work is

quite as romantic as Victor Hugo's and more modern in feeling and form. Absolutely long speeches you may find in the great English plays and in a verse far more difficult to deliver than the Alexandrine of French drama, but they are short in comparison with what one discovers in Molière, and the plays are too natural in form to be dealt with in the classic mode. To stand in line or semi-circle, facing the audience, and speak for many moments at a time, fortunately is impossible on our stage. No doubt the Conservatoire training is of use in teaching actors how to deal with Molière, in fact Madame Bartet told me that whilst she considers it necessary to have Conservatoire training in order to be able to act in the old *répertoire*, she thinks it needless for modern plays. Returning to the non-Molière drama I will refer to one or two performances. The acting in "Hamlet" ought to have been good, and have shown the beneficial influence of Conservatoire teaching. As a matter of fact, most of even the friendly critics found it poor; M.M. Pierre Laugier as *Polonius* and Coquelin cadet as first *Gravedigger* have received some admiration. Mdme. Reichenberg when not "damned with faint praise," has been called "tame," "colourless," etc., and M. Mounet-Sully has by most writers been laughed at, or given mild approval modified by "buts" and "ifs;" not one part was really well played, not more than three were passable. "Adrienne Lecouvreur" displayed one piece of able if hardly brilliant acting, that of Madame Bartet as the heroine, whilst the *Michonnet* of M. De Féraudy was good, but not great. The others were insignificant, and the *Duchesse de Bouillon* of that excellent actress Mme. Pierson, was a case of ridiculous mis-casting. "Le Monde où l'on S'Ennuie" is a play that requires a numerous company without a "tail," to use a cricket phrase. As a matter of fact it was almost all "tail." Several of the ladies were tolerable, and two decidedly good—Mmes. Pierson and Ludwig—whilst Mme. Reichenberg if ultra-farcical was amusing—but the men were mediocre, not one of their performances was anything like first rate, and several were decidedly bad, such as the *Roger* of M. Baillet.

However, it seems to me that perhaps this method of going through plays is as tedious to read as it is to write. Suppose then that for a little space we consider who are the chief members of the company. M. Got heads the list, and though his method in comedy is at times old-fashioned—as in "Les Effrontés"—he is an artist of high rank, nor can one call to mind any English actor who could play all his parts—at the same time in Mr. John Hare we possess a player of as high a class and probably as versatile. One may note, incidentally, that the French themselves are not such enthusiastic admirers of his art as they used to be. M. Febvre is even less modern in style than M. Got; in fact, like that clever English actor, Mr. William Farren, he constantly comes down to the footlights to make his points, and throughout his work acts deliberately at the audience. At the same time there is great skill and charm in his acting, and he seems to have no equal in the art of presenting wicked

fascinating old gentlemen. M. Mounet-Sully is often called one of the glories of the French stage. Certainly he has a splendid voice, with which he is able to accomplish strange *tours de force*, and by its means and a grace of gesture, when he restrains himself he can deeply move an audience, and in fact he did in "Oedipe Roi." On the other hand, his diction is bad; in his mouth the verse gets curiously distorted by a system of stress on wrong syllables. What does M. Sarcey, one of his warmest admirers, say? ". . . Mais il serait vrai de dire que Mounet-Sully, loin d'être un modèle de notre diction tragique, n'a point de diction. Il possède une voix charmante, dont il tire par aventure des effets merveilleux, mais qu'il ne sait pas conduire par art."

It seems a strange result of the French system that the leading tragedian of France has no elocution. Not only does he distort the verse by false accent, but he indulges in sudden changes of pitch and *timbre* that are disastrous, and utters inarticulate noises of the most distracting character. In his deportment he has at times real grace and dignity, yet the moment he is roused this disappears and he indulges in extravagant gestures, and moves in fantastic, comical dancing steps. In his *Hamlet*, putting aside all question of conception, one can say that he had some fine minutes out-balanced by many ridiculous moments. I am not a fanatical admirer of Mr. Henry Irving, and sometimes have found serious fault with his work, but I will say with the utmost confidence that he is a finer tragedian than M. Mounet-Sully. The English actor does not own such a splendid voice, and we know that his diction is not irreproachable, and that his acting suffers from mannerism both of speech and gesture, but he has a dignity, a subtlety, an originality, and a power of showing tender love and differentiating character that make one acknowledge he is a great artist. M. Mounet-Sully at his best may touch a higher point of passion than Mr. Irving, but it is not a question of high notes, but of *tessitura*, as a singer might say, and our English actor keeps in a more elevated plane than the French player. Moreover, it must be remembered that the manager of the Lyceum has a far wider range than M. Mounet-Sully.

Mme. Bartet is certainly an artist of high rank, whose rival in a certain class of plays we can hardly find at present. In "Francillon" her work showed a style, an aristocracy of manner that was delightful, and in "Denise" her acting was beautiful. In such matter she more than holds her own against even Mme. Bernhardt, who though she has a better drawing manner than Signora Duse, lacks the air of good breeding. In tragedy, however, Madame Bartet is not quite at home; what a beautiful voice of no great power, what charm of face without force of feature, what great discretion and intelligence can do is shown in her case, and at the same time it is proved that all these qualities are not sufficient for depiction of the heroic creatures of tragedy. She is deficient, we may say, in weight of metal, when it comes to such parts as the fourth act of "Adrienne Lecouvreur" or the fifth of "Hernani." An

exquisite comedian, we may call her, who has tact enough to play tragedy with a success surprising under the circumstances.

Mme. Adeline Dudley is perhaps the most remarkable member of the company. She has exactly what Madame Bartet lacks—power. In the mad scene of “*La Reine Juana*” her work was tremendous; indeed I cannot pretend to have seen anything so startling of its kind before. She has a splendid presence, and a voice as resonant and rich as that of M. Mounet-Sully, which she uses with perfect discretion. What may be her range I cannot say, for owing to mismanagement she only appeared in one important part. She was to have acted in Racine’s “*Athalie*,” one of the finest I think of his plays; but “*Les Effrontés*” was given instead. Her *Bianca* in “*Par le Glaive*” I did not see, and the part is not one in which she could or did greatly distinguish herself. Certainly as *Juana* she appeared as a young and middle-aged and an old woman, and showed fine skill in distinguishing the periods. As far as I could judge from M. Parodi’s appalling work she has no great aptitude for tenderness. It may be observed incidentally that Mme. Dudley is not a Frenchwoman, but a Belgian.

Two other members of the company seem to demand particular notice—Mmes. M. L. Marsy and Jane Hading. Mme. Marsy had three important parts—*Albertine* in “*Un Père Prodigue*,” *Suzanne* in “*Le Demi-Monde*,” and *Frou-Frou*. Can we call her first-class in these? The first two are *cocotte* characters cleverly played with a hardness and weight of handling that proved fatal to her *Frou-Frou*. Of the subtle touches of character that make Mrs. Patrick Campbell’s *Paula* unique as a study of a fallen woman, there was little in Mme. Marsy, nor did she seem to me to have the charm of manner needful for the great success she is supposed to have had in her career as “*horizontale*.” Her *Frou-Frou* decidedly was not a complete success: the lightness, the irresponsible gaiety needful for the part was nowhere to be found in her carefully calculated caprice. Clever was everything she did, but nothing brilliant. It was hard on her no doubt, that she did not appear in “*La Mégère Apprivoisée*,” for her *Catarina* is said to be her best part, and M. Sarcey declares her vastly superior in it to Miss Ada Rehan—a statement which from what I saw of her seems to me absurd. Mme. Jane Hading was another victim to the system of the Comédie Française, a system from which Sir Augustus and Messrs. Abbey and Grau have suffered severely. When over here on a former occasion she became a favourite with the public, even if she did not win the undiluted admiration of the critics. Consequently she was the member of the company whom the paying public most desired to see. As a result, however, of the rules of the society, only one part was open to her, the not very effective but decidedly difficult *Marquise D’Auberive*. In it she seems to have been successful; for the play, by no means the best of Augier’s, has been acted more often than any other during the season. Nevertheless, the French critics, and most of the English, seem to find that her art lacks both force and *finesse*, and that her popularity is due to personal charm rather than able acting.

Beyond those I have mentioned, there seems but one member of the company of real importance—M. Georges Berr. I mention him because by some French critics he has been called the coming actor of the troupe; unfortunately the system of the company, though it permitted him to act in eight plays, gave him but three important parts, *Gringoire* and *Mascarille* in “Le Dépit Amoureux” and *Troppa* in “Souvent Homme Varié.” The *Gringoire* was an excellent performance of some originality, but in the rest he seemed to exaggerate the faults of M. Coquelin, whose method he closely copies. Down at the footlights you could nearly always find him playing with a certain comic force, but almost ignoring the people on the stage, and by no means nice in his mode of securing laughter.

In addition to these eight, the company contains a number of excellent artists such as Mmes. Reichenberg, Barretta, Broisat, Pauline Granger, Pierson, Ludwig, Kalb, du Minil, Lerou, and Brandes, and MM. Worms, Coquelin Cadet, Prudhon, Silvain, Le Bargy, De Feraudy, Boucher, Truffier, Leloir, Paul Mounet, Pierre Laugier, and Lechner, none of whom can be considered of first rank, though Mmes. Barretta, P. Granger, Pierson, du Minil, and Lerou, and MM. Worms, Silvain, Le Bargy, Leloir, and Paul Mounet are players at the top of the second rank. Of their work I do not propose to give an analysis, because I think no one will pretend that they belong to the first class. Now the question rises whether the thirty actors I have named form a troupe which we could not match from our London players. They represent the pick of the Paris theatres, leaving out farcical comedians, and the fact that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin aîné have left the company.

Suppose, then, we were to form a London company consisting of MM. G. Alexander, Bancroft, G. Barrett, A. Bishop, F. Cooper, N. Gould, Hare, Irving, Kendal, Cyril Maude, Forbes Robertson, F. Terry, Tree, and Wyndham, and Mesdames Bernard Beere, Olga Brandon, Patrick Campbell, Fanny Compton, Winifred Emery, Kendal, Olga Nethersole, Kate Phillips, Kate Rorke, Ellen Terry, Marion Terry, Ellaline Terriss, Tree, and le Thière. This would not empty the London theatres by any means. The farcical comedians such as Mr. Hawtrey and Miss Lottie Venne would be left, the melodramatists some of them artists of real ability, would be untouched, and there would remain players of other forms enough to keep open theatres devoted to genuine drama. Indeed in my list I have tried to make a company complete at all points and not merely mention names of great popularity. Comparing, then, such a Comédie Anglaise with the thirty members of the Comédie Française whom I deem of importance, and assuming them in a theatre in which the programme had frequent changes, I believe that the English players would hold their own against the French, and show at least as high a standard of acting.

No doubt the foreigners would surpass our players in some respects, but the converse also would hold good. In one department we should be superior—that of young husbands and lovers. In this direction the Comédie Française is weak. Five *jeunes premiers* have

been tried : MM. Worms, Baillet, Le Bargy, Albert Lambert fils, and Leitner. M. Worms has not been very successful save in parts such as *Henri III.* requiring dignity, as lovers he lacks fire and charm of youth. M. Le Bargy is really the best. He possesses some style and lightness of touch and considerable technical skill which enabled him to play the earlier scenes of "*Don Carlos*" excellently and to do good work whenever he was not asked to show great emotion. M. Baillet has had some splendid parts, to none of which he has done justice, nor have the other two much force or grace nor any individuality. To set against them, MM. G. Alexander, Kendal, Forbes Robertson, Fred Terry, and Beerbohm Tree is to show an immense superiority on our side, and need I say we have left, MM. L. Boyne, Frank Cooper, Lewis Waller, H. Waring, Terriss, and other popular actors. I must grant that we have no Mme. Adeline Dudley even if I were to include Miss Bateman, nor can I assert that Mme. Bartet's place can be quite filled, though Miss Marion Terry would be an admirable *Francillon*. About Mme. Reichenberg there seems no need to trouble ; the French are gallant enough to accept her as *ingénue* and to assume that by adopting a hard squeaking voice, which, as her *Ophelia* showed, was artificial, and jerky gestures she really represents sweet seventeen ; but we are under no obligation to imitate them.

Of course it may be said that we have no such company as I have suggested nor can expect one like it without having a theatre with a subvention. My argument, however, is that without aid of any Conservatoire we have material for a *Comédie Anglaise* quite equal to that of which the member of the *Maison de Molière* are composed. There still remains two further points to consider. Some people will urge that admitting that the thirty English artists I have named possess an individual value as high as that of the French players and granting also that we could fill up the number of fifty-two with players of the calibre of the rest of the *Comédie Française* there still exists the question of ensemble. Certainly what may be called "a scratch team" in many domains labours under some disadvantages : in relation to the stage this hardly exists, for the rehearsals under an adequate stage-manager prevent one from calling any company "a scratch team." No doubt if the company I have imagined were brought together there would be some clash of styles, which would tend to disappear by process of attrition due to the very clashing. Perhaps this clash for a time might prevent the uniformity that so many admire and claim as a great quality in the French company.

After some cross-questioning to find out what the quality is, I have the idea that there are two things confused — uniformity of style and smoothness of representation : the latter is a pure question of rehearsal. I am certainly of opinion that so far both as smoothness of presentation and high standard of acting are concerned the performance of the French company is not of greater value than what we have seen this season at the Garrick, St. James, and Haymarket. The uniformity of style is, I think, a vice not a virtue

so far as concerns modern plays. In the classic drama of France where the characters are drawn according to certain traditions which tend to put forward type instead of individual, the uniformity of style may be a gain and so a Conservatoire that secures it at any cost may have its value. In plays essentially modern where the characters are selected as representative but drawn as individuals the family resemblance between the actors that one noticed, particularly in "Francillon," is a source of weakness, and causes a loss of illusion. The English classic drama in this respect is essentially modern, and though no doubt we have passed through a period of bastard classic such as when Sheridan Knowles was popular, we have got out of it again, and our theatre is growing intensely modern.

I will say but a few words on the question of verse. No doubt there is some truth in the frequent assertion that few of our players are at home in the art of delivering blank verse; there are some notable exceptions, and several of them can be found in the English company I have suggested. Unfortunately no comparison with the French company seems possible. Some of the foreign players no doubt are bad, as appear from what M. Sarcey says about M. Mounet-Sully. Some are excellent, but their verse is not ours. It is easier to deliver for the laws are stricter and more simple. Great skill is required for good delivery of blank verse, so success is rare; less skill is needed for the Alexandrine, so failure is uncommon.

I believe, then, that I have made a fair comparison of the standard of acting in the two countries, and shown that ours is as high as the French so far as is concerned any work our actors have to do; and that therefore on the assumption of equal natural capacity for acting a training school for actors is not needed in England. I may add that these opinions are founded on the criticisms I have written night by night and week by week on almost all the plays produced during the French season. They were not the result of a *parti pris* on the training school question, for it was not at all in my mind till I began this article. Nor do I think I have been biassed by the false patriotism that leads some people to decry foreign work disingenuously. Indeed, before now I have been blamed for showing a so-called anti-patriotic feeling by girding at our modern drama in comparison with the French. Perhaps I may show my good faith by declaring that though I think we have begun to overtake her, France is still vastly ahead of us in quality of drama during the nineteenth century.

EDWARD F. SPENCE.



Condensed Dramas.

No. III.—"A WOMAN'S REVENGE."

ACT I.

Scene.—Somewhere rocky on the sea coast.

(*In the foreground a garden, in the background a bridge over the sea giving access to a rock. Frank the Hero, enters from the sea.*)

Robert the Villain (enters from the house): Ah, Frank, friend of a life-time! How are you?

Frank: In love.

Robert: So am I.

Frank: I propose this morning.

Robert: So do I.

Frank (producing case): Here is my ring!

Robert (producing another): And mine!

Frank: What unanimity! Let's toss who pays for the two. But here comes the object of my affection.

(*Mary the Heroine, enters.*)

Robert: And mine.

Frank (staggers): Yours! Oh, gur-reat Hev-vuns!

Robert (to Mary): Kindly retire to a corner for a moment and grasp a chair.

Mary: It is my duty, I will. (*Retires and grasps.*)

Robert (to Frank): You must give her up and go.

Frank: Never.

Robert: But what of your honour?

Frank (starts): My honour! Ah, yes, of course; when you appeal to a hero's honour, he is helpless, so good-bye for ever. (*Struggles with himself and retires into the sea.*)

Robert (to Mary): Accept this ring.

Mary: With pleasure.

Robert: Also this hand.

Mary: That I must decline, but, as usual, I am prepared to be your sister.

Robert (sternly): Villains have no sisters, they strangle them all in infancy. You love Drummond, he has deceived you. He is engaged to the Adventuress.

Mary: Impossible! There is love for me in the curl of his lip and undying affection in the cut of his wig. (*Departs hurriedly into the sea in search of Frank.*)

Robert (laughs sardonically): Ha! Ha! Baffled, and by an ordinary female.

Jephthah the Wicked Lawyer (enters): So the heiress has refused you.

Robert: She loves Drummond.

Jephthah: With the usual prescience of the unscrupulous solicitor I foresaw this, and have arranged accordingly. Mabel, his old love, is the happy owner of a glamour. She must now throw it round him. She happens at this moment to be sitting on the top of a contiguous rock weaving spells. I will call her down. (*Does so.*)

(*Mabel the Adventuress, descends. Jephthah takes her place on the rock, and Robert melts away.*)

Frank (emerges from the sea): Madam, what do you here?

Mabel: I have come to plead for the Love that is Dead.

Frank: Experience of melodrama should long since have taught you that such an operation is invariably unsuccessful. I have made other arrangements. Leave me.

Mabel (sighs): Ah! (*Returns to the top of the rock.*)

Frank takes a header into the sea. Comic Lovers enter and indulge in a comic love scene finishing up with a comic proposal from a comic man, which, with the help of the usual comic parasol, is comically accepted by the comic lady, and they become comically engaged. Frank and Mary enter, having met on the crest of a wave.)

Frank: I leave by the coach in a quarter-of-an-hour, so that I have ample time to paint your portrait. Will you kindly place your hand in such a position that I can see if it is ornamented with a ring.

(*Mary does so.*)

Frank (starts): Ah! You have a ring on the third finger of the right hand, which is not the usual engagement finger, therefore you are engaged. Farewell!

Mary: No, no. (*To herself.*) Oh dear, I mustn't lose this chance. (*Hurriedly removes ring, to Frank.*) See, I am free and—open to an offer.

Frank: Then will you take mine?

Mary: Rather. I have been expecting it for weeks.

Frank: My ownest poppet! (*They embrace.*)

Robert (enters): It shall not be.

(*John, a fragile looking Heavy Father, enters.*)

Robert: Father, forbid these banns! She must be mine.

John: Never! You are my much-beloved son, and Frank is an entire stranger, so naturally I prefer him to you. Let the match be made.

Robert (sardonically to himself): Ha! Ha! The period will arrive—but let that pass.

(*Comic lovers and other characters enter through doors and windows, from behind trees, and out of the sea to form the usual tableau.*)

(CURTAIN.)

ACT II.

Scene.—Frank's house.

(Furnished with massive pillars and other necessary articles of furniture, including the usual unlocked escritoire for holding compromising papers.)

Frank: I am the hero of the piece and therefore a confiding idiot. Robert deceived me in the last act, so at his suggestion I naturally invest the whole of my fortune in an indefinite gold mine of which he was the owner, and consequently I am ruined.

Robert (enters): Frank, it is all up with the mine. I, as promoter and vendor, am safe; but you, a mere victim of the swindle, will of course be prosecuted for fraud.

Frank: Then I will go to Paris for advice—I always do. Before leaving, however, I may as well make it clear to you that this drawer—*(indicating drawer in escritoire)*—in which the key is always left, contains my private papers, including Mabel's love letters, so anyone who likes can tamper with them.

Robert: Thanks for the hint.

Frank: Good-bye. *(Leaves for Paris.)*

Robert: I will now re-date the old letters and go into the garden, where Mabel is sure to be, although I don't exactly know why, and get her to write a few more. *(Goes out, and re-enters in a second with a large packet of letters just written by her, which he places in a private drawer.)* And now for ructions and retaliation. *(Retires behind a pillar chuckling.)*

(Comic married couple, otherwise the comic lovers, enter. They have apparently been asked to dinner, but as their host has left for Paris and their hostess is absent—possibly conversing with the Adventuress in the garden—they proceed to while away the time by clearing up a little misunderstanding. Each has believed the other to be enormously rich, but now, after many months of married life, the comic lady finds out that her husband is a grocer's clerk, and he, that his wife was a penniless companion. This naturally leads to a comic quarrel, ending in a comic reconciliation. After which, as there are still no signs of dinner, they leave to look at the baby—an obvious and comic alternative to a meal. Mary enters, looks round for signs of dinner, sees none, and so proceeds to darn stockings.)

Robert (emerges from behind pillar): Frank the Hero, has gone to Paris with the woman he loves.

Mary (indignantly): Robert! I have implicit confidence in my husband, and I am naturally suspicious of you. Still, as the heroine, it is my duty to believe the villain or what would become of the plot! So all I ask of you is documentary evidence, and no matter how slight it may be, I will leave my husband for ever.

Robert: Search yonder drawer, and therein you will find letters. Of course it will not occur to you that the villain's knowledge of

their existence is *prima facie* evidence that he has been tampering with them.

Mary: What, examine my husband's private drawer, which is always open to the inspection of the servants? Never!

Robert: Then what motive can you have for mistrusting him?

Mary: True, then I will do it. (*Opens drawer.*) What's this I see? Love letters to another woman written in black ink, but bearing dates which have been recently inserted in blue. Then it is too true, and he is faithless. I will now leave my home for ever.

Robert: I love you, Mary, be mine.

Mary: Never. Henceforth I am nobody's.

Frank (*enters*): Stop! I did not go to Paris. I only went to the Strand to buy a new racing coat. (*Mary slips out unobserved.*) And now, sir (*to Robert*), we must have a reckoning.

Robert: Much obliged, but I've an appointment. (*Disappears behind a pillar.*)

Jephthah (*enters*): Frank, your wife has eloped with Overstone.

Frank: What! (*Reels and staggers.*) I am aware that there is no adequate motive for such conduct on her part. Originally she preferred me to him, and since our marriage I have done nothing to forfeit her affection. Still when you, whom I know to be a villain, tell me that she is faithless, I at once believe you. Oh, my heart is bur-roken!

Comic Characters (*enter hurriedly*): Frank, the police have come to arrest you.

Frank: Then I will fly; and as they are sure to watch the garden closely, I will escape that way. (*Leaves hurriedly through garden.*)

(CURTAIN.)

ACT III.

Scene I.—The palatial residence of the penniless comic lovers.

Frank (*enters*): For seven long weary years has my heart been breaking, but I have succeeded at the bar beyond my wildest hopes, nevertheless I want me che-ild. (*Yearns.*) But where is she? Oddly enough I am the only person in the play who is ignorant of her whereabouts. However, as the curtain is now up, I shall be able to obtain her address from the Comic Lovers, and then I will strain my darling to her father's breast. (*Yearns and leaves.*)

Scene II.—Mary's humble cottage

(Which is an interesting specimen of the theatrical architect's skill, inasmuch as it consists of a single spacious apartment, with a passage attached, and a French window which is used as the door. There are presumably no bedrooms, as all the inmates sleep out. Little Mary the Interesting Infant, a singularly self-possessed child, is discovered seated on a sofa reading fairy tales and prattling. Mary, her mother, bends over her and of course weeps. Robert enters through French window.)

Mary (*in a tone of surprise, he being a constant visitor*): What, you here?

Robert : Yes, Mary, 'tis I, your ever-faithful villain.

Mary (indignantly) : Then let me tell you, sir, that—but wait, I must now impart to you, for the information of the audience, the events of the last seven years. (*Imparts accordingly.*) Let us now go and sit in the passage and give the child a chance. (*They squeeze into the passage.*)

(*Little M., quite unmoved by her mother's stirring narrative, continues to prattle.*)

Frank (enters through window and starts) : Ah ! Can it be me che-ild. (*Yearns.*)

Little M. (undisturbed by the presence of an entire stranger) : Are you a fairy prince ?

Frank : In appearance, yes, in reality I am only the hero in a palpable wig. But, pretty poppet, let me feel your bumps. (*Passes his hand through her hair.*) Yes, philo-spoutingness strongly marked, idiotic self-sacrifice largely developed, and oh ! what a bump of yearning ! She is indeed a hero's daughter, and my long lost che-ild. (*Clasps her in his arms ; she quietly submits. To himself.*) And now to carry her off.

Little M. : Oh, Mr. Hero, you are like my papa's picture, which my mamma looks at every day.

Frank (to himself) : And does she still love to gaze upon my curly wig ! Then I cannot carry off her child.

(*Little M. runs into the passage, which consequently becomes so very crowded that Robert leaves it and enters room.*)

Frank : Villain, now for the reckoning postponed from the last act. (*They struggle, and a pistol crops up, which Frank points at Robert.*)

Mary (rushes in and seizes pistol) : Spare him for the sake of your child !

Frank : I don't quite know what my child has got to do with it, nevertheless I spare him ; go ! (*Robert leaves through window.*)

Frank : Mary, I don't know why, but I am inclined to believe you guiltless.

Mary : And I you.

Frank : Then let us make it up.

Mary : No, not till the next act.

Frank : Why not ?

Mary ; Because it is the great scene of the play.

(*Frank yearns out of the window.*)

Robert (re-enters to an accompaniment of thunder and lightning) : Mary, I love you as only a villain can. Once more, be mine !

Mary (seizes pistol) : Another step and I fire. (*Places pistol in a prominent place, where it can be observed by anyone who may happen to require such an article, and goes into passage.*)

Robert : Baffled again !

Jephthah : Robert, I have come to kill you. I am unprovided with

a weapon, but on yonder chiffonnier there lies a pistol ; and as you haven't sense enough to seize it, I will ; yes, and shoot you with it. (*Does so.*)

(*Scene changes.*)

Scene III.—The palatial residence again.

(*Mary enters, followed by detectives.*)

1st Det.: Mary, I arrest you on the charge of murdering the villain.

Frank: What do I hear ! my wife accused of murder, and on evidence that is almost certain to lead to a conviction. Then am I quite convinced that she is guiltless of everything ! Come to my arms. (*She comes.*) Fear nothing, I will save you. I don't know how, but I will do it.

(CURTAIN.)

ACT IV.

Scene I.—The exterior of the Court.

Frank (enters): The case is going against her, for we can produce no evidence in her favour. Her leading counsel has been suddenly taken ill, and his junior, with a modesty as unprecedented as it is praiseworthy, declines to go on with the case. What is to be done ? By Jove ! I said in the last act that I had succeeded at the bar beyond my wildest hopes, so of course I must be a barrister ; then I'll defend her myself. (*Strikes an attitude and enters the Court.*)

Scene II.—The Old Bailey.

(*Judge, aldermen, counsel, jurymen, and audience are sitting in their respective places looking unspeakably bored, except at stated intervals, when they all wake up and emit certain guttural sounds supposed to indicate what newspaper reporters call "sensation."*)

Counsel for the Crown: In consequence of the illness of the prisoner's leading counsel, the case must be postponed.

Frank: (*springs up in a wig and gown*): Never ! I will defend the prisoner.

Judge: You, sir ; and pray who are you ?

Frank: Hawkshaw the—I mean her husband. (*Sensation.*)

Judge: Proceed.

Frank (to himself): While putting on my wig and gown it suddenly occurred to me that it was the next witness, Jephthah, who committed the murder. It is true I have no evidence, so I must endeavour to extract damaging admissions from Jephthah himself ; I can also sandwich into my examination statements of my own which will tell against him ; and as I shall naturally have the sympathy of the audience—I mean the jury—I am bound to succeed.

(*Jephthah enters witness-box.*)

Frank: Where were you on the night of the murder ?

Jephthah: In my chambers.

Frank (in the usual bullying tone): Nothing of the kind, you were in the neighbourhood of the prisoner's house. (*Sensation.*) You had money about you directly after the murder, where did you get it from?

Jephthah: My cash-box.

Frank: I know better, you took it from the pocket of the murdered man. (*Sensation.*) Now look here, I put it to you straight, who killed Cock Robin—I mean Robert?

Jephthah: The prisoner, of course.

Frank: Not a bit of it (*Bringing his hand down upon the table with a thump.*) YOU DID!

(*Deep sensation, followed by vociferous applause, in which the Judge and the prosecuting counsel join. Jephthah steps down, and with reckless folly remains in the Court.*)

Frank: Gentlemen of the Jury, I appeal to you by all the Laws of Evidence, by that sense of justice which forbids that a witness shall be betrayed into making damaging admissions as to his own conduct, but insists that he shall be protected from the bluffing and bullying of hostile counsel—I appeal to you, I say, to acquit the unhappy woman, and to hang all the witnesses.

Jury: We will.

Judge: Gentlemen, in the words of my learned brother Stareleigh, you have heard the evidence; if you deem the prisoner guilty say so, and if you don't, say so. (*Jury rub noses for a second.*)

Foreman: Not guilty!

Judge: This is not a theatre, but a Court of Justice, so take your time from me. (*Thumping his desk.*) Bravo! bravo! (*All applaud vociferously.*)

Mary (leaps from the dock and presses her face against the fourth wall of the Court. *Frank and Little Mary do the same*): Saved! Saved!

Frank: So this is "A Woman's Revenge"?

Mary: It is.

Frank: Why?

Mary: Goodness only knows. Ask the author.

(*Jephthah is led out to instant execution, and the curtain descends.*)

W.R.W.



To Charles H. Brookfield Esq.



IR,—The perusal of the four “studies of the artistic temperament,” contained in your recently published volume entitled “The Twilight of Love,” has quickened certain ideas, long lying dormant in my mind. Taken in conjunction with the storm of disapproval occasioned by Mr. Buchanan’s recent utterances in the “Idler,” on the deteriorating effects of the struggle for literary fame, the point of view you have chosen can hardly fail to be of interest to that already vast and daily increasing mass of people whose lives are passed in catering for the artistic needs of the public. I do not propose—here, at least—to deal at any great length with the merits of your little volume. It is in every respect a praiseworthy production. It is written with a clarity and terseness of style which might be envied by a professional penman, and with a certainty of inside knowledge to which few professional penmen ever attain on any subject. It is obviously the work of an amateur, but of an amateur of great natural literary aptitude, and it is worth whole libraries full of the invertebrate and idealess trash which floods the fiction market. The living novelists who could improve upon it could be counted on the fingers of one hand. And it has a virtue to which few books of any kind—of fiction more especially—can lay claim. It is *honest*, the convictions it expresses and infers are really those of the writer : one feels the man behind the pen. It is an honest appraisal of the artistic temperament by a man who has proved his possession of that temperament, and so viewed, it has the importance of a genuine human document.

Your judgment of the artistic temperament will naturally provoke difference of opinion. The cynic—of whom there are many nowadays—will accept it with no demur, and much rejoicing. There are always plenty of people who find less pleasure in the light of the sun, than in the spots on his surface, who delight in the ignoble traits which drag great natures into some point of contact with their own little personalities, for whom the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin is always a touch of meanness and never one of splendour. The suffrage of that kind of animal is not particularly worth having. To the gentlemen who are never tired of proclaiming Art and Culture as the be-all and end-all of existence, the members of infinitesimal cliques who write sonnets to each other, and coddle their own and each others reputations in the newspapers, the book will be *Anathema Maranatha*. And there is no lack of them, either. The *dilettante* and the log-roller we have

always with us. To the man who, believing in the sanctity and beauty of art, believing, as surely all intelligent men must, that without it, life would be a very barren and ignoble business, but recognising also—as all intelligent men must recognise—how small a part of life it is after all, your thesis will be one to be honestly examined and sadly accepted. You state your truth a little crudely, perhaps, but it remains a truth for all that. Taking one consideration with another, the artistic temperament is not a lofty one. We may say of it, in many of its aspects, what Oliver Wendell Holmes said of the calculative faculty, that it is a sort of detached lever movement which may be found in a mighty poor watch. It is not at all what the *dilettante* would have us believe it to be, the necessary concomitant and *fine fleur* of a noble temperament. It is not of its nature allied to generosity, or courage, or kindness, and has very often indeed been possessed by people quite destitute of those and of others of the nobler characteristics. One would, of course, be flagrantly unjust and ungrateful to many of the world's greatest intellectual benefactors in saying that it is necessarily incompatible with those qualities, but of the two mis-statements the latter would be nearer the truth. It is a sadly common experience to find artistic capacity associated with the meanest weaknesses of vanity, the pettiest forms of selfishness. Carlyle said once that the biographies of men of genius formed the saddest chapter in the great volume of human experience, not excepting the Newgate Calendar. He spoke of the privations and contumelies, which are too often the lot of the artist, but a quite different meaning is readable into the words. There are passages in the lives of the most consummate and exquisite artists—Sterne, Voltaire, Shelley, de Musset, and many another, including Carlyle himself—from which we turn wounded and revolted, asking where the common qualities of goodness may be found, since men of powers so infinitely superior to our own are so destitute of them.

Perhaps, of all the forms of expression the artistic temperament may find, those which you and I have chosen—the stage and literature—are the most deteriorating to the moral fibre, the most certain destroyers of honesty of emotion. A man who passes the working hours of his life in the simulation of passion, has need of a very unusual fund of native reticence and modesty to keep his histrionics for the theatre, to see life as it is, and rid it of the false glamour of floats and limelight. I am not speaking of such exaggerated types as Mr. Vincent Crummies and M. Delobelle. An actor may get very deeply saturated with the spirit of his profession, and yet stop short of regarding all existence as a theatre for the exhibition of emotional power. The poison works more subtly and insidiously in the great majority of cases nowadays, when the actor does not go about badged and ticketed, but dresses and behaves like an ordinary mortal. But the eternal and inherent drawbacks of his art cling to him still, the hunger for applause, the vanity of personal charm, the constant drain for professional purposes on the well-

springs of feeling and sentiment, which should be jealously conserved to freshen the life of every day. After all, this does not amount to saying much more than that the stage, like every other line of life, has its disabilities. The practice of surgery certainly does not refine or strengthen the sentiment of pity. The profession of a barrister, who takes money indiscriminately and without inquiry for attacking or defending knavery or honesty, as fate may order, makes of certain types of men who pursue it mere intellectual prostitutes. But humane surgeons and honest barristers exist for all that, and many actors too withstand the deteriorating effects of their calling, and have no deeper flaws of character than those inherent in "the artistic temperament" itself. That temperament may take forms of expression which restrain its worst traits from finding full expression, as I think is the case with music and painting, arts which may be practised and pursued in quiet, without the stimulants of applause and jealousy, inseparable from the actor's art. Landscape painters in especial are a very kindly and gentle race in my experience, and so, generally, are musicians, in spite of the nervous irritability which frequently marks them.

The disadvantages of the literary temperament were never, certainly, so developed as they are to-day. Nobody who has not had some experience of the literary life can know or understand the deteriorating influences at work among those who earn their living at the point of the pen. The vast mass of uninstructed readers created by so-called "educational influences" has made the pursuit of literature in its higher sense the least remunerative business now practised. If an honest man would write his best he must possess one of two endowments, the compelling genius of a Balzac or a Dickens, or the indomitable courage which holds poverty, neglect, and oblivion as dust in the balance compared with the delight of creation and the joy of intellectual honesty. For years past press and public have screamed themselves hoarse in the praise of such ephemeræ as Hugh Conway and James Payn, while Richard Jeffreys and James Thomson died in poverty and despair, and George Meredith, the widest and acutest intelligence which ever lent itself to the production of pure fiction, has waited to old age for a crumb of popular recognition. Honesty, high purpose, devotion to truth and art for their own sakes, have been well nigh crushed out. Genius has been silenced in the roar of triumphant mediocrity, and literary success to-day is in almost direct ratio with the vulgarity and incompetence of the writer who secures it. Clap-trap advertisement and scandalous puffery are the royal roads to success, and he who can persuade the greatest number of scribbling anonymunculæ to dub him "genius" receives the prize. What wonder that men of real value, men capable of good, if not of great, work, sicken of the hopeless contest with public stupidity, and descend into the dirty arena to scramble for the bastard laurels and solid pudding of literary popularity?

Such deteriorating influences as these may be, and very probably

are, merely transient. The real and lasting drawbacks to the pursuit of imaginative literature are, *au fond*, very much akin to those of the actor's profession, the constant pre-occupation of the means of expressing emotion in the most convincing fashion. I know it to be true of myself, and I believe it to be true of most writers of fiction, that human life, with all its infinite varieties of passion and sensation, has become a mere panorama, a kaleidoscopic jumble of tints and figures, which it is my business not to love or to hate, but to describe. The most serious catastrophe to my dearest friend would not be an hour old before I should find myself making it the point or spoke of a story, turning it about, altering and arranging it, seeking the most telling fashion in which to present it to my readers. "How would it read?" has grown to be my first thought regarding any accident, happy or otherwise, just as the actor's first question is, "How will it act?" Zola, amassing the documents from which he realised the death of Coupeau in the Hôpital St. Anne, and Bernhardt, studying the contortions of a dying maniac to reproduce them on the boards of the Français, meet on common ground, and illustrate the unhumanising influence of all arts which have for their aim the reproduction of human emotion. Unhumanising to the artist personally they must needs be in greater or less degree. That the powers thus gained act for good upon the readers of books and the spectators of dramas is the unique and triumphant defence of writer and actor alike.

Believe me, Sir, yours admiringly,

THE CANDID FRIEND.



“Aftermath.”*

[THE RIGHTS OF REPRESENTATION ARE RESERVED.]

Scene.—Mr. Mayne's Library.

Door is open into dining-room, where the butler is clearing away dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Mayne are sitting over fire, she with hand laid over her knees. They are roasting chestnuts and drinking claret. They laugh as the curtain rises.

Mrs. M.: What a baby you are, Joe.

Mr. M.: What a baby you are, how can you expect your husband to remember his age, and his dignity, and his grown-up son, and his business worries when you will look just like the girl you were when I first met you at Mayneham.

Mrs. M.: I'm growing old, quite old.

Mr. M.: You are the youngest woman I know, and you are a girl in spite of your years—why you know no more of the world than a baby.

Mrs. M.: You speak as if it were so clever not to know the world.

Mr. M.: So it is. It takes genius, a woman's genius. No man is clever enough to avoid knowing it; I haven't been. Where is Phil?

Mrs. M.: I don't know. I haven't seen him since breakfast time.

Mr. M.: He might have had the civility to let us know he wasn't coming back to dinner. The young men of the present day have no manners.

Mrs. M.: Nonsense, Joe, you don't want him to think of his home as a school or a prison; he will tell us where he has been when he comes in.

Mr. M.: Perhaps. Well, I don't mind a little holiday now and then from the duty of setting a good example. If Phil had been here we should have finished our desert at the dinner table, and then gone upstairs like sober, well-behaved people. We should not have sat here burning our toes and blackening our fingers over the fire. Have another?

Mrs. M.: Thanks! Ah, it's too hot. It wouldn't have hurt Phil to see his parents amusing themselves.

Mr. M.: Oh, yes, it would. Young people should never see their elders in deshabille, either of mental or physical. You can't say I have failed to set a good example to Phil.

Mrs. M.: Well, you can't say he hasn't followed it.

Mr. M. (laughs indulgently): Ah, boys will be boys.

* The first performance was given at the Ladbroke Hall on June 22nd, with the following cast:—

Mr. Mayne, M.P. .. Mr. J. R. CRAUFORD.
Philip Mr. O. BARNETT.
Steading Mr. S. C. HENRY.

Smith Mr. PERCY BUCKLER.
Mrs. Mayne Miss A. INGRAM.

Mrs. M. : But Phil is a good boy.

Mr. M. : Of course you think so.

Mrs. M. : Don't you ?

Mr. M. : I hope he is. I hope he will be. I am very anxious about him. I don't think him such a saint as you do. You see I was young myself once, and I know what young men are.

Mrs. M. : I am sure you were good.

Mr. M. : I was as good as the rest.

Mrs. M. : You were better, much better. Haven't I lived with you twenty-two years ; don't I know you. I wish I had known you when you were a boy. You must have been such a dear, nice boy.

Mr. M. : When I was a boy you were a baby.

Mrs. M. : That's what I don't like. I grudge all the years when I didn't know you. I'd like to have been with you all your life.

Mr. M. : I'm not so sure you would.

Mrs. M. : Why not ?

Mr. M. (*affectionately*) : My dear child.

Mrs. M. : What does that mean ?

Mr. M. : There is nothing in the world quite so good as a good woman.

Mrs. M. : A good man is as good.

Mr. M. : Find him.

Mrs. M. : Phil.

(*Enter Smith.*)

Smith : A person of the name of Steading wishes to see you, sir.

Mr. M. : Steading ! (*To Mrs. M.*) Who is a person of the name of Steading, Mary ?

Mrs. M. : I don't know. I seem to remember the name.

Mr. M. : What is he like, Smith ?

Smith : A workman, sir ; he seems in trouble.

Mr. M. : People in trouble are such a nuisance.

Mrs. M. : Don't libel yourself, dear. You know you always help people who are in trouble ; see him dear and find out what he wants.

Mr. M. (*to Smith*) : Send him in in five minutes. (*Exit Smith.*) Make yourself presentable, Mary. Workmen come under the same category as children, they mustn't see us in *deshabille* either, or they won't respect us. (*Mrs. M. has removed her handkerchief from her knees, wipes her lips and fingers, rises and looks in the glass.*) That's all right. What a nuisance it is, I wanted some more nuts. Nuts are much pleasanter than philanthropy. Why should we help this Steading ?

Mrs. M. : Because we are so happy.

Mr. M. : Nonsense, you deserve to be happy because you are so good, and I deserve to be happy because I had the good sense to marry you. I fancy I remember Phil speaking of someone called Steading.

Mrs. M. : Joe, I remember now, he's a *protégé* of Phil's--the railway porter who did him some little service.

Mr. M. : Caught him when he was getting out of a railway carriage that had started, contrary to the Company's regulations. I remember all about it now. Phil wouldn't tell you for fear it should make you nervous.

Mrs. M. : The man saved Phil when he was in danger. Oh, you must see what he wants at once.

Mr. M. : Phil paid him well for it. I dare say he has been paying for it ever since.

Mrs. M. : You must give him what he wants.

Mr. M. : Yes, unless I find he has been sponging on Phil on the strength of a trifling service. Here he comes.

(Enter Steading ; his manner is good and respectful, but determined.)

Mr. M. (rising) : You want to see me, I hear.

Steading : Well, yes, sir.

Mr. M. : There is something I can do for you ?

Steading : I don't know, sir. I wanted to speak to you. *(Hesitates and glances uneasily at Mrs. Mayne.)*

Mr. M. (pleasantly) : Yes ? Well, my man, what is it ?

(Steading still hesitates and looks at Mrs. Mayne.)

Mrs. M. : It is something about my son ?

Steading : Well, yes, lady, something of the sort, I wanted to speak to your gentleman here.

Mrs. M. (seizing her husband's hand, with little cry) : Joseph, tell him to speak at once. I will not go.

Steading : Oh, it aint what you think, lady, it aint an accident. He aint hurt nor nothing, it aint so bad as that—for you that is, but its worse for us. I'd like to a spared a woman—lady I mean—but there's another woman in it as aint been spared. It's about my daughter I've got to speak, my daughter an' your son. I want to know where they are. I want to know what's going to be done about 'er ?

Mrs. M. : Your daughter and my son, oh ! *(Shrinking against her husband.)* I don't believe it ! I don't believe it !

Steading : That's what my missis said. That's what she said when the neighbours said as 'er girl 'ad gone off with a gentleman. I don't believe it, she says, and she burst out crying just as you might, lady, if it was your daughter instead of your son. Of course it comes worse when it's a daughter.

Mr. M. (aside) : This is a pleasant thing for a father to hear. If the man were only bullying and blackmailing ! but I am afraid he is not. *(Aloud.)* You are making a most serious charge.

Steading : I wouldn't make it without reason ; no, not without good reason. I'm taking no liberty, it's my business to speak about my girl, but I'm speaking you fair and respectful. *(Looking at Mrs. Mayne.)* 'Er mother's a good woman, too, 'er mother's 'arf heart-broke.

Mr. M. (aside) : Pitying my wife—a common workman—I'm dis-

gusted with Phil. (*To her softly.*) My dear, pray command yourself. (*Aloud.*) You must not expect us to believe your bare word, my man.

Steading: I should think a man's word might be believed when it goes against his own child, but there's more than my word. Your son knew 'is way to our 'ouse well enough. 'e come often, friendly like, to see 'ow we was getting on; I thought nothing of it. I respected 'im, an' my girl 'ad a good mother, she aint gone wrong for want of example. We've been respectable, my missus an' me; ask them as knows us. It aint as if there was none to speak for us, an' there's more than one says as 'ow young Mr. Mayne was waiting for my gal an' saw 'er come and saw both of 'em go away together.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Mayne exchange glances, evidently convinced.*)

Mr. M. (with effort): You must not expect me to believe all this until my son has had an opportunity of defending himself.

Steading: That's fair enough, I didn't 'urry to believe what they said agin my girl. Let's 'ope it aint true, but I aint got much 'ope.

Mrs. M. (impetuously): If it is true, he must marry her.

(*The men look at her in astonishment. Mr. Mayne gives an angry exclamation and turns to Steading.*)

Mr. M.: You see yourself that such a course as that is out of the question.

Steading (more cheerfully): I don't know as I do. I didn't make bold to say as much myself, but if the lady says it, the lady's right. I don't wish no harm to young Mr. Mayne, I respected 'im, 'e's done me many a good turn, an' my missus—she thinks a lot of 'im. I won't say as I'd marry a girl as done what's she done, myself, but still, as e's led 'er away 'e don't deserve no better.

Mr. M.: We're sure of nothin' yet.

Steading (with more excitement): Except that the girl's gone, except that the neighbours saw 'er go with your young gentleman, except that 'er mother's 'arf 'artbroke over it. (*To Mrs. Mayne.*) I ask you to 'old to your word, lady. I promised my missus I'd bring the girl back, but what use 'ud that be? 'Owed she 'old up 'er 'ead agin 'mongst those as knows 'er? I was for bein' 'ard on the girl myself at first. Let 'er go, I says, as she's gone, but 'er mother was 'arf mad about it. If your gentleman there could see 'er, 'e'd say as you say. She's a good woman, too; one of your own people, at least your husband's, it's all the same.

Mr. M.: Is your wife a Mayneham woman, then. (*Aside*) That's bad, from the old home, that I haven't seen since I was a boy.

Steading: She come from Mayneham, sir, she come to London to service an' I met 'er an' married 'er, an' we've never 'ad a trouble not to speak of these twenty years an' more, an' now—but it's no use talking, what's to be done about my Josephyne?

(*The door of the dining-room, which is still ajar, swings open Philip stands in the door hesitating and looking at the others.*)

Mr. M. (sternly): Come in, Phil, this concerns you.

Mrs. M.: Phil, tell us it is not true.

Steading (with disappointment): e' can't, you see 'e can't.

Mr. M.: Do you know what it is all about, Philip? Do you understand that this man is bringing a very serious charge against you?

Phil: I can't discuss it in a crowd.

Mrs. M.: Oh, Phil!

Steading (looking at her with respectful sympathy): It's me 'e means, not you lady, I'll wait in the 'all. You said you'd see my girl righted, you won't go back from your word. It'll be easier for the young gentleman to speak to you alone. I don't want to be 'ard on anyone, least of all on a young gentleman as 'as 'elped me more than once, and come to see my wife when she was sick, but I wants to see my girl righted, that's all.

(Mistaking the door, Steading goes into dining-room.)

Mr. M. (with angry reproach): What complaint can you bring against me or your mother, haven't we worked for you, denied ourselves for you, refused you nothing we could give you? Could you not have spared us this disgrace; have all our example and training gone for nothing? I hoped you would deny this odious charge, but you do not.

Phil: No! *(He pauses.)* I don't think it was wise to send Steading out of the room alone. Would you go to him, mother, and keep him quiet; we don't want more scandal than is necessary, do we? Stay with him while I speak with my father. There must be some arrangement. Oh, please go, mother.

Mrs. M.: Oh, Phil—Phil! *(Goes into dining-room crying.)*

(A pause—Mr. Mayne looks angrily after his wife and then at his son.)

Mr. M.: Well? *(Phil does not answer.)* Well, this is a nice state of things. *(Less reproachfully but with more irritation.)* This is a nice state of things, I say. There's your mother and that man lamenting together. Together do you hear? She says you must marry the girl—it would serve you right if I said so too. I'm amazed at you, Phil, a young fellow who has had every chance to go and get himself into a mess like this.

(Phil leans against mantelpiece with his face from his father.)

Mr. M. (impatiently): Can't you speak? Don't stand lounging there as if you had done nothing disgraceful. I'd rather have you lie about it—that would show some shame at least. Do you care nothing for my feelings, or your mother's?

Phil (without turning his face): Wait one moment. It's such a shocking thing for me to have to speak to you about, it's too horrible to put into words.

Mr. M. (softened): Well, well, I don't want to be hard on you, young men will be young men, but there are limits; you should not have brought trouble to a respectable family. Goodness knows,

there are men enough who—I should not have said anything if—there you know what I mean. I was young myself once, and I can make allowances.

Phil (desperately): Don't—stop there—I know it. That's what's so awful. Didn't you hear what he said as I was coming into the room; a woman from your own place, and then married Steading. I knew it all the while. I found out about it when she was ill—she had letters of yours. The daughter doesn't know. She isn't a good girl; what can you expect? Did you notice she was called after you? It was not I whom she expected to meet that night, but I found out what she meant to do, and so I tried to save her. I think I have for the present. Now we have to save that poor fellow's belief in his wife, and my mother's belief in you. I hope my mother will believe me without an explanation, because we can't give her any explanation. It is all very painful. I don't know if I have made it clear, but I have been more careful of my sister than you of your daughter. That's all.

NORA VYNNE.



"To 'The Amazons.'"

JULY 8TH, 1893.



AREWELL! Defeat is ours, we yield,
They ring the curtain down;
Smiling they vanish from the field,
These warriors of renown,
Bearing, for spoils of dainty toils,
A conquered London town.

Ladies, your namesakes, rude and rough,
Joyed in the trumpet's blare,
Where the broad spear drank blood enough,
The shaft sang through the air;
But with the charms of other arms
You conquer—in Sloane Square.

And we shall find, when you are past
Far from your summer wars,
That you, who never javelin cast,
Who flashed no scimitars,
Smote with a lance that leaves, perchance,
Stranger and sadder scars.

ARTHUR COCHRANE.

Six Phases in the Life of Moliere.

PHASE THE FIRST.

"FROM BIRTH TO MANHOOD."



ON January 15th, 1662, there were great rejoicings at the sign of "The Swans," at the corner of the Rue des Vieilles Etuvés abutting on the time honoured Rue St. Honoré, in the good city of Paris. On that day, in that year, a man child was born to Jean Poquelin, proprietor of the house aforesaid, and to Marie, his wife, *née de Cressé*.

Monsieur Poquelin was "a wise man, and what is more, an officer" (was he not *valet de chambre tapissier* to the most Christian King?) "and what is more," as we have already seen, "a householder," and he also carried on business in a large way as an upholsterer.

Although engaged in trade, he was connected with nobility, inasmuch as several of the worthy upholsterer's forbears had been judges, consuls, and conscript fathers of the city, entitled to all the rights and privileges of nobility. In proof whereof to this day there may be seen amongst the MSS. in the National Library a document dated January 8th, 1568, and signed "Baptiste Poquelin, Nobleman, and Merchant of Paris."

Although Madame Poquelin was also connected on the father's side with the upholstery business, it is evident from the prefix *de* that the Cressés also either belonged, or pretended to belong, to the upper ten. However that may be, the paternal *de Cressé* must have been a warm man, inasmuch as undoubtedly his daughter brought a very handsome dowry with her. Baby had dropped his lines in pleasant places, inheriting on the one side his father's business, which was large and flourishing, together with the appointment of *valet de chambre tapissier* to the King's Most Excellent Majesty; and on the other, his mother's dowry, which he was entitled to receive upon coming of age. At the proper time, the child was christened Jean Baptiste, and Jean Baptiste Poquelin he remained until he had reached his majority. Unhappily his mother's death took place when he was ten years old.

The elder Poquelin destined his son for the position which he himself occupied. The boy was accordingly brought up in the paternal shop, and at fourteen years of age was so far advanced in his education as to be qualified to keep the accounts of the firm. He had, however, little love for this prosaic life, and fortunately for him and for the world his grandfather had not only a

penchant for the drama, but early indoctrinated the lad with his own tastes by taking him to see the play, which then, as now, was the most popular amusement of the pleasure-loving Parisians. The players made a most vivid impression upon the boy's mind, and every succeeding performance made him more sad and discontented, and more averse to following his father's trade.

"Do you wish to make a player of the boy?" angrily inquired Papa Poquelin of the grandsire.

"I only wish he were as good a player as Bellerose," replied the old man.

(This Bellerose was one of the most popular comedians of the period, and not only the spoiled child of the public, but the especial pet of the great Cardinal Richelieu, who, at a later period (1644), presented him with a magnificent costume in which to act "*Le menteur*" of Corneille).

Whether the old man's words had an immediate influence on the lad's mind or not it is difficult to say. Certain it is, however, that his aversion to trade continued to increase until it became at length so insurmountable that he was sent to the Jesuits' College, at Clermont, for five years, where he went through the regular curriculum, including classics, rhetoric, and philosophy, which he studied under the famous Gaussendy. While at Clermont the young student formed several connections which exerted important influences upon his after life. Amongst his schoolfellows were the Prince de Conti (brother of the great Condé), Bernier, the traveller (in after years friend of the Emperor Aurungzebe), Chappelle, the poet Hesnault, and the hot-headed Cyrano de Bergerac.

Upon leaving college at nineteen years of age, Jean Baptiste went to study for the bar, and took his advocate's degree. Although the elder Poquelin had yielded reluctant assent to his son's abandoning the honest trade of his fathers, on one subject he remained inflexible. He was resolved that the lucrative post of *valet de chambre tapissier* should not pass out of the family.

The King's valets were constantly brought in immediate and personal contact with the King, and doubtless Poquelin *pere* thought that the son's handsome person, his distinguished manners, and his scholastic acquirements, would stand him in good stead, and conduce to his further advancement at Court. Anyhow, Jean Baptiste was interrupted in his legal studies by a peremptory mandate from his father, ordering him to attend upon Louis XIII. during his Majesty's progress to Narbonne, where the budding courtier was actually an eye-witness to the conspiracy of Cinq Mars and De Thou, and its tragic termination.

The office of *valet de chambre* even to a King may not appear to us a very dignified vocation, but "other times, other manners," and at that period the post was coveted by gentlemen and even nobles of the highest distinction.

Presumably, young Poquelin did not find it a congenial occupation, inasmuch as upon attaining his majority and succeeding to the

inheritance which came to him from his mother, he relinquished it, together with all share in the business of Poquelin *et fils*. Fortunately for the firm, he left brothers behind him to step into his shoes, but of them and their belongings we have no record.

About the middle of 1643, a young gallant, splendid in peruke and gold-laced coat, ruffles, ribbons, and rapier, became a conspicuous personage amongst the *flaneurs* of Paris. "In person, this gentleman was neither too stout nor too thin. As to height, he was rather above than below the middle-size, his carriage was noble, and his leg finely formed. He had a serious air, and walked gravely. His complexion was dark, his nose and mouth were rather large, and his lips a little thick. His eye-brows were very black, and the changes of his physiognomy incessant; as to character, he was gentle, kind and gracious." The "kind and gracious" youth was to be found nightly at one of the playhouses, or at the Italian booths in the vicinity of the Pont Neuf, admiring the pretty play actresses or, perchance, being admired by them. In these delectable places of resort he became hail fellow, well met, with a host of youthful rufflers of quality all more or less boon companions, and sworn brothers to the players.

This airy young coxcomb, dangling his clouded cane, twirling his moustache, sporting his enamelled snuff-box, and flourishing his cambric handkerchief, was Jean Baptiste Poquelin, presently to be known by another name—a name destined to mark an epoch in the dramatic literature of France.

JOHN COLEMAN.

(*To be continued.*)



Plays of the Month.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

A comedy, in five acts, by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Revived at the opening of Daly's Theatre on Tuesday evening, June 27th, 1893.

Characters in the Induction.

A Lord	Mr. JOHN CRAIG.	First Player	Mr. H. GRESHAM.
Christopher Sly	Mr. WILLIAM GILBERT.	Second Player	Mr. WM. SAMPSON.
Huntsmen	Messrs. WHARNOCK, DUVAL, HICKMAN, &c.	A Page	Mr. GEORGE LESOIR.
		The Hostess	Miss A. STERLING.

Characters in the Play.

Baptista	Mr. HENRY LORAINÉ.	Blondello	Mr. EDWARD WILKS.
Vincentio	Mr. T. BRIDGLAND.	Grumio	Mr. JAMES LEWIS.
A Pedant	Mr. WM. SAMPSON.	A Tailor	Mr. H. BOSWORTH.
Lucentio	Mr. CRESTON CLARKE.	Blanca	Miss FRANCES ROSS.
Petruchio	Mr. GEORGE CLARKE.	Curtis	Mrs. G. H. GILBERT.
Gremio	Mr. C. LECLERCQ.	A Widow	Miss LUCIE CÉLESTE.
Hortensio	Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT.	Katherine	Miss ADA REHAN.
Tranio	Mr. H. GRESHAM.		

Nowhere as on the stage should that old saying apply about looking a gift-horse in the mouth. Now, Miss Ada Rehan's *Katherine* the Curst is nothing if not a horse of this colour. For *Kates*, flaming furious jades, we no more expect of gracious leading ladies than grapes of thorns or figs of thistles, *Captain Coddingtons* of Mr. Irving, or *Friar Tucks* of Mr. Tree. The Shrew is, so to speak, a free-will offering, a pure piece of generosity, and as such should escape the ordeal of microscopical examination. But for this fact there would be much to say about "flats" left unjoined, and the unreality of the reformation of a woman—through a few hours jogging on a pillion, and a day or two of bread and water diet—in whom the habits of a self-indulgent tyrant have become second nature. Here, of course, one would join issue with Shakspeare as well as Miss Rehan, and a long indictment would inevitably follow of the whole dull entertainment, for which the dramatist's only valid excuse would be that it was designed for a drunken tinker's mystification. But *Kate* and comedy alike are the sumptuous gift-horse of Mr. Daly and Miss Rehan, and severe strictures would be out of place. The character being one which here and in America is closely associated with the actress's fame, it was fitting that as *Kate* she should—after having recited with obvious feeling some amiable introductory verses by Mr. Clement Scott—sprinkle as it were the champagne of her exhilarating spirit over all who took part in the launch of Mr. Daly's beautiful brand-new ship. And gloriously was her share of the work performed. It is her splendid battle for mastery that people go to see—the undaunted fighter in her that they love. Here is the one touch of nature that makes this world of Padua and our world of London kin. This reconciles us to the silly secondary plot, the repellent view that a wife should live in slavish subjection to her husband, and all the manifest absurdity of *Katherine's* bridal-night conversation. While the fight continues just so long does the fun last, and not an instant longer. With the final sounding smack of the bride's hand upon *Petruchio's* cheek, the last real hearty cheer goes up, and thenceforward the interest dwindles and flags. Directly one of the combatants hoists the signal of a yielding mood, joy leaves us, and

we are but half-heartedly in favour of the bewitchingly submissive vanquished. A lame and impotent conclusion Miss Rehan does her utmost to avoid. Her superb tigress fury of the opening is not more perfect than her lovable gentleness at the close. But the women she shows us are separate and distinct, and when face to face with *Katherine* the Converted we merely know that we are there. How we got there is as far beyond description as the way to the heart of the maze at Hampton Court. Next to Miss Rehan's unsurpassable comedy comes Mr. George Clarke's. The successor to Mr. John Drew has his work cut out for him, but Mr. Clarke shirks nothing—except his illustrious predecessor's reading. To the new comer *Petruchio* is no humourist with a twinkling eye. "The Taming of the Shrew" is less a piquant joke than a piece of serious, solemn, sober business. He is solidier than his fore-runner both in body and mind. Less the dare-devil seeking adventure than a masterful man in search of conquest. On some grounds the weightier tigress-tamer is to be preferred, and certainly on the score of elocution, excellent as was Mr. Drew's delivery. Would that Mr. Charles Leclercq and Mr. James Lewis—a quaint and diverting *Grumio*—would look to their infirmities in this direction! Mr. Gilbert, an original actor of the driest humour, is again in the company, and resumes the part of the scrubby shock-headed tinker. A raven-haired beauty, and a self-conscious one, Miss Frances Ross, plays *Bianca*; and a son of Mr. J. S. Clarke—the *Bob Acres* and *Wellington de Boots* of everlasting renown—makes a gallant and handsome hero, albeit a little deficient in girth and inches. Again the chief regret is that *Curtis* may not be written up for Mrs. Gilbert, than whom there is no finer artist on the stage, and that for Miss Rehan's sake the play cannot by patching, piecing, and perfecting be made a worthier vehicle for her matchless art.

"A WOMAN'S REVENGE."

A new and original drama, in four acts, by HENRY PETTITT.

First produced at the Adelphi Theatre on Saturday evening, July 1st, 1893.

Frank Drummond ..	Mr. CHAS. WARNER.	Martin Doyle ..	Mr. ARTHUR LEIGH.
Jephtha Grimwade ..	Mr. C. CARTWRIGHT.	Clerk of Arraignment ..	Mr. WM. YOUNGE.
Dick Chilton ..	Mr. A. WILLIAMS.	Usher of the Court ..	Mr. HARWOOD COOPER.
John Overstone ..	Mr. JOHN CARTER.	Mary Lonsdale ..	Miss E. ROHNS.
Robert Overstone ..	Mr. H. FLEMMING.	Lottie Bromley ..	Miss FANNY BROUGH.
Sir John Blacklock, Q.C. ..	Mr. RUDGE HARDING.	Mabel Wentworth ..	Miss G. KINGSTON.
Mr. Justice Earle ..	Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL.	Maggie Westwood ..	Miss F. L. FORSTER.
		Little Mary ..	Miss EMPSIE BOWMAN.

"Give me a good murder; one as puzzles judge and jury and well-nigh gets the wrong man hanged." Such were the sentiments of the pious and bow-legged *Mr. Binks* in the "Silver King." Now *Mr. Binks* was only a parish clerk, but he had his head screwed on the right way. "The Psalms is one thing; and the *Daily Telegraph* is another," was one of his sage reflections which establish this fact. And in speaking for himself he spoke for the compact majority as well. We all like a good murder case. Murder sells nine-tenths of the literature and journalism that floods the land. Without murder, where would the most distinguished ornaments of the intellectual circle be. I doubt—terrible thought—whether even the erudite "Spectator"—scorner of melodrama—would have the opportunity to spectate but for the popularity of spicy murders. Hence it may be imagined how but for these fearsome foundations we might be deprived of vast ennobling towers of learning piercing to the Stars. Obviously, the paths of inclination and duty are for once not parallel, and Mr. Pettitt in providing in his new play just the sort of

murder *Mr. Binks* particularly favoured, was merely giving us an extra chance of doing our duty and enjoying ourselves thoroughly into the bargain. As the needle to the pole, melodrama travels inevitably towards sensation. It may be sensation of this kind, or that—mechanical, as in the shipwreck in “*The Lights of Home*” or the intermittent whirlpool in “*Strathlogan*”; physical, as in the thrilling encounter between the giant and the cripple in “*The Two Orphans*,” or the death of *Claude Frollo* in “*Notre Dame*”; moral, as in the right-about-face of *Consul Bernick* or “*Doll’s House*” *Nora*—but sensation there must be. Mr. Pettitt with characteristic generosity gives us on this occasion a double measure—one physical, one intellectual—and his way of preparing us for each is strictly according to Cocker. He marries Miss Robins and Mr. Warner, to the discomfiture of Mr. Flemming and Mr. Cartwright, and then manages by the aid of the crafty Miss Kingston, who had once a hold upon Mr. Warner’s unsuspecting heart, to build up a suspicious-looking house of cards—or rather forged *billets doux*—which effectually parts husband and wife. Each being only too ready to think ill of the other, Mr. Warner believes a preposterous story of his wife’s elopement with Mr. Flemming, immediately after Miss Robins’ flight from the husband she on scarcely less flimsy grounds considers faithless. Long years elapse, during which the villains, having no one else to swindle, go in for robbing one another. Mr. Flemming leaves Mr. Cartwright to starve—a gratuitous piece of folly against which the latter gentleman’s sinister smile and cruel voice ought to have been sufficient warning. This, like most follies, has, in Dr. Rank’s phrase, “to be paid for.” The fleeced wolf tracks the fleecer to Miss Robins’ lonely retreat, and there, after a thrilling struggle, rendered more thrilling by deafening claps of thunder and blinding flashes of lightning, shoots him. That is sensation the first. On its heels comes sensation the second. The wife on circumstantial evidence is accused of Mr. Flemming’s murder, and her husband, now convinced that he has misjudged her from the first, and being a leading light of the criminal bar, conducts her defence. The Old Bailey is depicted in all its grimness and vulgarity. The body of the court is thronged with witnesses and the junior bar. The public strains over the gallery balustrade. Everything is there that ought to be—with the unaccountable exception that there is no comic witness, and no applause in court for the judge to severely rebuke. Mr. Cartwright, artistically ill at ease, sullenly defiant, and guiltily haggard and pale, completely gives himself away in cross-examination by Mr. Warner, and after an eloquent address to the jury by that extraordinary mixture of legal astuteness and incredible purblindness, the twelve gentlemen instantaneously acquit Miss Robins and the curtain falls. Up to the fourth act the play is anyone’s. Its acceptance so far is due entirely to the fight and murder and atmospheric accessories. The last act is, however, Mr. Pettitt’s own, and very excellent fun it all is. This one scene of the court and full-dress trial carries the play, and thoroughly amuses all whom it does not profoundly move and excite. A glance at the cast is better than any description of the acting. In every case it is *more suo*—with the important addition that the *mos* is in each instance unusually good. Mr. Warner in particular is admirable, immensely vigorous, intense, yet restrained; and Miss Brough and Mr. Williams, as an impecunious couple with illimitable visions of each other’s fortune, were supremely comical in the one scene allotted them.

"THE HUNCHBACK."

A play, in five acts, by SHERIDAN KNOWLES.
 Revived at Daly's Theatre on Tuesday evening, July 11th, 1893.

Lord Tinsel	Mr. SIDNEY HERRERT.	Fathom	Mr. WM. GILBERT.
Sir Thomas Clifford ..	Mr. A. BOURCHIER.	Thomas	Mr. WM. SAMPSON.
Master Walter	Mr. GEORGE CLARKE.	Simpson	Mr. LLOYD DABIGNY.
Master Heartwell ..	Mr. THOS. BRIDGLAND.	Stephen	Mr. RANKIN DUVAL.
Master Wilford ..	Mr. JOHN CRAIG.	Landlord	Mr. GRO. WHARNOCK.
Modus	Mr. CRESTON CLARKE.	Helen	Miss ISABELL IRVING.
Gaylove	Mr. H. BOSWORTH.	Julia	Miss ADA KKHAN.

Homer nodded, so why not Mr. Daly! Only if there must now and then be a relaxation of the strictest vigilance it were better if the nod were of the Lord Burleigh kind and meant something startling. Sheridan Knowles's comedy is a nod of the emptiest sort, meaning merely a momentary aberration. For this is London, 1893, and there is a great movement on foot for dragging, coaxing, kicking, shoving, or by any other means getting the drama out of the slough in which it has been too long content to wallow, and at one theatre a great tragedy of modern life takes people by the throat, and at another they sit beneath the spell alternately of Tennyson and Shakespeare, and at several others nice points of conduct and of honour are being nightly put with pregnant wit and notable dramatic force, and everywhere are signs that the play that is not alive is only for the drones, the dregs. In such a world, "The Hunchback" can fill but an ignoble place. One scene in it, the scene of *Julia's* temptation, stiff-necked pride, and ultimate very proper preference of lover before husband, may pass as human. The rest is fudge and fustian, scarce worth the hearing once, even from motives of curiosity, inspired either by the (Charles) Kembles' ravings over the piece that restored the fortunes of their house, or the less excusable admiration of critics who should have known chaff from wheat and sawdust from flesh and blood. Nor was this nod of Mr. Daly's over the play alone. That began it. The first gentle sidelong droop is to be set down to the comedy. But the heavy drop and dislocating jerk—that came with the burial in *Julia* of Miss Rehan. Not that Miss Rehan cannot, does not, play the part. Mr. Irving played *Jingle* perfectly. The original and infinitely truest *Private Secretary* was Mr. Tree. But caricature, whether by Dickens or Von Moser, is not worthy work for great imaginative actors. Neither is *Julia* fit employment for an actress like Miss Rehan. Her genius is the genius of gusto in acting. Figure, face, and bearing breathe something decisive, alert, and strong. It is not that in comedy her foot is on her native heath and her name's MacGregor, whilst in emotional ordeals we as yet scarce recognise her. For the acting was all it could be, and a finer picture of a woman torn hither and thither by affection and resolve, and gradually reaching the condition of one distraught, there could not be. Not the actress but the part was utterly at fault. *Julia* is anything, nothing—the sport of the winds—and, for so flighty a creature, Miss Rehan's personality is too deep, too rich, too strong. To lavish power and resource like hers on such a miserable puppet as this wire-pulled doll of Sheridan Knowles is to drain heart and head in the vain hope of giving human attributes to a machine. And Mr. Daly's nod means the sheer waste of exactly so much inestimable genius spent in the endeavour. Mr. Clarke's study of the Hunchback was, like everything he does, entirely admirable. Picturesque, sonorous, dignified, he did all that anyone could do, and, supreme test of an actor's skill, never became wearisome in a laboured and tiresome part. Mr. Bouchier, a little ill at ease over his romantic old-style-engraving

attitudes, and still rather thin in voice and manner, played with agreeable earnestness; and Mr. Gilbert was really droll as the traditional *Fathom*, own brother to that equally impossible stage-servitor *Diggory*. Miss Isabel Irving is very girlish, very sweet, and very pretty, and, as Mr. Stevenson justly remarks, "When things are as pretty as that criticism is out of season." Still Miss Irving would have been wiser in following the old beaten path and making *Helen* the frolicsome embodiment of stage merriment approved of our forefathers and their sapient guides. As it was, both she and Mr. Creston Clarke, the comely but stolid *Modus*, were ponderous in their humour and almost a drag upon the overladen play.

"LOVE IN TANDEM."

An entirely new eccentric comedy, in three acts, by AUGUSTIN DALY, from the French of BOCAGE and DE COURCY.

First produced in London at Daly's Theatre on Tuesday evening, July 18th, 1893.

Aprilla Dymond...	Miss ADA REHAN.	Barry...	Mr. WM. GILBERT.
Richard Tompkinson } Dymond	Mr. A. BOURCHIER.	Madame Mirales y Penafior y Casa-	Miss LUCIE CELESTE.
Papa Skinastone ...	Mr. JAMES LEWIS.	Florida y Busta-	
Mr. Donald Littlejohn	Mr. GEORGE CLARKE.	mente y Rosareina	Mrs. G. H. GILBERT.
Madame Lauretta ...	Miss V. VANBRUGH.	The Countess Alticheff	
Bob Packer	Mrs. H. GRESHAM.	Nadege	Miss F. CONNOR.
"Cousin Tetty" ...	Miss ISABEL IRVING.		

Gentlemen of the New Committee.

Mr. Van Grooge ...	Mr. BRIDGELAND.	Fiddley	Mr. DUVAL.
Young Bristow ...	Mr. CRAIG.	Barker-Prime ...	Mr. HICKMAN.
Pitthammer, Junr. ...	Mr. BOSWORTH.		

Ladies of the New Club.

Mrs. Van Grooge ...	Miss OLIVE BARRY.	Miss Gaggy... ..	Miss C. CARLISLE.
Miss Brigham	Miss FRANCES ROSS.	Miss Green	Miss A. STERLING.
Tilly Mixem	Miss EUGENIE UPHAM.		

Richard Dymond, before he marries, has done everything and seen everything he cares to do and see. *Aprilla Dymond*, before she marries, has never even had the chance of following his example. When united, therefore, this lucky couple look on life from two distressingly diverse standpoints, instead of conformably with the teaching of the marriage-service—one. He is something of a young *Sir Peter*; she, still more of a *Lady Teazle*. Her chattering crowds drive him for peace and quiet to his club. His club drives her to self-distrust, doubt, and despair. Unhappiness must arise from something. What? Obviously, incompatibility of temper. The cure, to a certainty, will be divorce. So divorce being cheap in the States—about the only thing that is so—a petition is lodged, and no sooner lodged than it generates a more ardent affection between them than ever was before. Convinced, however, like many another woman, that her's is a purely unselfish love, *Aprilla* resolves to find *Richard* a help-mate who shall be all-in-all to him when she is gone. But in her search for a worthy successor she is so often brought face to face with the fact that she herself is best fitted to make him happy, that between love and jealousy the gulf dividing them is bridged, and the curtain falls upon the beginning of another honeymoon. The story in the main is familiar, for it is that of M. Sardou's "Divorçons" and Mr. Brookfield's lively adaptation "To-Day." Unfortunately what is new is not true, and what is true is not new. There has been a descent from the point of regard of the comedy of life to that of the comedy of the stage; and it devolves upon the actors to blind us to this disappointing fact. Captained by Miss Rehan, who repeats her extraordinary personal success as the fascinating Russian in "The Last Word," they almost succeed—but not quite. They follow their incomparable leader with tireless

spirit and exhilarating fun, but all her and their mirth and sparkle, dash and charm and go cannot quite disguise the hollowness of the game. Much may, however, be forgiven—and always has been through the long course of child-like comedies in which the actress has won English hearts—when Miss Rehan is allotted opportunities for bewildering and bewitching bounds from audacious comicalities to touching tenderness and pulsing passion; and of such opportunities there are many in the course of this capricious *Aprilla's* hasty falling out of love and hastier falling in again with the Charles Hawtreian husband of her choice. The whole company, too, shows to advantage. Mr. Bouchier is more at home in a coat and trousers kind of piece. Though not yet an artist, he is here a pleasant actor, and his comedy is easy and not unamusing. Mr. George Clarke as usual comes poorly off. He and Mrs. Gilbert, the truest artists in the company, have absolutely nothing worthy of their gifts to do. But Mr. Lewis presents a diverting sketch of a dry old Chicago “money-sifter”; and Miss Vanbrugh and Miss Irving are stately and winsome as a brace of indispensable beauties. A first-night success was indisputably achieved, but chiefly if not entirely through the unsparing efforts of Miss Rehan.

THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE SOCIETY.

The Founder's “At Home” is, like the Founder's Share, for all who participate in its delights, an admirable institution; but it is doubtful if either should be subjected to criticism. Both partake more of the nature of friendly arrangements, and proceedings in connection with them are better heard *in camera*. Mr. Grein, however, the giver of the feast, by producing novelties, precludes any adhesion to this principle, and it must be recorded that on Monday afternoon, July 10th, at St. George's Hall, some twenty minutes late—an unnecessary sign of independence—“The Cradle” was submitted to inspection. “The Cradle” is an adaptation from the “Flemish of Emile van Goethem,” by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, but in no sense does it repay his search for an attractive morsel of humanity. Indeed, despite the assurance of a young Cockney householder and his unduly demonstrative wife (who evidently has married beneath her) that there is a baby in “The Cradle,” and that its presence prevents them from going to a fancy-dress ball—about which no one feels the smallest interest—not a soul in the audience can see anything in it. Wherefore with something like relief—after Miss Alice Kingsley has been audibly commiserated upon so poor a part as “She” and so trying a spouse as “He” (Mr. Thomas Kingston)—“Dante” is hailed, an idyll, in one act, by Dr. Dabbs and Mr. Edward Righton, of which the cast is as follows:—

Dante	MR. H. VEZIN.
Folco	MR. J. S. FERNIE.
Gemma	MRS. CHAS. CRESWICK.

Little Beatrice	MISS PANSEY GRATTON.
The Spirit of Beatrice	MISS LAURA JOHNSON.

In this case, however, the subject is just as much too big as in “The Cradle” it was too insignificant. The heroic figures of history may sometimes be shown upon the stage, presumably in their habit as they lived. The vivid picture of “Charles I.,” composed by Mr. Wills and Mr. Irving, is not felt to be disillusionising; nor is that passionate sketch of “Chatterton” achieved by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. The “Molière” of Mr. Alexander got nearer dangerous ground, but still it was cheerfully to be endured. But some figures are of necessity without the pale. Such was Mr. Eden

Greville's "Shakespeare." Such, one may safely dare to prophesy, will prove Mr. Justin McCarthy's shrew-ridden "Socrates." Such unquestionably is "Dante." These men stand too high for any writer to re-clothe in flesh and blood. They have so long inhabited ethereal regions that they have, in a sense, become abstractions, and to transmute them into shapely human brawn is of necessity to play iconoclast. *Dante's* poverty and exile, his communings with *Beatrice*, his spirit-wife, are all profoundly interesting—to Mr. Stead and readers of his *Borderland* especially; but they will not do upon the stage, where the actor's method, personality, and tricks, and every accident of stage display, are fatal to all chance of general acceptance. Dr. Dabbs's "Dante" is an exhibition of the immortal Florentine on the eve of death. A messenger from Florence announces the annulment of his exile, and offers riches and honours in exchange for the poet's picture of *Beatrice*. The starving visionary will hear none of it, and for the last time enjoying the inspiration of his goddess, in a trance beholds her and dies—to be presently revealed to his sorrowing wife and wondering child kneeling before the transfigured *Beatrice*, his brows wreathed with imperishable bays. Mr. Vezin, admirably made-up, delivered his lines with incisiveness and vigour, but his study was rough and crude. Little Miss Gratton, as the child *Beatrice*, played prettily; but Miss Laura Johnson it was, as the lovely vision, gifted with poetic feeling and the musical delivery of verse, who won for piece and authors an outburst of applause. Mrs. Hugh Bell's parody of "The Master Builder" brought the afternoon to a close. The single, very obvious, idea of *Solness* being a jerry-builder, afraid to venture higher than the first floor in any house built by himself, served for the basis of the parody, and what fun else there was the actors made by copying the original players, Mr. Waring, Miss Robins, Mr. Philip Cuninghame, and Miss Moodie. The only imitation of marked cleverness was Miss Vanbrugh's, but even this was fitful—the tones and manner of Miss Robins being reproduced but now and then. The complete cast was as follows:—

Solness	MR. JAMES WELCH.
Herdal	MR. WYKS.
Brovik	MR. O. BARNETT.
Ragnar	MR. G. HUMPHREY.

Mrs. Solness	MRS. EDMUND PHELPS.
Kala	MISS ALICE KINGSLEY.
Hilda	MISS V. VANBRUGH.

THE REVIVALS OF THE MONTH.

Numerous and important have been the revivals, which have ranged from Shakspeare to Sardou. The close of Signora Duse's brief engagement brought with it, in the character of *Cyprienne*, the capricious heroine of "Divorçons," her greatest triumph: while, to balance the account, the Comédie Française never fell so low as within a week of their departure in a ludicrous performance of "Hamlet." Surprising as were the comedy resources revealed by the Italian actress in "La Locandiera," they scarcely more than hinted at the inimitable fertility and brilliancy disclosed in Sardou's farce. In such a lofty plane of humour was the impersonation kept, so marvellously vivid and rigorously truthful was the panorama of vanity, caprice, affection, jealousy, unrolled before us, that the play was raised to the level of high comedy; and although, after the raucous *intriguante* of Mme. Chaumont, that masterpiece of barely veiled suggestiveness which M. Sardou heartily approved, this sweet and sunny creature of Signora Duse's fancy can hardly be accepted as the real *Cyprienne*, it is entitled to the highest honours as an unrivalled piece of modern character composition.

The chief interest of M. Mounet-Sully's *Hamlet* lay in the fact that he probably played the part more nearly in the fashion which obtained in Shakspeare's day than any of the Princes of Denmark seen by the present generation. There is reason to believe, 'Lat to the phrase "antic disposition" was attached a grotesque significance, and from internal evidence and such contemporary records as now exist, it appears more than likely that *Hamlet* himself furnished much of the comedy required for the play by his eccentric behaviour when the antic mood was on him. Such, wittingly or unwittingly, was the result of the French tragedian's deliberate assumption of madness, much of his stage business—obviously designed to indicate a dangerous degree of dementia—blending the sublime and the ridiculous in a manner at once startling and audacious. His superb voice and glorious physical endowment enabled him to render many of the scenes impressive, but each scene was acted independently of all the rest, and apparently not the slightest attempt had been made to view *Hamlet* as a whole. M. Mounet-Sully adopted a strange and unbecoming costume of black velvet doublet and huge cloak, which was crowned by a soft felt hat worn like a coal-heaver's with a tuft of sable plumes dangling at his back. He wore fair ringlets, a moustache and beard *à la* Valentine, looked thirty at the least, expressed every drop of tenderness from the love-scene with *Ophelia*, and was seen to advantage only in the more violent passages. Mdme. Reichenberg was an affected, stiff, and unlovable *Ophelia*; the *Gravedigger* of M. Coquelin Cadet could boast of not the least vraisemblance, though it possessed the quality of humour; and the majority of the remaining actors were distinguished by a depressing indifference to the requirements of their respective parts.

"The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "Henry VIII." have been the Shakspearian revivals at the Lyceum, where also "Charles I." and "Olivia" have been reproduced in view of Mr. Irving's American tour. The changes in the various casts included the return of Miss Millward to the part of *Hero*, and of Mr. Johnson to *Dogberry* in "Much Ado"—parts originally played by them upon the production of the comedy in 1882; and the substitution of Miss Geneviève Ward for Miss Ellen Terry as *Queen Katherine* in the two or three farewell performances of "Henry VIII.," with Mr. Frank Cooper's succession to Mr. Forbes Robertson as *Buckingham*. Miss Ward's reading was characterised by queenly dignity and stately elocution, while the pathos of the death scene almost reconciled one to the absence of the peerless pathetic actress of the modern stage.

In the cause of charity, Mr. Herbert Waring joined the ranks of the Shakspearians, and for one night only, at the Opera Comique—on July 11th—played *Shylock* with unsuspected freedom and picturesqueness. The trial scene, in particular, was handled with fine vigour and passion, but at every turn Mr. Waring found himself hampered by the incompetence of some of his associates, in the face of whose lamentable mis-readings it was impossible to give due regard to his always interesting and often highly impressive work.



Some Amateur Performances.

"THE PICKPOCKET" BY THE CLAPHAM A.D.C.

Why did Mr. Hawtrey so name his farce? It isn't very much more appropriate as a title than Mr. Burnand's "Betsy" or Shakespeare's "Cymbeline." True, the plays contain the characters after whom they are christened, but to each one of them might be applied the words addressed by an irritated stage-manager to a titled amateur who demanded the centre of the stage for his two-line part—"You're Nobody." Who cares a brass farthing for the dilemmas of *Frederick Hope*, for the pert soubrette, for the irascible king. The interest is far otherwise bestowed. In "The Pickpocket," for instance, *Grumbleton* absorbs it. The hypochondriac is the feature of the play, and it is necessary that he should be a strong feature. Mr. W. R. Clark, with his method borrowed from Mr. Blakeley, is invariably a strong feature in any play in which he takes part, and so the club could count upon success without any particular call being made upon the remainder of the cast. Mr. Noad colours the waiter judiciously; Mr. Collins supplies *Hewett's* requirements; and Mr. Hughes gives form and substance to *Frederick Hope*. Mr. McCabe suggests a strong individuality as *Doctor Shew*; and Mr. Clements as *Johnson* gets through with some credit to himself. Miss Spires' picture of the spinster severe is scarcely as comical as it should be; but Miss Renton and Miss Arnold, pretty and lively and graceful, are unexceptionable as the heroines; and Miss Eva Hamblin is a most attractive lady's maid.

"A DRESS REHEARSAL" AT LADBROKE HALL.

Are Messrs Sims and Diehl possessed of the uncanny power claimed by *Master Builder Solness*—that of willing and wishing, until the thing so ardently desired actually happens? Glancing, retrospectively, over the various performances of their operetta that it has been my lot to witness, I am tempted to believe that in some measure this mysterious power is shared by "Dagonet" and his collaborator. That every dramatist would will and desire the success of his play is perfectly comprehensible, but unless this fortunate couple resemble *Pygmalion*, and have, in truth "powers denied to other men," why is it that their play scores all down the line whenever it is staged? The interpretation may be good, bad, or indifferent, the plaudits will ring out equally loud and prolonged. From start to finish every song and every dance is encored by an enraptured audience with a persistence which leads to speculations as to whether the panting and exhausted performers do not feel tempted to breathe a prayer ament being saved from their friends. That is what we call "having the luck on their side." Let us only trust that the genial author and composer do not pay for it in the disagreeable fashion described by the morbid architect. At Ladbroke Hall, therefore, it was just the old sweet story over again—applause which refused to take "No," or its synonym, a bow, for an answer—radiant good-humour on the part of the actresses who, remembering that England expects every actress to do her duty, are prepared to die, if need be, in the service of an audience which fairly puts *Shylock* to the blush by shamelessly demanding double the portion set down in the bond. From the point of view of the audience everything was equally successful. But from the point of view of the critic, who declines to be hypnotised by Messrs. Sims and Diehl, enthusiasm must be tempered by discretion. Special certificates of merit must be awarded to Miss Ada Newton for her charming, lively, and tuneful school-girl, to Miss Kenneth James, who scored more heavily in the acting than in the singing; and to the Misses Enraght for their surprisingly spirited "spiteful sisters." A word of praise may also be coupled with the name of Miss Florence Newton for her starchy school-mistress, despite the fact that she was a good deal hampered by inexperience. So, too, Miss Patten, who was at her ease, however

directly singing and acting were exchanged for the graceful tripping on the light fantastic. And then there was the fascinating "knitting song," capitably given by the chorus of school-girls, and, as usual, taking the hearts of the audience by storm at the very first note. And, lastly, Mr. George Capel and Signor Bisaccia, the directors, stage and musical respectively, come in for a meed of praise. Earlier in the evening, in "Sugar and Cream," Miss James, Miss Minnie Hirsch, Mr. Thrupp, and Mr. Kingdon struggled for and obtained a footing—though a precarious one—in the affections of their audience.

TRIPLE BILL AT SURBITON.

What a back-bone Mr. Jerome's little plays are to a triple bill. As in scanning the programme your eye rests upon one of the familiar names, what a sigh of relief escapes your lips! Whatever wonderful and terrible concoctions the programme may have in store for you, here at least is a sheet anchor to which you can cling—here at least is one dish off which it is possible to make a satisfactory meal. That we know them off by heart, and could, at a pinch, prompt from the front, matters not a jot. We greet the *Barbaras* and *Loises*, and *Filippas* as warmly as if we were meeting them all for the first time. Therefore, when the call of duty came from Surbiton, duty for once jumped with pleasure, and I set my feet not unwillingly Surbiton-wards, for was not "Fennel" one of the attractions held out by the party of London Amateurs, who were exerting themselves on behalf of the Surbiton Workmen's Club. Though we share the children's love for the old stories, we do not make the same peremptory demands that all the narrators shall strictly agree as to the details. Though we may hold our own opinion as to the version we prefer, we are not indisposed to regard with interest those which chance to differ from it. Thus Mr. C. D. Haffenden, though not the ideal *Filippo*, is equal to supplying a fairly convincing reading of the mis-shapen violinist. In the soul of this *Filippo*, there are no mighty deeps to be stirred. He is a poetical being, whose woes awaken in us a gentle pity. A reading perfectly permissible, and in high favour with the audience. The actor who essays *Sandro* always has my sincere sympathy. There is so much of the tailor's dummy about the handsome apprentice, but, to give Mr. Gordon Taylor his due, he removes him as nearly as possible from that category. And, to conclude, Mr. Frank Hole was rarely finished and efficient as bibulous old *Taddeo*, and Miss Haffenden was prettily petulant as *Giannina*. In addition to this, the audience spent "Twenty Minutes under an Umbrella," and found it not too irksome in the company of Miss Emmens and Mr. Corbin; and in "Cupid Astray," a brightly written little farce contributed by Mr. Herbert Swears, Mrs. Lawford, the Misses Haffenden, Mr. Crozier, and Mr. Swears appeared to their own, and the play's, advantage.

"MARRIED IN HASTE" AT CLAPHAM.

If we looked upon dramatic performances in the frivolous light that some drowsy souls regard church, as a convenient opportunity for indulging in forty winks, merely premising our deflection from the path of duty, with a request to an obliging neighbour to "call" us—not "early," but whenever he saw reasonable signs of the proceedings on the stage taking an interesting turn—how often, I wonder, would our blissful slumbers be disturbed, and, alas! how often should we feel that we had been aroused to any purpose. In the House of Commons, upon the occasion of a certain motion on the Navy being brought forward, a member, aware of the long windedness of the speaker, and rightly conjecturing that the House would be taken back to the remote ages, suggested to a friend that he should arouse him as they approached their own times. "Where are we?" he enquired, on being recalled to consciousness. "At the battle of La Hogue!" was the reply. "Then you have awakened me a century too soon" was the indignant retort. And that's how we are disposed to feel when set down for an evening in the society of such plays as this of Byron's. Were it not for the pricks of conscience, which will not permit us to settle down comfortably, we should like to sleep it through from start to finish. Disturbed only two minutes before the fall of the curtain, we should still be disposed to feel, regretfully, that those two minutes had been wantonly wasted.

To the love-making between *Augustus* and *Ethel*, we are politely indifferent. To their impecunious honeymoon we should be even more indifferent were it not a physical impossibility. Their misunderstandings and estrangement arouse in us nothing but impatient resentment, and we only rejoice in their reconciliation because then we know that the hour of our deliverance is at hand. And that opinion was not to be shaken, even by Miss Wynn, who, though not at her best in emotional scenes, employs a simple and effective method which tells on the winning side. *Augustus* is but a poor thing, and Mr. Dicketts does nothing to convert us to a more admiring frame of mind. Of merit in the minor parts there was much more, especially in the case of Mr. Swears, Mr. Haffenden, and Mr. Frost.

TRIPLE BILL BY THE ANOMALIES A.D.C.

The feature of the Anomalies' performance was "Broken Hearts." This touching little poem would be seen more often—particularly as a pastoral—I am inclined to think, if the *Florion* did not so often prove a stumbling stone in the cast. Mr. Tree, in enlightening us on the subject of the imaginative faculty, tells us that "of all the fetters which cramp the imagination, none is so frequent as self-consciousness," and that "it is only when the mind of the actor is emancipated from the trammels of his surroundings, that his imagination is allowed full play." It is a curious fact that, in the case of the amateur this self-consciousness (which we are told is a peculiarly English characteristic), is never more strongly apparent than when he attempts to posture as the prince of romance. If his mind could be "emancipated from the trammels" of his clothes, he would find his task easier, but this he never succeeds in accomplishing, and, in nine cases out of ten, being totally devoid of the poetic temperament, he wears his part as awkwardly as he wears his clothes, and devoutly trusts that he is not looking silly. I am very sure that, failing the right man, it would be better to cast an actress for the part. She would not be convincing, but, on the other hand she would at least be in the scene, which the *Florion* at Norwood was not. Miss Florence Leclercq and Miss Schuler as the *Ladies Vacir* and *Hilda*, ran each other hard for the laurels, playing sympathetically and with nice poetic feeling; and Mr. Cyril Owen supplied a graphic and powerful portrait of the mis-shapen *Mousta*. Mr. Royston Keith's innocuous little play "Elaine" was carefully acted by Miss Leclercq, a winning heroine, Miss Pansy Grattan, a clever child actress, Miss Robinson, and Mr. Nettlefold, quite at home as the hero, and playing with vigour and earnestness. Mr. Morten Henry and Mr. Philip Deane, deservedly popular in "Crazed," repeated their highly successful performance; and Miss Adams, as the maid-of-all-work, trilled as sweetly as a lark.



Musical Notes.

IN the State Performance at Covent Garden Theatre, given by command of the Queen on July 4th, in honour of the Royal Wedding, Sir Augustus Harris fairly surpassed all previous efforts, not excepting the Gala nights, when the Shah and the German Emperor were entertained by Her Majesty. The decorations were superb—natural flowers being again used in profusion. Besides a large bouquet in every other stall, the management provided three or four for every box, and the effect of these, with the innumerable festoons which fairly smothered the whole theatre in a large mass of flowers, was dazzlingly beautiful. The Royal box was naturally decorated with lavish splendour, but in this, as in everything else, the most perfect taste was displayed. The performance itself, consisted simply of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet"; a far better plan, by-the-way, than a selection from various operas. The cast of artists was a notable one, and included the brothers de Reszké, M. Plancon, M. Castelmarty, Miss Lucile Hill, and Madame Melba.

"I RANTZAU."

New Opera by Signor MASCAGNI. English adaption by Mr. FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.
First performed in England at Covent Garden Theatre, July 7th, 1893.

Signor Mascagni's latest opera "I Rantzau" first saw the light in Italy towards the close of 1892, and it is certainly the most ambitious score he has yet attempted, both as regards length—for it is in four acts—and dramatic structure. The composer has had, however, a terrible difficulty to contend with, for the *libretto* is an extremely weak one, the story being of the slenderest description. There are few authors indeed who seem able to write a good "book" nowadays, either for grand or light opera, and Signor Mascagni is not the first composer by any means who has been severely handicapped in an important work. The story of "I Rantzau" may be very briefly told:—A bitter family feud has existed for years between the brothers Rantzau, caused by a dispute over some land. One brother has a son—the other a daughter. The young people are of course in love with each other, and equally, of course, the fathers are bitterly opposed to their union. The girl falls very ill, presumably through disappointed love, and to save her life her father at last goes to his brother to eat humble pie, and try to effect a reconciliation. This finally takes place, and the young couple are betrothed. It is not a very thankful task to write it, but it must be confessed that Signor Mascagni's music is a great disappointment after his brilliant successes in "L'Amico Fritz" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." The orchestration in parts is extremely fine, but the work, as a whole, I think, lacks both melody and strength. There are several striking passages, notably a magnificent *scena* for the tenor, and a really beautiful love duet; but Signor Mascagni never seems inspired as in his other works, and I cannot but think that "I Rantzau" will never become popular. The reason is not far to

seek. The composer never seems in love with his subject, and this to a genius like Mascagni is essential to produce a really great work. There is also another reason against the probable popularity of this opera; there is no inspired melody in the score such as the *intermezzo* in "Cavalleria Rusticana," and the cherry duet in "L'Amico Fritz." The initial performance of "I Rantzau" was, on the whole, a most excellent one, but several errors of taste were committed, principally by Signor de Lucia, who on two occasions stopped the action of the opera to bow far too profusely; so much so in fact that Signor Mascagni was compelled (evidently against his wish) to accept most inappropriate *encores*. In every other respect, however, Signor de Lucia was very good indeed, as were Madame Melba, M. Castelmarty, M. Ancona, and Mr. David Bispham. The composer conducted in a masterly style.

EVERY Wednesday at the Opera has been devoted to Wagner. There have been magnificent performances of "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan und Isolde," "Siegfried," and "Die Walkure," amongst other works. In most of these Herr Max Alvary and Frau Moran-Olden have appeared with great success, but the rendering of the first-named opera is worthy of very special mention, for the cast was in every way an exceptional one. "Die Meistersinger" is by common consent considered Wagner's masterpiece, and it may be doubted whether even at Bayreuth the work has received such perfect treatment as it did on July 12th at Covent Garden. Where indeed is it possible to find such a grand trio of artists as M. Lassalle, Madame Albani, and M. Jean de Reszké, who as *Hans Sachs*, *Eva*, and *Walther* respectively, were simply ideal. Splendid aid was also forthcoming from Herr Wiegand (*Pogner*), M. Dufriche (*Fritz Kothner*), and Mr. Hedmondt (*David*), in fact the performance all-round was a memorable one. Speaking of the Wagner nights collectively, I may add that the new German conductor, Herr Steinbach, has proved a great acquisition, while Mr. David Bispham has on more than one occasion scored an artistic success. The German nights have been so popular that Sir Augustus Harris has been compelled to give extra performances at Drury Lane.

I HAVE only space to specially mention one other operatic performance, namely that of "Les Huguenots" on July 8th. It is many years since Meyerbeer's masterpiece has been rendered by such a powerful cast as that which included the brothers de Reszké, Madame Albani, M. Lassalle, Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli, Mdlle. Sigrid Arnoldson, and M. Ancona. It was indeed a combination of almost unparalleled excellence. "Les Huguenots" has not of late years been looked upon as a very popular opera, no doubt on account of its heavy character, but on this occasion it drew an overflowing audience. It need only be said, that M. Jean de Reszké and Madame Albani fairly surpassed themselves, though almost equal praise must be given to M. Lassalle and M. Edouard de Reszké. It is worthy of note, *en passant*, that there is no doubt that M. Jean de Reszké has been the great attraction this season, for whenever his name has been announced the house has been crammed. The eminent Polish tenor is singing better than ever this year, and it is small wonder the public rush after him, as they did after his predecessor, and devoted friend, Mario.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS may consider himself fortunate, for in addition to the State performance at Covent Garden, he was "commanded" to give a special performance at Windsor Castle on July 15th, in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, and numerous members of the Royal Family. The programme consisted of one act of "*L'Amico Fritz*," and "*Cavalleria Rusticana*." Signor Mascagni conducted, and both he and Sir Augustus Harris were granted a special interview by Her Majesty, and warmly congratulated on the performance.

PRESSURE of space prevents my mentioning in detail the numerous concerts and recitals which have taken place during the past month. The series of operatic concerts at St. James's Hall, arranged by Sir Augustus Harris, were, strange to say, not over well supported by the general public, though liberal programmes were provided, and many of the leading operatic artistes appeared. Special mention, however, must be made of the Richter and Sarasate series.

OF all the instrumental and orchestral concerts given during the London season, those bearing the names of Sarasate and Richter undoubtedly stand pre-eminent. The great Spanish *virtuoso* and the ever popular and welcome Viennese *chef d'orchestre* never fail to attract crowded audiences. And that this is so is a matter for congratulation, for we English people are often twitted with being a non-musical race. Let those who think this pay a visit to St. James's Hall on the occasion of a Sarasate recital or on a Wagner and Beethoven night with Richter's band, and they will have good cause to modify their opinion. Sarasate has been responsible for four concerts, at two of which he was accompanied by an orchestra of some eighty performers under Sir G. Cusins, and at the other two by the pianoforte only, Madame Bertha Marx sharing the honours with him on these occasions. It is needless to recapitulate what has so often been told before. Each occasion was the scene of a veritable triumph. The old successes were repeated and new works added; of the latter I cannot speak very encouragingly. The MSS. brought over by Sarasate were disappointing. They merely served to display his marvellous skill. It was in works like Beethoven's "*Kreutzer*" sonata and Mackenzie's "*Pibroch*" that the artist was heard to the greatest advantage, and by which his concert will always be best remembered.

DR. RICHTER had prepared a series of six concerts, the programmes of which were mostly composed of old favourites. It would be impossible in a short notice of this kind to enumerate the principal features of each concert. Wagner and Beethoven were of course responsible for the more important items. The former was represented, amongst others, by his "*Tannhauser*" and "*Meistersinger*" overtures, besides various sketches from each opera. The Funeral March from the "*Gotterdammerung*," selections from "*Parsifal*," "*Die Walkure*," and numerous other excerpts from the master's works occupied important positions in the programme. From Beethoven's Symphonies—those in C Minor, A Major, and D Minor (the choral) were given. Liszt's "*Hungarian Rhapsody in F*" was given twice, on the latter occasion by "special desire." Amongst other overtures may be mentioned Fibrich's "*Une nuit à Carlstein*," Cherubini's "*Abencérrages*" and Goldmark's "*Prometheus Bound*,"

whilst Schumann's Symphony in B flat was also included. Of the vocalists who appeared, special mention must be made of Madame Nordica, Miss MacIntyre, Miss Amy Sherwin, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Andrew Black. The Richter choir appeared once, namely at the last concert in the "Choral" Symphony. The Band was constituted as in all former concerts, and of course Dr. Richter conducted throughout. The time has long passed by since we used to wonder at the marvellous memory and skill of the man who could conduct all the nine Symphonies of Beethoven and nearly all the excerpts from Wagner's operas without a note before him. What this means only those who are familiar with these masterpieces can imagine, but to all it is only too evident that when Richter wields the *bâton* a master-mind is there. The cordiality of his greeting and the hearty "God-speed" with which we bid him adieu is ample assurance that he will never outstay his welcome in England.

So the Promenade Concerts are to be again revived at Covent Garden, this time under the able directorship of Mr. Farley Sinkins. The opening night is fixed for August 12th. Mr. Sinkins deserves well of the public, for he has not only engaged Mr. Frederic H. Cowen as conductor, but his orchestra includes such well known names as Messrs. Betjemann, W. H. Hann, E. Howell, W. L. Barrett, J. Egerton, and Howard Reynolds. One feature of these concerts will be a new vocal waltz, entitled, "The Maypole," to be sung by a choir of children.

There is very little new music to review this month. I should like, however, to especially mention two songs by Mary Augusta Salmond (Weekes & Co.), entitled, "When all the World" and "Dear if You Change." Both are charming compositions, especially the former, which is a musical setting of Kingsley's beautiful lines, beginning "When all the World is Young, Lad," the verses which inspired Mr. Jerome K. Jerome to write his pretty and touching rustic comedy "Woodbarrow Farm." I have also received a very melodious valse called "The Duchess," by Harold Vaue (Landy & Co., 139, Oxford Street).

PERCY NOTCUTT.



Notes of the Month.

A RECRUDESCENCE of that absorbing question, "To be or not to be—an actor-manager" promises to monopolise attention once more. Mr. Clement Scott, before returning home from America made use of some easily misconstrued remarks, while paying in the columns of the *New York Times*, "a tribute to the American stage."

"Then there is another strong reason for America's present spurt of dramatic activity and enterprise," wrote Mr. Scott. "You discourage the baneful actor-manager system. Except in extreme and exceptional cases the actor who becomes manager is inimical to the encouragement of talent and any progress in art. We cannot go beyond human nature. Actors or actresses in power desire first to advance themselves, next to think about their devotion to art. What does the actor-manager do when he gets into power? He truckles to his own vanity. All the plays are arranged for him or his wife. If they are too strong for his handling they are cut down and weakened to suit him. If they are too good for his wife they are made bad in order to pander to her vanity or incompetence. The actor's ambition is paramount. He may be the most gifted comedian or the showiest melodramatic actor in existence, but, take my word for it, when in power that comedian or melodramatic actor will play *Hamlet*, or *Romeo*, or *Othello*, and if the public won't come in he will fill the theatre with friendly "deadheads" and pretend he has made a success. America does not encourage the actor-manager and she does well to give him a wide berth. The ideal manager should be that rare combination, a clever business man and a man of intellectual taste and culture. Such a man would choose plays; not for the vanity of a star, the whim of an actress, or for the advancement of an individual, but for the merit of the work and for the amusement of the public. Such a man would without prejudice cast his play, not to pander to the vanity of an actor or actress, but for the ultimate good of the work in hand. Such a man would not depress talent but encourage it. Such a man would exalt the lowly and lower the proud. Authors and players alike, if they understood their interest, would rejoice if the actor-manager could be supplanted by the independent autocrat."

THIS certainly looked like a challenge, and Mr. Willard, thinking so, promptly took up the glove. Let us, he said in other words, apply Mr. Scott's tests to the actor-managers and see how these poor besotted creatures, trucklers to their own vanity, panderers to the vanity of their wives, let us just see how they emerge from the ordeal. And then Mr. Willard examined the record, open to all, familiar to all, of the actor-managers on the one hand and the non-actor-managers on the other. To "the men of business" who "choose plays for the merit of the work and the amusement of the public"—the Messrs. Gatti, Sir Augustus Harris, Mr. Horner, Mr. Chudleigh, Mr. George Edwardes—were to be credited "Ruy Blas or

the *Blasé Roué*," "The Bungalow," "In the Ranks," "The Black Domino," "Uncle John," "The Great Unpaid," "A Prodigal Daughter," "Faust and Cinderella (and several other mythological notorieties) Up-to-Date" or "Up-too-Late," "The Guardsman," "Forbidden Fruit," and "The Amazons." Against these—in defence of the men who uphold "the baneful actor manager system"—of Mr. Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Hare, Mr. Tree, Mr. Willard, Mr. Cecil, Mr. Clayton, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Terry, Messrs. James and Thorne, and others—must be set the superb phalanx of Lyceum Shakespearean revivals, the best work of Tennyson, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Wills, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. H. A. Jones, Mr. Haddon Chambers, revivals galore of the comedies of Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Farquhar, and plays innumerable marking, or making for, some advance in taste and in dramatic art.

THE same process Mr. Willard adopted in relation to each article of the indictment, with the result that the actor-managers were left at the close of his lucid and luminous article perched on a monument of artistic enterprise, worthy ambition, and glorious achievement, while their opponents appeared squatting in the swamps of cheap melodrama and still cheaper variety shows and farce, dead to everything but the pursuit of gain.

MR. SCOTT's statement was, however, carefully qualified. "Except in extreme and exceptional cases" he said, the actor who became manager was etc., etc. And Mr. Scott, in writing to the *Era* to deny the justice of Mr. Willard's inferences (which affect so many of Mr. Scott's own friends), implies that all the instances quoted against him should appear under the heading "Exceptional." It may be so. But if these are the exceptions, who and where are the examples of the rule Mr. Scott lays down. The plea of "generalities" and indignant repudiation of Mr. Willard's methods in summoning men by name to meet Mr. Scott's wholesale dishonouring charge is surely very like riding off on a side issue. Mr. Scott, by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase as "Well, well, I know," or "I could an if I would," or "If I list to speak," denotes that if he but raise his voice, there shall be scores to sink in his rebuke. But this surely is a case for no false delicacy. A grievous charge is levelled against actor-managers in general. They who have best claim to the title—apart from whom indeed the term is almost meaningless—are ranged to prove it baseless. The charge is then withdrawn as against *them*, in particular! Against whom then does it stand?

ANYTHING which lets light in upon the methods and the views of representative men must be of interest, and the biographical sketch of Mr. Barry Sullivan just completed by Mr. W. J. Lawrence* is excellent reading. With Barry Sullivan, the "grand old school," as Mr. Lawrence calls it, disappeared, and the record of its dying years makes entertaining "copy," which the sympathetic watcher by its bedside handles with some skill. There is, perhaps, undue emphasis placed upon the actor's colossal torchlight processions, "princely" benefactions, and speeches at national banquets given in his honour.

* *Barry Sullivan*, a biographical sketch, by W. J. Lawrence. (W. & G. Baird.) 1s.

The uncomfortable thought will obtrude itself that these things, so poor and paltry in themselves, if magnified into achievements of heroic proportions, bear damning evidence of some defect in the narrator's vision. But this human failing apart—this proneness to sing the glories of the dead in rather too strenuous a voice—there is much that is of value to be got from Mr. Lawrence's chatty account of his hero's pursuit of fame and fortune. Among the facts established are the amazing industry of the tragedian, his extreme abstinence, and his wonderful luck—which did not desert him on his death-bed. An actor who considered tradition "the peculiar instruction which Shakespeare himself gave to the actors of his day," and therefore to be prized with reverence and adopted with awe, was not for our day of ceaseless unrest and ceaseless progress, and Mr. Barry Sullivan was happy in dying when he did. It should be added that Mr. Lawrence makes frequent mention of the obligations he is under to Mr. John Coleman's graphic In Memoriam sketch, published in *THE THEATRE* in June, 1891, and that the actor is familiarly alluded to throughout as "Barry," which renders quite superfluous the author's note that his monograph is intended for "that pit and gallery section of the public whose suffrages it was ever Barry Sullivan's especial delight to win."



New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from June 16th to July 11th, 1893 :—

(Revivals are marked thus °)

- June 16 "Les Effrontés"; 17th (*matinée*), "Le Flibustier" and "Gringoire"; 17th, "Le Gendre de M. Poirier" and "Le Precieuses Ridicules"; 19th, "Le Demi-Monde"; 22nd, "Henri III. et sa Cour"; 23rd, "Le Luthier de Cremona" and "Francillon"; 24th (*matinée*), "Dépit Amoureux" and "Mlle. de la Seiglière"; 24th, "Adrienne Lecouvreur"; 26th, "Frou-Frou"; 27th, "Ruy Blas"; 28th, "Souvent Homme Varié" and "Le Monde ou L'on S'ennuie"; 29th, "L'Ete de la St. Marten" and "Œdipe Roi"; July 3rd, "Hamlet"; 4th, "Bataille de Dames" and "Les Femmes Savantes"; 8th, "Hernani"; 10th, "La Reine Juana."
- " 17 "Atlantis; or, The Lost Hand," operatic extravaganza, in three acts, written by Maurice Dalton and Ernest Genet; composed by T. Maltby Haddow. Opera Comique.
- " 19° "Antony and Cleopatra," Shakespeare's tragedy. (Signora Eleonora Duse's season). Lyric.
- " 19° "The Private Secretary," farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted by Charles Hawtrey. Grand.
- " 20 "The Ordeal," drama, in one act, by T. S. Wotton. Comedy.
- " 20 "Two Men and a Maid," drama, in four acts, by F. H. Purchase and G. Webster. Comedy.
- " 21 "Esmond," an adaptation by the late W. S. Wills of Thackeray's novel, "Esmond." (Played by amateurs). St. George's Hall.
- " 22 "Matrimony," comic opera, in one act, libretto by G. Parsons Norman; music by F. St. John Lacy. Ladbroke Hall.
- " 22 "Andrew Paterson," drama, in one act, by Nora Vynne and St. John Hankin. Bijou Theatre, Bayswater.
- " 22 "Aftermath," play, in one act, by Nora Vynne. Bijou Theatre, Bayswater.
- " 22 "Who's Married," farce, in one act, by Mrs. Adams-Acton. Bijou Theatre, Bayswater.
- " 23 "The Gipsy Queen," an adaptation, in one act, founded on the drama of the "Hunchback of Notre Dame." West London Theatre.
- " 26 "John Thurgood, Farmer," drama, in one act, by Henry Byatt. Globe.
- " 27° "The Taming of the Shrew," Shakespeare's comedy, in five acts. Daly's Theatre.
- " 28° "Charles I.," by the late W. G. Wills. *Matinée*. Lyceum.
- " 29 "Fireworks," farcical comedy, in three acts, by F. C. Phillips and Percy Fendall. Vaudeville.
- July 1 "A Woman's Revenge," drama, in four acts, by Henry Pettitt. Adelphi.
- " 4 "The Medical Student," farcical comedy, in three acts, by B. Frances and H. J. Laeland. Strand.
- " 4 "The Lady Journalist," musical duologue, by I. Zangwill. Steinway Hall.
- " 7 "I Rantzau," new opera by Mascagni. Covent Garden Theatre.
- " 8 "A La Française," farce, by A. Bartholeyns. Avenue.
- " 8 "A Lord in Waiting," comedy, by A. Bartholeyns. Avenue.
- " 8 "Military Manœuvres," operetta, by A. Bartholeyns; music by Frank Idle. Avenue.
- " 8° "Engaged," comedy, in three acts, by W. S. Gilbert. Royalty.
- " 10 "An Odd Pair," written by Malcolm Watson, composed by A. J. Caldicott. (German Reed's Entertainment). St. George's Hall.

- July 10 "The Cradle," a "domestic incident," by A. T. de Mattos. St. George's Hall.
- „ 10 "Dante," an idyll, by G. H. R. Dabbs and Edward Righton. St. George's Hall.
- „ 10 "Jerry-Builder Solness," by Mrs. Hugh Bell. St George's Hall.
- „ 10^a "Henry VIII." Lyceum.
- „ 10^b "St. Ronan's Well," drama, in four acts, by Richard Davey and Walter H. Pollock. Royalty.
- „ 11 "A Pal o' Archies'," a travestie of Leoncavallo's opera "I Pagliacci," by C. E. Brookfield and Sir Augustus Harris; music by G. M. Glover. Palace.
- 11 "The Hunchback," play, in five acts, by the late Sheridan Knowles. Daly's.
- „ 11^c "The Merchant of Venice." Opera Corrique.

In the Provinces, from June 13th to July 14th, 1893 —

- June 19 "Twilight," play, in one act, by H. E. Dalroy. T.R., Middlesboro'.
- „ 19 "The Adventures of a Night," comedy, in three acts, by Meyrick Milton. Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh.
- „ 22 "The Odds are Even," adapted from the French comedy. "Le Bourgeois," by Mrs. Jameson. T.R., Northampton.
- July 3 "Frailty," drama, in four acts, by Sir Augustus Harris and Paul Merritt. Newcastle-on-Tyne Theatre.
- „ 12 "Our Pleasant Sins," a comedy-drama, in four acts, by Wilson Barrett and Charles Hannan. Grand, Leeds.
- „ 14 "The Downward Path," drama, in four acts, by C. A. Clarke and H. H. Silva. T.R., Huddersfield.

In Paris, from June 13th to July 11th, 1893 :—

- June 21 "Les Deux Avers," comic opera, in two acts, words by Fénouillot de Falbaire; music by Grétry. Opera Comique.
- „ 21 "Le Déserteur," comic opera, in three acts, libretto by Sedaine; music by Monsigny. Opera Comique.
- July 6 "Valmy," drama, in five acts, by M. Paul Mahalin. Ambigu.
- „ 11 "Cliquette," play, in three acts, by M. William Busnach. Folies-Dramatiques.







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MR. GEORGE CLARKE

AS "PETRUCHIO."

"Thus have I politic'ly begun my reign."

Act IV., Sc. I.,

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

THE THEATRE.

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

Stars of the Stage.

NO. IV.—MR. GEORGE CLARKE.



EVER was the British stage so cosmopolitan, so built up of many varying elements and nationalities, as it is to-day. An assertion of this kind is perhaps a platitude, but the fact is none the less evident. Salvini, the now dead Edwin Booth, and many another left an impress upon our theatrical art. Maybe they started the trend towards a modern international stage. The *Comédie Française* threw to the winds any fears they might have of entering cold, cruel London. The welcomes they received were friendly, if not remunerative, to the manager. Since then we have had many chances of comparing on our own doorstep the methods of a Coquelin and a Mounet-Sully with the methods of an Irving and a Tree. And therein have we found benefit and consolation. Then, of late years, Mr. Augustin Daly's famous band of comedians have shown us how Shakespeare and his lessers look through American glasses. But until the present year the chances of studying the art of the incomparable Ada Rehan, of the unctuous humourist, James Lewis, of the well-bred, strongly individualised George Clarke, have not been many. Now and in the days to come, happily, Mr. Daly's new theatre will be often the home of his company, whose progress is watched with a pretty love by the true-born native of These States. To him Mr. Daly's company is what the *Comédie Française* appears to the Frenchman. In London it would be hard to find any one theatre which occupies the position filled by Daly's Theatre in the United States, and the reason is not far to seek.

It is not a little interesting, then, to have the opportunity of discussing different phases of dramatic art and work with a typical leader of Mr. Daly's company of players—Mr. George Clarke. Than he, few actors have had a more interesting career, and certainly few men have seen so many famous American actors and actresses

come and go, some to die and some to be forgotten. An actor of sterling worth, he has long stood in the foremost rank of those who love their art for the art's sake. His *Petruchio* is a character to be remembered; his *Jaques* is now the accepted *Jaques* on the American stage; and he has re-clothed many of the old bones of the stage with warm flesh and quickly-running blood. An artist who cares little or naught for tradition, he snaps his fingers at that tradition, and marks every part he plays with his own strong, unerring individuality. You are as much astonished at his thorough knowledge of everything pertaining to his art as you are amazed at his far-reaching grasp of other subjects. When I saw the actor at his rooms in Bedford Place, Russell Square, he was busy mapping out visits to some of the shrines of the "old country"—Stratford-on-Avon, Windsor, Westminster—places to which, as a worshipping pilgrim, he never misses journeying.

From Stratford to Shakespeare was an easy step, and our talk soon drifted to the actor's art, when incidentally Mr. Clarke told me much of interest concerning his own growth as an actor. Mr. Clarke's family name is O'Neill, his father and mother being Irish emigrants from Kildare. For thirty-five years his father served in the American Navy, and died from wounds received when fighting in the Civil War for the cause he loved. Mr. Clarke himself was born on the 28th of June, 1840, so that he is now over fifty-three years old, and—as he laughingly told me—"one of the oldest young men on the stage!"

"When I was a boy—and, unfortunately now"—he said smiling, "I never showed any especial genius; I never knew what a theatre was until I was much older, for my father and mother were strict Roman Catholics. Our family lived, and I was reared, in Richmond (Virginia), which perhaps accounts for my English mannerisms," he abruptly concluded, looking slyly at me. "All the streets in the Southern towns were named after English notables, and the manners and customs of the Virginians—to say nothing of the idioms—were decidedly English. The only thing un-English was the slave trade. Even the public schools were 'Lancasterian,' and at the Richmond Lancasterian School I spent some years. But my parents wanted me to be educated for the priesthood, and I was put under the charge of the Christian Brothers. It was then that, by accident, I first entered a theatre. I was about thirteen or fourteen." "Going to the theatre," he went on, "had a strange effect upon me. My childhood had been passed in the fold of the Roman Church, watching the procession of the mass, listening to the music of the great organ and the sweet voices of the chanting choristers—the whole thing a beautiful religious pageant. You can see how easy it was to drift from all that to the stage. It excited or aroused my peculiar Roman Catholic hysterical temperament into a condition that was very willing to accept any outlet; and as the theatre seemed the nearest thing to the pageantry of the church, I was at once attracted to the stage. It was a natural gravitation, for had I been trained for medicine or

the law I would probably have never felt the attraction of the theatre as I felt it the night when I first saw the footlights."

"And when did you first tread the boards?"

"Let me see," he reflectively replied. "Ah," he continued, "it was the 8th of September, 1855, when I joined the Richmond Dramatic Association. In the old Richmond Theatre—a queer, odd place—I played many youthful parts—the *Prince of Wales* in 'Richard III.' being one."

Mr. Clarke was an apt scholar; he quickly learnt all that his fellow-actors at Richmond could teach him.

"In 1857," he went on, "I appeared in pantomime at Baltimore, playing with the Revels, the founders of that famous family of pantomimists. Then I think I went thoroughly through the dramatic mill, acting all kinds of parts here, there, and everywhere. My period of training was a severe one—far different to that of the young man of to-day. It was one I shall never regret having experienced; it taught all those valuable lessons which experience, hard and stern, alone can give. Constant acting in stock companies, with the change of stars every few weeks, proved invaluable to me in the study of Shakespearian and the legitimate drama. All my education lay in that routine. The modern actor plays the dress-suit parts of the average contemporary gentleman, whereas I was always brought up in the sock-and-buskin school, pure and simple. But until I joined Edwin Forrest I failed to get the real stimulus to achieve good work. I do not believe that there ever will be a man who was so great an actor as Forrest. There are now very few alive who have played with him; I believe I am about the last of the race. It would be impossible to describe the man. He had the physique and the beauty at once of an Apollo Belvidere, with a grand intellect, running wholly and solely in the channel of his art. There was an extraordinary magnetism about him. He once told me he knew but two books—Shakespeare and the Bible—and these two were ever at his hand. He loved his profession to idolatry, and, what is more, gave money, and in his will founded a home for aged and infirm actors. One of my first meetings with Forrest took place some time before I joined his company. When I reached his home he came to the door himself.

"'I am glad you have come,' he said, as he led me through his hall into the art gallery. A portrait leaned against a chair. It represented the elder Kean in the character of *Richard III.*, where the king, aroused from sleep, starts from his couch. Forrest showed me the picture.

"'That is the great Kean,' he said. 'I must tell you about him. A great many years ago, when Mr. Kean came to America, I was engaged to play *Othello* to his *Iago*. We began our rehearsals three or four weeks before Mr. Kean came. Each rehearsal came and went, but no Kean appeared. Our last rehearsal passed over, and still he did not come. The day of the performance came, and still we heard nothing of Kean's arrival at the theatre. Naturally I got

nervous, and waited upon him at his hotel, where he had been staying since his arrival in New York. I found him in his room. It was evident that he had been up all night at a long orgie, for the room was littered with champagne bottles and glasses. There was an open piano in the room, at which Kean was sitting. His face was frightfully pale, but you could see the peculiar chameleon-like colours of his eyes. I apologised for intruding upon him and told him my business.'

"'Ah, Mr. Forrest,' he replied, 'it was useless to rehearse; we both understand *Othello* so well. The mere mechanism of a 'cross' or a changed position on the stage would have been of no importance, for naturally we should have drifted into it. We shall even be more *Othello* and more *Iago* for our want of rehearsal. By-the-way, Mr. Forrest, you have never heard me sing?'

"He sang and played one of Tom Moore's melodies. Then said Forrest to me, holding the portrait affectionately in his hand, 'Clarke, I've heard all the great singers of the day, but I never heard so sweet a voice as that of Kean's. It seemed as if God had marked him out for a genius, and that the brilliancy of his eye and the sweet tones of his voice could not be destroyed by the ravages of dissipation.' And so Forrest went on, paying a magnificent tribute to Kean's memory. Edwin Forrest was a man absolutely without jealousy, and any young actor who showed a devotion to the drama found in him a friend and ally."

For a brief moment Mr. Clarke paused. Then I asked him, "What effect had Forrest's acting upon you?"

"It was an education—a real education. He had a wonderful voice; his lightest whisper could be heard all over the house. When acting with him in 'Richelieu,' I used to lean, when the action needed it—purposely somewhat heavily—on his chest. He had a perfect knowledge of breathing, a power few actors possess. Then, when he spoke, my head would rise and fall according to the volume of sound which came from his throat. When we were on tour, to save him trouble I used to rehearse for the great actor. To take 'Othello' as an instance, I would play the *Moor* in the morning and *Iago* at night. The greatest care was needed in teaching the different companies the importance of doing exactly as they were told; and if they went wrong one look from Forrest would stupify them. For my own part I was, to some extent, a giant in the morning and a pigmy at night. I remember one curious instance of Forrest's dealing with the actors and actresses whom he met. To those who did their work well, he was charming; to the opinionative fellow who had his own theories upon a particular reading, alas!"—and Mr. Clarke left the sentence unfinished. "There was an old actor who, years before, had played all the standard 'old men' parts with Forrest. At the time of which I am speaking he was first 'old man' at Boston Theatre, where Forrest and I were to appear. One morning I came down to rehearse *Richelieu*. During the rehearsal I asked

the old man to enter from the opposite side to that at which he appeared. He refused, and replied, 'I've played with Mr. Forrest when you were a child.'

"He then made it decidedly unpleasant for me during the rehearsal. At night, Forrest did not leave his dressing-room until the very last moment. The cue came, and the actor had not time to get to his place before Forrest entered. As he did so, he glared fiercely at the unlucky *Joseph*. When the curtain fell, he asked me to bring the actor to him.

"'Now, sir,' he said, 'why didn't you do as Mr. Clarke asked you this morning?'

"'Why, Mr. Forrest,' replied the culprit, 'you remember I acted with you twenty-five years ago, when I came in as I did to-night. You know I don't need any rehearsal with you, sir. I've played *Joseph* with you many times.'

"Forrest looked at the actor. Then he said, speaking slowly, 'Sir, twenty-five years ago I was a student: to-day I am a student; and you, with your reputation and position in the profession, have the effrontery to say I am to play my part as I did twenty-five years ago.'

"'Well, not that, exactly, sir.'

"'I see,' went on Forrest, 'you prefer to stay where you were twenty-five years ago; and it is you who talk about the traditions of the stage when all the time you are doing the stage a great harm. Now, sir, learn to-day—we are never above learning—and learn that when Mr. Clarke speaks he is only repeating me, for I have taught him all the business of the play. The actor who thinks he can never learn anything fresh every day will never make an actor.'

"A few years afterwards Forrest's remarks came true, for the fellow left the profession, and went east as a scrivener.

"Never did I so plainly see the magic influence which Forrest cast over his audiences as on the occasion of a notable performance to a crowded house. We were on together in 'King Lear.' On turning to look at Forrest, I was transfixed to see that he had either pulled off his wig or it had accidentally fallen. Every moment we feared that a roar of laughter might disturb the King. But not a soul in the house made a murmur. His jet black hair was of a very different hue to that of his wig, but no one noticed the accident. Everyone was fascinated by Forrest's acting, and when the curtain fell on the act he replaced the hair he had lost."

"Edwin Booth was but one of many stars with whom you played, wasn't he, Mr. Clarke?"

"Yes, I joined Booth just after his return from California in the late fifties. He had had pretty hard times in San Francisco, but his prospects were beginning to improve. Acting with him was no child's-play; nothing tired him. I remember one week's work with him which I think it would be difficult to beat. On Monday we played 'Hamlet'; Tuesday, 'Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin';

Wednesday, 'Othello'; Thursday, 'The Apostate'; Friday, 'Romeo'; and Saturday, 'Richard III.' He had any number of other characters which we supported, *Richard II.*, *Shylock*, *Benedick*, *Petruchio*, *Richelieu*, *The Stranger*, *Antony*, *Cassius*, and the like. Booth was a totally different man from Forrest. He had all that marvellous elasticity and temperament so characteristic of the Booth family. I well recollect his once telling me in great glee that he and John S. Clarke were boys together and formed a minstrel band, whose performances were given in the elder Booth's back-yard. At these shows Edwin Booth was a jig dancer, while Clarke played the banjo. I daresay the very last time Booth visited a theatre happened when he occupied a box at Mr. Daly's house in New York, a short time before he died."

"When did your Daly period begin, Mr. Clarke?"

"I first appeared with Mr. Daly in a piece of his own, called 'Taming the Butterfly,' produced in 1863, under the management of Mrs. John Wood. Then came a break of six years, when I again joined Mr. Daly." At that period Mr. Clarke was called by the New York press, the "Montague of his day." In 1873, he again left Mr. Daly, when he came to England, and here played "The Shaughraun" through the provinces, and finally Charles Wyndham's part in "Pink Dominoes" on its first tour. Again he returned to the "true fold," and Mr. Clarke is now one of the oldest members of Mr. Daly's company, besides acting in the responsible position of stage-manager. Of Mr. Daly he spoke with enthusiasm—

"Mr. Daly is like Edwin Forrest," he said, "he has not a thought beyond the elevation of the stage. Every member of the company, from Miss Rehan downwards, regards the manager as the father of a big family, and I know of few theatres where every man and woman works as cordially towards producing that success which we all desire. From what I know of Mr. Daly, I can honestly say that he thinks there is something more than money in the drama, something beyond the almighty dollar."

Our talk then turned to the present condition of the stage and its future.

"Have you any faith in the younger generation now knocking at the door?" I asked the actor.

"Every faith," was his emphatic reply. "Some newspaper writers here, and in the States, talk of the probable decay of the stage. They want to know where they can get another Irving, another Booth. There never was a time when the stage lacked good men. When Kemble, Kean and Macready all died, Irving was not thought of. Yet Irving to-day is as strong a pillar of the dramatic temple as ever any of these dead and gone men were. Pessimism implies a doubt, and in doing that it casts a shadow upon the present condition of things. It questions the young men of to-day, who are rather disheartened by it, and throws them back in their ambitions. To me, it seems that the press ought to take an encouraging view of things; there are plenty of good actors and

actresses in the field. All they want is opportunity. As I passed over Waterloo Bridge the other day, and saw the 'Poverty Corner' of the music-hall artists, I couldn't help thinking that there was no reason why the stage in England should seem to be at 'Poverty Corner.' I have heard that managers attribute their losses to the competition of the music-halls, and the disinclination of folks to go to a theatre. Well, that is a thing which I think the press and the manager can remedy. Instead of entering into competition with the variety hall, the managers should keep the theatres as far ahead of the music-hall as the music-hall is in advance of the tap-room concert. To me, it seems that managers should keep up the dignity of the dramatic art by dropping the music-hall element, which, of course, is very good in its way, but it is not dramatic art. Perhaps my stay here has not been long enough to gauge the true cause of the depression, but I should not be surprised if the fault lay here. The refined classes who go to the theatre say, I imagine, 'When I go to the theatre, I want to see a beautifully played drama, not a piece into which music-hall performers are lugged bodily and given the principal parts.' We want more Irvings, Dalys, Trees and Hares."

"If one thing more than another," Mr. Clarke proceeded, "causes sorrow to the properly constituted actor, it is the growing inclination of the general public to prefer the personalities of the stage, to good, intelligent acting. By 'personalities' I mean, of course, the inquisitive enquiries made by the public as to the private character of an actor or an actress—the picking of holes in the reputations of those whose work lies on the stage—the anxiety to learn all about the baser side of life rather than the better. Here, as in America, you find gossip, gossip, gossip about the actor and actress and very little real appreciation of, or consideration for, the artistic results of their work. Now, to my mind, this should not be. Mind, in some cases, I believe the actor is at fault in pushing, for the purposes of advertisement, his personality to the front; but, oftener, the public is to blame. An actor cannot go to his club, or mix in society, without his profession being everlastingly talked about, and 'shop' ringing always in his ears, as if he wore his art and his profession on his sleeve for every Dick, Tom or Harry to peck at. If the public only considered how wearying to the actor such talk may be, especially after he has been working all day at rehearsal and performing at night, I am sure they would desist. They forget that the actor is a being reasonably interested—as is every other man—in books and all the many other things on the earth. So, I say to the public, give him a rest, and drop the continual chatter about personalities: and, if you will talk of the drama, discuss its higher walks, of which you need never tire. You would never dare to ask a medical man for information about the character—good or bad—of some patient, about the sufferer's ailments and methods of cure adopted. Why then cannot the public see that the actor in his profession occupies a precisely similar position."

With this pathetic cry, our talk on dramatic art came to a close. We walked down to the theatre, through whose stage-door Mr. Clarke disappeared. A few minutes later I saw him burst on the stage, intent only on taming that best of *Katherines*, Ada Rehan.

ARTHUR CROXTON.



Six Phases in the Life of Moliere.

PHASE THE SECOND.

"FROM WEALTH TO WANT."



AT the beginning of the sixteenth century dramatic art in France was in a state of transition. The mystery plays had long given way to high falutin', bombastic *réchauffés* of the loves, the woes, the crimes, and the *avatars* of Kings, and Queens, and Emperors pumped forth in endless Alexandrines, and roared out in King Cambyse's vein.

There were two theatres in Paris—one, for tragic plays, at the Hôtel de Bourgogne—the other, in the Marais, where a troupe of Italian players had introduced and popularised the "Comédia dell'Arte."

In 1629, Corneille inaugurated a new era with the production of his first work, "*Melite*." Richelieu, who was vainer of his verse than of his statesmanship, also wrote a classic play, which was received with chilling apathy by "dull tiers of lifeless gapers."

It is possible that young Poquelin saw the solitary offspring of the great Cardinal's muse strangled to death at the moment of its birth. Most probably he saw Corneille's maiden effort, and there can be no doubt whatever that he saw the *Cid* in 1637. Many of his works attest that he saw, and indeed made a profound study of, the Italian mimes, their method, and the structure of their so-called comedies. In this respect he had been anticipated by a trio of French players, named Gauthier Garguille, Turlupin, and Gros Guillaume, who had acquired and appropriated all the extravagance of the Italian clown, pantaloon, and scaramouccia, and enriched it with a native drollery entirely their own. These distinguished comedians appear to have been linked together not only by their calling, but by a romantic personal attachment. They commenced their career by acting in a booth, in which their performance became so celebrated, that it was

the talk of the city, and even Richelieu himself was attracted to see them. The Cardinal was so delighted with these famous *droles* that he immediately ordered the company at the Hôtel de Bourgogne to engage them, alleging that he "needed some antidote to their heavy plays, which always affected him with the spleen." For three years these admirable actors remained the delight of young Poquelin and the golden youth of Paris, a delight which was only eclipsed by their most tragic end.

Having been thrown into prison for caricaturing the peculiarities of a certain wealthy magistrate, a terrible malady caused Guillaume's death a few days after his imprisonment. Grief for his loss so affected Garguille and Turlupin, that they followed their beloved companion to his grave in less than a week after his untimely end.

The church, having lost a source of considerable emolument in the monopoly of the miracle plays, conceived a fierce antipathy to their former coadjutors, but Richelieu was above such petty prejudice. He was a magnificent patron of the players, and not only induced the King to follow suit, but actually made him pass a law elevating the social standard of the comedians. The profession of the theatre had become both popular and remunerative, but, whatever they thought of the playhouse, evidently young Poquelin and his friends did not think much of the play acting.

In a word, these airy young gentlemen, like all other amateurs, were convinced that they could act very much better than the actors, besides which, they felt assured that their social distinction would prove a great attraction, and that they had only to show themselves for all Paris to rush after them. The actors, of course, did not see matters from this light—hence a rupture occurred between them and their fashionable friends. Obviously, even heaven-inspired geniuses cannot go out in the highways and byeways to act. Thespis and his goat-cart were out of date ("pastoral players" were not invented in those days), and a theatre cannot be built, or even hired, without money.

Poquelin's colleagues were confident of results, and profuse of protestations, but when it came to the question of finding the sinews of war, they were rather backward in coming forward. He himself was stage-struck beyond redemption. Although he had been playing the *flaneur* for two years or more, he had still the remains of his inheritance. He resolved therefore to abandon the Halls of Themis for the Temple of Thespis.

Strangely enough, a hundred years or so later, two young gentlemen of family, who had also been called to the Bar, commenced their artistic career in our own country, under directly analogous circumstances, but both Garrick and Foote achieved fame and fortune without having encountered a tenth part of the trials through which young Poquelin had to pass.

The over sanguine amateur took a racket court near the Porte de Nesle, which, with the aid of trestles, planks, and rude benches, and some rough scenery, he transformed into a Thespian Temple

under a most grandiloquent title. In the preface to the first collected edition of his works, it is alleged by the then surviving members of his famous troupe that "he attempted to establish himself at Paris with several other persons of family (*enfants de famille*), who should by his example engage in the art of comedy under the title of the *Illustre Théâtre*!" What a blessing are the light-heartedness and the modesty of youth!

It was in the year 1645, that at this Illustrious Theatre Jean Baptiste leaped upon the stage, intending to eclipse the common players of the Bourgogne and the Marais, and it was also on this occasion that he, for the first time, assumed the name which he afterward made famous—the name of de Molière. Why he took this name is as great a mystery as that which induced Secondat to call himself Montesquieu, or François Arouet *fils*, to call himself M. de Voltaire. It is possible that the success of a famous book called "*La Polixène*," written by a popular actor of the period named Molière, may have suggested the idea, or it may have been that Poquelin assumed the first name which came uppermost, in consequence of his father's prejudice against the stage—for that the elder Poquelin was bitterly opposed to his son's becoming an actor there can be no doubt.

Apròpos of which, Perrault relates the following anecdote:—"A schoolmaster was sent by the Poquelin family to exhort the young comedian to abandon an impious calling—the exercise of which plunged his nearest relations into despair. When the pedagogue had ended his exhortation, Molière began to speak, and preached so well that the schoolmaster was fain to renounce Homer and Virgil and devote himself solely to Thespis; he joined Molière's troupe, and it is alleged that the comedies (now lost) of the '*Maitre d'Ecole*,' the '*Docteur Amoureux*,' and the '*Trois Docteurs Rivaux*,' were written expressly for this academical convert."

Neither Molière nor his *confrères* appear to have set the Seine on fire in their first location, hence they migrated from one side of the river to the other, and pitched their tent in the Faubourg St. Germain, where their "illustrious" friends were as oblivious of their merits as the great unwashed had already been in the more popular district. Ultimately, the manager and his "Illustrious" troupe moved over to the tennis court of the Croix Blanche, where they made their last stand. Up to this time, they had been merely exploiting themselves and acting to "deadheads."

One of Molière's biographers states:—"As long as they played gratis at his expense, they were tolerated, but when they asked payment for admission the state of affairs changed altogether. They were applauded when they acted for nothing, but hissed when it cost money to see them."

The youthful innovator had gained wisdom by bitter experience, and now began to arrive at the conclusion that it would be somewhat difficult to establish the reputation of a playhouse without players. The bulk of the *fils de famille*, finding that their over sanguine

manager had no more money to lose—rat-like deserted the sinking ship.

It was at this juncture that the famous comedians, the Béjart's came to the rescue. They were also persons of quality, the elder Béjart being an advocate who claimed descent from a noble family of great antiquity. Of these Béjarts, there were Madame (*mère*) two brothers, and two sisters—Madeleine, and Geneviève—to the former of whom, a woman of considerable beauty and great accomplishments, Molière was supposed to be attached.

Despite the aid of these valuable recruits, the star of the "Illustrious Theatre" set in ignominy, and the unfortunate manager was thrown into prison. How he regained his freedom we have no knowledge, but it is certain that after a short incarceration he was set at liberty. He was now barely five-and-twenty years of age, a man of culture, a ripe scholar, an advocate, and it was not too late to have made another start in life, but the glamour of the theatre had overmastered him, and he had a passion for the calling of the players. By this time he had been disillusionised, and had learned the fact that nothing but hard work and perpetual application could enable him to attain any—the least degree of eminence. Baffled, but not disheartened, he returned to the charge, determined this time to begin at the beginning.

But where to begin? Paris was out of the question.

Being over head and ears in debt, his liberty was in a very precarious condition, and in order to get out of the clutches of creditors and bailiffs, he determined to seek "fresh woods and pastures new." Accompanied by the faithful Béjarts, who clung to his fallen fortunes, and possibly by two or three of the *fils de famille*, in 1666 he quitted Paris for the longest provincial tour on record. As he took a last lingering look at the inappreciative city of his birth, one can imagine him exclaiming in the bitterness of his heart:—"Ungrateful Paris, you despise me now, but the time will come when you shall be proud of me!"

PHASE THE THIRD.

"THE STROLLERS."

For many years after his departure from Paris, the career of Molière and the comedians of the "Illustrious Theatre" (for they still clung to that pretentious title) was involved in obscurity, and to this day no authentic record of their doings has been discovered. There can be no doubt, however, that they went to "wakes and fairs and market towns" with their own scenery and costumes, and doubtless fitted up with their own hands the barns and public places in which they acted—having previously kootoo'd to the little big-wig of the place—mayor or magistrate—to obtain permission to give their performances. They played all the big plays to little houses, clinging in good fortune or bad fortune loyally to each other, enduring bravely the hardships of their lot, not altogether, let us trust, without the blessings which attend upon youth and hope.

Two years after they commenced their wanderings, Madame Béjart made an addition to the company in the shape of a little daughter, who was duly christened Armande.

Better far for Molière that child had never been born, for she was destined to exert a maleficent influence upon his life in the years to come.

At last our comedians reached Bordeaux. It was here that it occurred to the young manager to try his fortune as an author. Of course his maiden effort was a tragedy. We all write tragedies to begin with. When one gets into difficulties with the *dramatis personæ* it is so easy to "remove them" with the dagger, the bowl, the block, or the bowstring. "La Thébaïde" was, as a matter of course, immediately and incontinently damned.

Molière, however, maintained to the last that the failure arose from the stupidity of the public (evidently the public was as stupid then as now!). Finding Melpomene unsympathetic and ungrateful, our author now devoted his attention to Thalia, and turned out farces and extravaganzas too numerous to mention.

The origin of most of these may be traced to his studies of the Italian comedians before-mentioned, applied to the conditions of French life and society in which he happened to be thrown for the time being. In years to come when the charge of plagiarism from the Italian comedy was brought against him, he was wont to reply, "I take my own where I find it."

During the period of his provincial probation, he was actively engaged in storing his mind with mental pabulum, gathered from his constant observation of men and manners.

There is a barber's shop at Pegenas, where an arm-chair is still preserved in which, doubtless with the connivance of the master, Molière used to station himself ostensibly to receive the customers' money, but really to study their language and physiognomy.

The first gleam of sunshine came to the poor stroller through a happy accident which brought him in contact with his former schoolfellow, the Prince de Conti, who happened to be presiding over the meeting of the States of Languedoc, and who invited Molière to bring his company to act in the Palace there.

The troupe received a regular salary from the Prince, who invested his quondam schoolmate with the dignity of Master of Ceremonies at the Court, and also offered him the post of Private Secretary.

"Sire," replied the poet, "I am a fairly good player, but I fear I should make but a bad secretary."

After this pleasant break Molière and his troupe resumed their wanderings, attended by their usual run of ill-luck, and, indeed, they were altogether lost in obscurity until they emerged from the mist at Lyons in 1658, where they appear to have been opposed by no less than two other itinerant troupes. Obviously the attractions of the old standard plays must have been soon used up by the three companies, especially in a town of limited population. In this emergency, Molière fell back upon himself, producing his first

comedy, "L'Etourdi," with a success so signal that it carried everything before it, and completely extinguished the other two companies, who were compelled to close their doors.

This was the turning point in the fortunes of our "Illustrious Comedians." The principal actors from the disbanded companies—Charles Varlet de La Grange, Philibert Gaussy, Sire Du Croissy, and Dupare, together with Mdle. Dupare and Mdle. Le Brie* now came to Molière and begged permission to join his troupe.

The prejudices of caste were even more pronounced and more insensate in those days than they are now, and incredible as it may appear, in all probability these excellent comedians would not have been received into this little obscure strolling company had they not all been *gentilshommes*, a designation which, at that particular period, was held to signify that their ancestors had been always noble and unsullied by intermixture with plebeian blood, or as we might possibly say in these degenerate days, had they not been all scions of that ancient nobility whose gospel was, "The good old law, the simple plan, that they should take who have the will, and they should keep who can," and whose aristocratic hands were never defiled by any occupation less noble than stealing their neighbours' flocks and herds or cutting their neighbours' throats.†

All these actors ultimately attained the most distinguished eminence. Du Croissy was the original *Tartuffe*; Mdle. Dupare the reigning beauty of Paris and the great tragedy queen of her day; while Mdle. Le Brie, after retiring from the stage, was at sixty years of age absolutely forced by the enthusiastic pit to step out of her box and play, in her private costume, her original part of *Agnes* the sixteen years' old heroine of *L'Ecole des Femmes*.

From the moment these invaluable auxiliaries joined Molière, he never looked back.

Henceforth, the "Illustrious Comedians" became really illustrious, and their progress through all the principal towns and cities was a continued succession of triumphs. The good time had been a long time coming, but it had come at last.

JOHN COLEMAN.

(To be continued.)

* It was the custom of the period to call the married actresses *Mademoiselle*.

† The curious on this subject may obtain much interesting information in the notice on Molière's company in Madame Blaze de Bury's interesting work upon the French Classical Drama.



The Past Dramatic Season.



THE two salient points of the past dramatic season are the production and the success of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." That Mr. Pinero should write such a play was conceivable, for had he not already written a play—"The Profligate"—without any idea of its production? But that it should be produced! and produced at so cautiously conducted a theatre as the St. James's! Nothing in Mr. Alexander's previous "form" pointed to him as the manager who would take upon himself the brunt of a dramatic revolution, least of all a revolution in favour of realism. We use "realism" in its proper sense as the antithesis, not of "romance" nor yet of "health and decency"—to which it has been opposed only by the contrast of events—but of artificiality. Mr. Alexander's successes had all been in highly artificial pieces. In "The Idler," a play of action, the characters behaved as no one ever behaved off the stage. The dialogue which made "Lady Windermere's Fan" was such as no one ever spoke outside a book. "Liberty Hall" was a character play, but its only character approaching real life was *Todman*. With the last-mentioned play, as sweet a comedy of the "croquet" order as ever was, Mr. Alexander seemed to have reached a prosperous calm. And then, without a word of warning, he bursts his storm on us. It was a dramatic *coup d'état*!

Still more surprising is the conversion of the Lord Chamberlain. A year before he had banished much that was vital of "A Visit" to a handbill, and the alternative presented to such as wished to meet life squarely in the theatre was either to learn a foreign language or to spend the intervals ruining their eyes over a circular containing such parts of the play as the Lord Chamberlain thought unfit for their ears. However, he *has* been converted, and since it is as difficult for a public official to retreat as to advance, we may trust that there will be no backsliding, and that where the head of our dramatists has passed the whole body will be allowed to follow.

The success of the play was certain. The public are sick of artificiality on the stage, artificiality of character, of motive, of conduct, of circumstance, of everything. They may wince at the word "realism," but unless they can get plays true to something more than stage convention they will give up the theatre altogether. For this attitude they have, chiefly, to thank Dr. Ibsen. But they do not thank him, being too much offended at his manners. When he confronted them they went to the theatre not to see life but to get away from it. They recoiled from him. Many objected to his clinical

lectures on their most domestic affairs ; they resented his familiarities, tolerable only in a ladies' doctor. When they wanted to know what was the matter with them, they would call in their old family physician, who would not throw out insinuations against their parents. Others felt defrauded. They had gone to a theatre only to find themselves in a hospital. And so Dr. Ibsen failed to get a lucrative practice of his own. But a visit to a hospital, however undertaken, deepens one's sense of life. This they discovered, when they returned to their old plays and found that the husband and wife, over whose fortunes they had once been so moved, were no longer husband and wife, not even man and woman, but only hero and heroine. Whereat many fell away altogether from the theatre as a place of serious entertainment. It was here that Mr. Pinero stepped in ; not first, but with greatest adroitness. "The Bread-winner" had ceased to win bread more than a year before ; "Agatha Tylden" had recently gone into liquidation. Both these plays were in their subject as human, in their treatment as natural, as Mr. Pinero's. But Mr. Calmour and Mr. Rose had been too natural, had forgotten that the play must be kept going, and going on familiar lines. Mr. Pinero, with greater astuteness, saw the necessity of compromise, and without going out of his way to beat up points and situations, took good care to secure them whenever they came within his reach.

Of our other serious dramatists only Mr. Oscar Wilde has advanced. "A Woman of No Importance" shows that he can write a fine act, and bids us hope that when he has staged all the epigrams in "Dorian Grey" he may write a fine play. Mr. Jones's "Bauble Shop" does not compare favourably with "The Dancing Girl." It is very artificial, and the setting of the local colour is ill-chosen. In "Saints and Sinners" it was provincial dissent of which Mr. Jones knew plenty ; in the "Middleman"—the Potteries of which *we* knew nothing. With political life and Parliamentary procedure we are, alas ! only too familiar and however chastened the view we take of their attractions we do not like to see them grotesquely distorted for the sake of dramatic effect. Mr. Haddon Chambers bids fair to be the chief victim of the revolution. A past-master in the old artificial style of play, he failed in "The Honourable Herbert" in attempting the new. This year he has again changed horses, his productions being a farce, "The Old Lady," and an indescribable drama, said to be "of modern life," "The Queen of Manoa," written in collaboration with Mr. Outram Tristram. "The Old Lady" died young, and from very natural causes, the "humour of it" being to provide Mrs. John Wood with as unsuitable a part as possible. The "Queen of Manoa" was even less happy. Of Mr. R. C. Carton's "Liberty Hall" we have already spoken, his "Robin Goodfellow"—an attempt to provide stronger fare—was less successful.

Poetic drama has monopolised the Lyceum, the season at which has been uninstructional except as showing in "Becket" a fresh side of Mr. Irving's genius, *i.e.*, as an adaptor. Of "King Lear" all that could be expected was that it would be better "done" there than it could

be elsewhere, that Mr. Irving would be a more interesting *Lear*, and Miss Terry a finer *Cordelia* than was to be found elsewhere on our native stage. Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's "*Hypatia*" at the Haymarket was nothing remarkable as play or poem, but thanks to Mr. Tree's masterly *Issachar*, and as masterly stage-management, it achieved a fair success. The chief revivals were Webster's "*Duchess of Malfi*," by the Independent Theatre, and the "*Hunchback*," disinterred by the Daly Company, in order apparently to show us how deformed and distorted he was. To those who contrast "realism" with "romance," we commend this truly romantic play.

Old fashioned unflinching melodrama is on the wane. True, at Drury Lane "*The Prodigal Daughter's*" career was a source of comfort to her parents, Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. Henry Pettitt; the engagement of "*Voluptuary*" in the great racecourse scene being a bit of realism which those who like their realism in a concrete form could relish. But the story of the Adelphi is significant. Till recently it flourished on about one play a year, and anything like nature was sternly repressed. This year "*The Lights of Home*," though declared the "most interesting melodrama since the '*Silver King*,'" were before long extinguished by the "*Lost Paradise*." This dealt with the relations of capital and labour, and its most sensational poster represented a gentleman tying a lady's shoe. Then came Messrs. Sims and Buchanan's "*Black Domino*," which was more in old Adelphi style, and did not suffer (as both its forerunners did) from occasional twinges of conscience in favour of nature. Three months and it gave way to Mr. H. Pettitt's "*Woman's Revenge*," which lends itself to hoardings, and needs nothing but a shipwreck to make the old Adelphi folk feel quite at home. Turning to revivals it is very significant that only one pure melodrama, Mr. Jones's "*Hoodman Blind*," has been revived, and that it ran but a week. Truly we must conclude that our old melodramatic public has fallen away.

No other play (not being farcical or musical) has met with any great success. Mr. Benham's "*Awakening*," Messrs. Parker and Clark's "*David*," Mr. Henderson's "*Silent Battle*," Messrs. De Mille and Belasco's "*Man and Woman*," Mr. Dam's "*Silver Shell*" and Messrs. Sims and Raleigh's "*Uncle John*," have all held the bills for a time. Single performances have been given of Mr. Rutland Barrington's "*Bartonmere Towers*," Messrs. Philpott and Burgin's "*Allendale*," Mr. Seymour Hicks's "*Uncle Silas*" (in collaboration with Mr. Lawrence Irving). The chief noteworthy feature of the above plays is that in most cases they are neither comedies nor melodramas, but hybrids—comedy subjects treated on melodramatic lines or *vice versa*. Writers are feeling the spirit of transition, and in many cases seek refuge in describing their works simply as "plays." Of greater importance, however, were three plays, none of which was given more than once—"Alan's Wife," a powerful and gloomy work; and two studies, "*The Strike at Arlingford*" and "*Widowers' Houses*," in which Mr.

George Moore and Mr. G. B. Shaw respectively gave expression to their views on social economy. An imported play, "Alexandra," which ran but a few nights, would deserve mention if only as providing Miss Achurch with one of the few "creations" of the year. It is, indeed, a very remarkable play, and only requires a somewhat different style of adaptation to become one of Miss Achurch's strongest cards. The chief revivals have been "Diplomacy," "The Ironmaster," "Our Boys," and "The White Lie." The first was the most successful owing to the reappearance of Mrs. Bancroft, but all (except the last, which was practically re-written), brought home not only the flight of time, but its changes.

Mr. Brandon Thomas's "Charley's Aunt" is the only admittedly farcical piece which has achieved that success which managers love to call "phenomenal." As a complement to it we had "The Amazons," a "farcical romance" by Mr. Pinero; which, although the only light play of the year of any distinction, had not the substance to secure a long run. Moderately successful have been Mr. Sapte's "Lucky Dog," Messrs. Sims and Raleigh's "Guardsmen," Mr. H. Graham's "County Councillor," and Mr. Lestocq's adaptation "The Sportsman." Mr. Abbott's "Sleep-walker" is still in a state of probation. Messrs. Paulton's "Niobe" and Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Walker, London," continued running practically throughout the year. "Betsy," "Pink Dominoes," "The Arabian Nights," "The Guv'nor" and "Forbidden Fruit" underwent revival. "Diplomacy" followed "Diplomacy," while other burlesques were Mr. Rose's "Babble Shop" and Mrs. Hugh Bell's "Jerry Builder."

Comic opera has gone from bad to worse in spite of more money having been spent over it than over all other kinds of play put together. One of the most thriving was suddenly withdrawn in consequence, it is said, of the management discovering that not even full houses could cover the expenses. The reason seems sufficient. There has been no Gilbert-Sullivan Savoy opera to dispel the cloud: Mr. Gilbert's sole production being the trifling re-adaptation, "Haste to the Wedding." Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Grundy collaborated in "Haddon Hall," the only big success of the season. "Mam'selle Nitouche" is, however, still running; but of a dozen or so other comic operas all came to a more or less untimely end, the cause of death usually being failure of the *libretto*. "The Golden Web" was an exception; Mr. Goring Thomas's *forte* did not lie in comedy music. Among the composers badly "run out" by their librettists were Mr. Herbert Parry and Signor Albeniz. Of the two revivals, "La Fille de Madame Angot" seems likely to do better than "Dorothy" did.

What has become then of the old comic opera public? Has it gone off arm-in-arm with the old Adelphi audiences? And whither? Well, those who used to go to comic opera not for the play but the display have no doubt gone over to "Morocco Bound," where they can get the dances and songs untroubled by a story. Bad "books" have frightened off those who went for the story, while those few

who went for the music can now get better music elsewhere—at the Grand Opera (now cheap), for instance. The sooner managers look to their “books” the better for them. Before passing on we should record the sad death of Mr. Fred Leslie, who might perhaps have restored the fortunes of comic opera. And we should also acknowledge the neatness of Mr. Adrian Ross’s lyrics. The output of good one-act plays increases. The most striking was Mr. Thomas Hardy’s “Three Wayfarers.” Another of great merit, “Aftermath,” by Miss Nora Vynne, appeared in the last number of this magazine. “The Burglar and the Judge” and “The Underground Journey” were amusing, while Mr. Zangwill got some of his cleverness into “The Great Demonstration.” Less satisfactory was “Over the Way,” exhumed with less respect to the memory of T. W. Robertson than desire to make a “triple bill” look well. We have had a quintuple bill made up of the dramatic indiscretions of some half-dozen men (and women) of letters. It served to point a couple of morals—first, that names will not draw (which “Jane Annie” confirmed); secondly, that there may be too much of a thing, even when it doesn’t happen to be particularly good. It also served to throw light on the lately-mooted question, “Why do novelists not write plays?” though the reason it suggests is one which seems to have escaped most of the writers consulted on the point. We should also note the *début* of Miss Florence Warden as a dramatist in “Uncle Mike.”

As to visitors. Dr. Ibsen (who always seems a visitor) has been honoured not only by the Independent Theatre and Mr. Waring, but by Signora Duse and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who introduced “The Enemy of the People” into his evening bill. “Hedda Gabler,” “Rosmersholm,” “The Master Builder,” “The Doll’s House,” and (in part) “Brand” have been produced. We have also had visiting us the Comédie Française and Signora Duse, who at once took rank among the greatest living actresses. But such visits do not materially affect our development, and the chief practical result is that we may hope soon to see an adaptation of Goldoni’s “La Locandiera” at the Lyceum.

To sum up. The outlook is bright. Our drama is smitten, but in its most artificial parts. The public demand to be interested, and interested by natural means. They demand realism, not squalor nor disease (even when hereditary), but that life of which these things are but the accidents. This life may take the form of romance, life often does, in its finest moments almost invariably does. But it will be realistic romance, not that of “The Hunchback.” In short, what the public (inspired by the free novel) ask is truth, not “terewth.” And the Lord Chamberlain actually seems at last inclined to let them have it:

G. E. MORRISON.



"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

FROM A GIRL'S POINT OF VIEW.



IT is rather late in the day to answer "A Candid Friend's" letter on "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," but the play has made itself so much a reality, so much a part of the emotional experience of everyone who saw it, that we all want to have our little say about it. "A Candid Friend," and most of the other critics, take naturally an essentially masculine view of the story. I don't mean to imply that a masculine view is not likely to be a true one; but a feminine point of view may be equally true. It is the chief proof of the greatness of the play that everyone can find the confirmation of his own theories in it. It is as many-sided as life, and will therefore prove almost anything. Everyone can find enough in it to prove his own beliefs with a little skilful ignoring. The critic of the *Referee*, for instance, only saw a good husband wasted on a bad wife—he ignored all the rest of the play. Mr. George Moore, according to Mr. Archer's quotations in the *Fortnightly* can only see everything that is bad in *Paula*, and calls *Tanqueray* a fanatic. "A Candid Friend" sees in it enough to inspire a very fine article, but still he ignores a great deal, for he says he does not know whether it was from overmastering passion, or a kind of splendidly unselfish social experiment that *Mr. Tanqueray* marries *Paula*, showing that he has ignored *Tanqueray's* own speech in the last act, which more than one critic has taken as the key-note of the piece—"I too have lived a man's life, but I have paid the price." Again, he speaks of the "flash of inspiration" when *Ellean* knows the reason of her father's rejection of *Captain Ardale* as her lover, in spite of *Ellean's* own confession that she has understood "these matters," and her statement later that she knew the sort of woman her step-mother was from the first. She is not ignorant, she has only seemed ignorant; what he takes for a flash of inspiration is only an outburst of candour. "Candid Friend" says that he is very sure that on these subjects, as on all others, knowledge is better than ignorance, but he says it as though he expected Mr. Pinero to disagree with him. In spite of the wise and emphatic words spoken by *Cayley Drummle*—"Of all sorts of innocence, ignorance is the least admirable," he falls into the very error Mr. Pinero seems to me to be combating, that of mistaking, in the case of *Ellean*, ignorance for innocence, and inexperience for purity—that is, circumstance for character.

These words of *Aubrey Tanqueray*, insisting on this difference

between character and circumstance, seem to me the centre on which the story turns. The play is a splendid exposition of this difference.

There are many things, doubtless, which women will never learn about men, there is one thing which men will never learn about women, that the purity of circumstance—the purity that consists in “a mother and three aunts”—is in itself absolutely valueless; purity of character is the only true purity. *Ellean* is quite right, girls can't help knowing “these things,” they go to church and hear of them there, they study history and learn of them there; and a good girl is not in the least hurt by the knowledge. It is not what a girl knows, but the view she takes of what she knows, the effect her knowledge has upon her that is—again, not her circumstances, but her character—which makes her pure or the reverse.

That this is Mr. Pinero's meaning I should gather from *Cayley Drummle's* remark, already quoted. One could almost wish *Tanqueray's* protest as to the difference between character and circumstance had been put into his mouth, for by the end of the play he seems to appreciate it much better than *Aubrey Tanqueray* himself.

Tanqueray, seeing his daughter in the convent, and mistaking, as most men would, her cold reticence (we learn later she was not ignorant) for the highest purity, is rebuked by it, and according to his own words resolves to pay the price of the life he has led—to rescue one woman from a life of degradation. Most of the critics take this explanation of his motive, whether they call the marriage an experiment, a mistake, or an act of expiation. All of them are of opinion that the result was a failure—was bound to be a failure.

On the other hand the critic of the *Queen*, a man I believe, though he writes for a woman's paper, points out that there are many wives moving in society to-day, who have pasts quite as dark as that of *Mrs. Tanqueray*. We all know that this is true, that such marriages very often succeed socially. And we knew as we sat out that terrible play that that particular marriage was bound to end in disaster; we felt the tragedy nearing us step by step. I would say that the tragedy was inevitable, because *Mr. Tanqueray's* experiment—effort, atonement, call it what you will—had not failed.

We had seen poor reckless passionate *Paula* slowly struggling upwards from the very worst degradation to a height of honour, which made it not only possible but necessary to her to sacrifice her husband and herself, and all her new hopes of happiness to the right, “I have got to tell *Mr. Tanqueray*.” She feels she has no choice about it. *Lady Orreyed* would have kept silent.

Indeed, the study of *Lady Orreyed* emphasises the difference between character and circumstance perfectly. She would have been as eager as *Captain Ardale* to hush up an unpleasant matter, she would have shocked no one whom it was her interest to conciliate. She would have been most discreet before people, and only spoken her mind when nothing was to be gained by prudence, as

when alone with her old associate *Paula*, and would probably have ended her life as a brilliant example of how successful such a marriage as hers could be; her circumstances were pretty much the same as *Paula's*, her character was different, that was all. *Paula* has none of her prudence. A woman struggling hard to be as good as she can, has no leisure to struggle to seem better than she is.

Paula, too, fails to realise this distinction between character and circumstance. She saw no difference between herself and *Lady Orreyed* in the past, she is amazed to find herself feeling a difference when they meet again. *Lady Orreyed* revolts her, but she cannot explain why. She cannot see that it is the change in herself which has made her former associate hateful to her. This is one of the finest touches in the play, and it was superbly acted. Yet all one masculine critic (he of the *Referee*, I think) could see in the incident was that the low woman, having her wish gratified by the presence of her low associate, was still ill-tempered from sheer unreasonableness. Again she, like her husband, mistook *Ellean's* cold egotism for heart-purity and hungered for the love of a good girl. Every good woman knows how a girl of the highest purity would have responded—would have loved *Paula* for her effort to regain her lost honour—would have loved her for love of the purity she was seeking. A good woman's strongest instinct is to help another woman to be good. A good girl might have been shocked at *Paula's* reckless speeches, but then a good girl would not have inspired them, they were the natural result of her cold reception of *Paula's* eager advances. Of course, an ignorant girl would not have understood them, but *Ellean* was not ignorant—she was ready to forgive her own lover, although she was not ready to forgive her father's wife. This is not the attitude of a real good woman, it is only the attitude of the average man's ideal good woman of fiction, or worse, of the average woman's exaggerated copy of the man's ideal good woman.

One can almost suppose from *Ellean's* coldness to her father and stepmother, and her eagerness to accept *Mrs. Cortelyon's* invitation, that what she felt most was the effect her father's marriage would have on her own prospects—such feeling would have been only natural in any but a very exceptionally unselfish nature.

Concerning this invitation, too, most of the critics take such a very masculine view. Men are so very apt to think everything that is purely feminine is unimportant. (I don't say we don't make equivalent mistakes. I exposed myself to the scorn of two men the other day, by not knowing that it was criminal to smoke a pipe in Piccadilly, and still don't know why it should be criminal; but just now I am not concerned with our ignorance of men's points of view, but their ignorance of ours). One critic, whose identity I forget, spoke of *Paula's* rudeness to a lady who had "kindly called." *Mrs. Cortelyon* called most unkindly, in point of fact; another, in conversation with me said, "*Paula* lost her temper over a 'mere trifle.'" Would it be a mere trifle to a man if he were turned out of

his club for cheating at cards?" The two situations are equal, or as nearly equal as two questions of honour can be where honour rests on a different basis in the two cases. For a lady—the leader of a county set—to refuse to call on a new-comer is practically to shut the door of every house in the neighbourhood against her; of course, it is open to every lady to choose her own acquaintances in an ordinary way, but for a woman to call on the newly-married wife of her intimate man friend is so much a matter of course, that her not doing so amounts to a statement. It is an open aspersion on the wife's character, because nothing but bad character on the part of the wife could justify such an insult to a woman's man friend. *Mrs. Cortelyon's* refusal to notice *Paula* killed all hope of the pleasant honoured life of which *Paula* had dreamed in the first act. It is an insult no man should ever forgive from his woman friend—she will only despise him if he does. I am not saying that *Paula's* reputation did not entirely justify *Mrs. Cortelyon's* conduct, I am only saying that the incident was not trifling, and that when she did call the visit was not a kindness, but an aggravation to *Paula*, both in its motive and its manner; she had come as it were to the rescue of *Ellean*, and she had, owing to the accident of seeing *Mr. Tanqueray* first, discussed the whole matter with her friend the husband, before she saw the wife. It is no wonder *Paula* behaved badly, a worse woman would have behaved better, not only was her conduct, to quote an old saying, "worse than wicked, it was vulgar"; it was worse than vulgar, it was impolitic.

Lady Orreyed would have been much more prudent; she would have gushed over "dear *Mrs. Cortelyon's* kindness," made no allusion whatever to the long time in which she had not called, accepted with flattering gratitude the kind invitation for darling *Ellean*, asked for a day or two for preparation, and arranged to take the "dear girl" to *Mrs. Cortelyon's* house herself. She would have turned the taking of *Ellean* into a formal return call, and a first step towards social recognition. She would have met with considerable difficulty owing to her innate coarseness, but she would have succeeded in the end just because of that coarseness, because she had no fine feelings to be wounded, nor any undercurrent of self-depreciation to render her sensitive.

I must own that at this point of the story I fell in love with *Paula*, and I am considerably relieved to find that so acute and sympathetic a critic as Mr. Archer (judging by the words he chooses to describe *Paula's* state of mind) also felt a certain tenderness towards her at that point. I loved her for being unable to dissemble and cringe, for being the sort of woman who could not make such a marriage a success, for the terrible truth that could not spare herself or her husband one single stab. "You look what is in it, I never could read his hand," she says, passing her husband the letter of her old lover. It was terrible, but the woman who had not the duplicity to stay such a speech on her lips then, was a thousand times more honourable than a cold untried girl-hypocrite

posing as ignorant of things she knew quite well, because she had been taught to accept the foolish theory that a woman is bound to go to the bad directly she knows the way there, or directly she knows there is a "bad" to go to.

Tanqueray does not quite understand *Paula*; that is, he did her justice as she was when he found her, but he does not realise her development. When she confesses to having intercepted his letters, he takes her confession with the same calmness with which he took that letter in the first act which had cost her so great an effort to write. "Why don't you scold me? Why don't you strike me?" she cries, and the words have a ring of reproach in them: it was terrible to her that he took her misdoings as a matter of course. She had a right to expect him to be angry when she struck *Ellean*, and he was not even surprised. Mr. Archer, who does *Paula* the fullest justice, and is of opinion this *Tanqueray* loved his wife intensely, calls this forbearance "long suffering," and speaks of it as "almost superhuman." So it was, but if *Aubrey Tanqueray* had been loving, he would not have been "superhuman." I don't believe that any man except Mr. Pinero, who wrote the scene, and Mr. Alexander who acted it, realised what pain such an attitude on the part of the man would cause a woman, whether she loved him or not.

I am not quite sure whether *Paula* loved *Aubrey Tanqueray*, or whether she only loved his character, and her own effort to rise to his level, but I do not think we are to understand that he loved her.

In that terrible last talk, when the husband and wife look the future in the face and see no hope there, when *Paula* speaks brokenly of her fading looks, the foolish thought came into my mind that if he would only tell her that she would always be beautiful to him, or that hers was not the kind of beauty that ever went off, all might have been well with them; later the thought has not seemed so foolish, for such trivial language would have been the language of love, and if *Tanqueray* had loved his wife that if anything would have been the one thing that could have warded off disaster. But he did not love her. He had a limitless tenderness for her as a woman who had never "had a fair chance," and he was absolutely loyal to her, and to his own undertaking. He had made a blind and chivalrous effort to atone to one woman for any wrong he might have done others; he carried it out with grand and noble patience, but this was not love. This was why, from the stand point of his own natural and unforced honour, he did not understand that *Paula* had won a tremendous victory in giving him that letter of confession. He could not understand later how his quiet acceptance of her ill-conduct hurt her. Her violence, her jealousy, her terrible allusions to her past are to him simply a part of his expiation. Before we heard that one outcry, "I too have lived a man's life, but I have paid my price," his forbearance seemed almost cruel; then we understood him, he was able to be just, and patient, with his wife because he did not love her. Possibly if he had loved her, he would not have married her for

then marriage would not have been an expiation, and he was bent on an expiation, and quite prepared to find it painful. If once or twice he broke down under the intensity of the pain, he was still too just and too generous to say one hard word to the woman he had chosen as the medium of his expiation, but still this was not love. If he had been a little less noble and a little more loving, things might have ended differently, but social success would have been the worst of failures for natures such as these.

Surely, years after, when poor *Ellean*—who after all could not help her cold nature, nor her convent training, and whose heart was touched at last by *Paula's* death—had learned to be a woman instead of a prude, and had got over her first fancy for a man mean enough to try and threaten a woman into dishonourable silence, *Aubrey Tanqueray*, seeing *Sir George* and *Lady Orreyed* received in society and cheerfully turning a freezing shoulder on anyone whose reputation was in danger, remembering poor *Paula's* struggles and death, would feel that his experiment had been successful after all. It is difficult to leave the subject of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" without a word as to the incomparable acting of it, but after all it is the highest compliment we can pay actors and actresses to lose them entirely in the parts they represent.

V.



Actors of the Age :

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

IV.—THE COMEDIANS.



OF comedians now living, I fancy that the one of whom I have the most far-off recollections is Mr. Edward Compton, of famous father the distinguished son. When I first saw him on the boards, Mr. Compton was a very young man indeed, learning his business, and playing "juveniles" with great assiduity and some neatness. He had not then discerned that his forte was in the performance of comedy; and his ambition, I think, lay in the direction of the heroic. I seem to remember that he once played *Hamlet* in my presence; but of that I cannot be sure—though it is eminently likely. Naturally, for some years, he persevered in "juvenile lead;" and when he next appeared on my theatrical horizon it was in support of H. J. Byron, in whose pieces he played for a time such parts as that of the hero in

"Cyril's Success." Handsome and of good figure, Mr. Compton was justly popular as *jeune premier*, until the time came for him to be still more popular and still more widely known as a "light" and "low" comedian.

The early years of my adult playgoing were cheered and lightened by the comicality and skill of Mr. Charles Groves and Mr. William Mackintosh. Mr. Groves came first. It was in pantomime that he originally charmed me—in pantomime, to the service of which he brought a very large fund of genuine and spontaneous drollery. This was twenty years ago, or thereabouts, when he was in the first flush of his agreeable powers. Later on I had the opportunity of seeing him in a large variety of rôles, in none of which, it is safe to say, did he ever make a failure. I recall especially his *Cloten* in "Cymbeline" (played to the *Imogen* of Miss Wallis), his *Jasper* in "Meg's Diversion," his *Dunbirk* in "Still Waters Run Deep," his *Bunter* in "New Men and Old Acres," his *Sam Winkle* in "Check-mate," his *Michael Feeney* in "Arrah-na-Pogue," his *Mould* in "Not Such a Fool as He Looks," his Irish servant in "Kerry," and his *Smith* in Mr. Broughton's "Labour of Love." In all of these what struck me most (apart from his characteristic breadth and unction) was the delight of the actor in his work, the sense of enjoyment with which he appeared to enter into the humour of the various situations.

This hearty *abandon* was nowhere more notable than in a certain pantomime in which he had Mr. Mackintosh for his chief co-adjutor. The two actors, though rivals in a way, played into each other's hands with delightful results, and kept their audiences in roars of laughter for the half-hour together. I had made Mr. Mackintosh's acquaintance when he was playing, I think, a part in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Randall's Thumb." After that came a long and fruitful "stock" engagement, during which he displayed much versatility—ranging from the broad fun of *Flop* (the waiter) in "Bounce" to the Robsonian intensity of *Radford* (the villain) in "All for Her." Mr. Mackintosh has, of course, a wider range of power than Mr. Groves, who is a "low" comedian pure and simple. The younger actor has of late years prospered greatly not only in comic rôles but in such character parts as the *King* in "Clancarty." In the days of which I am writing, his devotion was mainly to the comic: and I shall not readily forget the exquisite fun of his *Don Ferolo Whiskerandos* and of his *Toddleposh* in "Cryptoconchoidsyphonostomata." Of his other efforts I seem to remember best his *Russian Prince* in "My Awful Dad," his *Blasenbalg* in "New Men and Old Acres," and his *Glaud* in a production of Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd."

Associated with Mr. Groves and Mr. Mackintosh on many occasions was an actor named Lindsay—an artist of singular cleverness and finish, able to play with distinction such personages as *De Lesparre* in "Led Astray," and yet competent to undertake light comedy of the most vivacious sort. His ability was widely recognised, but he seemed to have no particular ambition. For many years I have not

even heard of him. I do not know if he is still in the land of the living ; but of this I am certain, that had he had the necessary opportunities, he would have taken, by sheer force of talent, one of the highest places in his profession.

To return, however, to men better known. It was somewhere about this time that I first made the acquaintance, as an artist, of Mr. Rutland Barrington. That admirable actor was not then playing on the regular boards. He was "on tour" with Mrs. Howard Paul, taking a prominent share in her entertainment. Though my attention was given mainly to Mrs. Paul, of whose talent I was always a keen admirer, I was struck by the ability of the new-comer, and especially by his clear and careful delivery of a couple of airs from "Trial by Jury." That was his first public introduction to Sir Arthur Sullivan's music. It was not until after his peregrinations with Mrs. Paul that he appeared at the Opera Comique in "The Sorcerer."

Of our elder low comedians my reminiscences are probably those of most playgoers of to-day. I forget when I originally encountered Mr. Toole ; it is of the days of "Tottles" and "The Spelling Bee" that I have the most vivid and pleasant remembrances. Of Mr. David James's work I have seen everything from *Middlewick* downwards. He has the real *vis comica*, and it is a pity that we see so little of him now-a-days. Among my earliest recollections of Mr. Edward Terry are those connected with his *Mould* in "Not Such a Fool as He Looks"—an impersonation which it was interesting to compare with Mr. Groves's. His performances in burlesque will always be a joy, so long as memory holds its seat in minds distracted by the multiplicity of present-day productions. The late Fred Leslie displayed more humorous invention, more restless vivacity, than Mr. Terry exhibited ; but Mr. Terry, I venture to think, was the better artist of the two—keeping more within the picture, supplying actual impersonations, and not sacrificing everything to the exigences of fresh "business," however ludicrous that "business" might be. In Mr. Terry's day burlesques had "books," and the players recited the lines set down for them with (no doubt) an occasional "gag." Mr. Terry was especially loyal to his authors, taking care that every single joke or *jeu-de-mot* should be delivered, not only with distinctness, but with emphasis. No one, I should say, ever made more out of a pun than Mr. Terry did ; his voice, indeed, was—and is—a fortune in itself.

I like to think of Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Willie Edouin as they were in the extravaganza called "Blue Beard." In the title part Mr. Brough's ferocity was delicious ; Mr. Edouin, as the *Heathen Chinee*, presented a figure never to be forgotten. Both comedians were then at their best ; their method had not become mannerism, and there was more freshness and less calculation about their comic effects than is, perhaps, possible now. That is the trouble with the low comedians ; their style grows to be familiar, and then one feels it difficult to "recapture the first fine careless rapture." I find

I liked our comic actors best when I first knew them. Thus, to me, there will always be something very delightful about the *Talbot Champneys* and the *Gibson Greene* of Mr. E. W. Garden—performances which I witnessed a long time ago. I don't think he has ever done anything quite so good as these—so bright, so unforced, so tersely funny. The former, in particular, has always appeared to me the best *Talbot Champneys* I have known. So with Mr. George Barrett and his *Brisket* in “Pink Dominos” and his *Bailie* in the “*Cloches de Corneville*.” Will Mr. Barrett ever again make me laugh so heartily and unrestrainedly as he did in those two richly humorous impersonations? I have met with many a *Bailie* of Corneville in my time, but with none so truly unctuous, so sincerely fatuous, as Mr. Barrett's.

Mr. Collette is another of the players on whose older efforts I look back with fondness and with some regret. His energy is still remarkable; but how irresistible it was in the days when he rattled through half-a-dozen characters in “Bounce,” and made tolerable even the absurdity of the long-named farce above-mentioned! Mr. Collette is one of those actors who, like Mr. Groves, contrive to make one believe that they are thoroughly happy in their work—an excellent quality to possess, and, indeed, one to be envied. Of late years Mr. Collette has made successes in “The Colonel” and “My Awful Dad”; and it is, in truth, as a “light,” rather than as a “low,” comedian that he calls for recognition. Mr. Alfred Maltby is most closely connected, in my mind, with his old triumph as *Joskins Tubbs* in “Pink Dominos”; I do not think he has ever quite surpassed that little masterpiece of quiet suggestion. His method I have always thought admirably reticent and thoroughly artistic. Mr. J. G. Taylor, Mr. F. Mervin, and Mr. W. Everard I remember also in conjunction with old Criterion comedy. Mr. Lionel Rignold (now so well-known to London audiences) made most impression upon me, I remember, in a farce by Mr. G. R. Sims which has not yet been seen in the metropolis—“The Gay City,” a three-act piece which, I fancy, Mr. Sims wrote for the Majiltons. In the rôle of a Cockney in Paris Mr. Rignold was broadly, yet legitimately, mirth-provoking; it might be worth somebody's while to revive the play.

Some of the memories which I find most interesting attach themselves to more or less distant representations of comic opera. Thus, when I think of “*Giroflé-Giroflà*,” I think also of Mr. Mat Robson as “the happy father,” as well as of Mr. Henry Corri as the disappointed and enraged *Mourzouk*. Latterly I have met with Mr. Robson in pantomime, and he has a cheery manner which may well make him acceptable to playgoers. It was in “The *Cloches de Corneville*” that I first saw Mr. Shiel Barry, for whose *Gaspard* however, I did not care so much as I cared for Mr. Howson's—Mr. John Howson, it will be remembered, having been the “original” *Marquis de Corneville*. Mr. Barry is, indeed, less of a comedian than of a serious actor; melodrama is evidently his vocation. In the companies which Mr. D'Oyly Carte used, at one time, to send

into the country were some actors who have since obtained celebrity. I need name only Mr. Richard Mansfield and Mr. W. S. Penley. Both of these have shone in Gilbert-and-Sullivan opera. Mr. Penley was made for the Grossmithian rôles. Could there possibly be a more dapper *Lord of the Admiralty*? Mr. Penley ran Mr. Grossmith very close in the part, and was diverting throughout. Mr. Mansfield, too, would have been a "light" in light opera had Fate so willed it. Nothing could well be neater than his execution, whether as singer or as actor. He was and is a very tasteful vocalist, and he spoke Mr. Gilbert's lines with thorough appreciation of their value. Mr. George Thorne, who has so long played the Grossmithian parts in the provinces, is almost a stranger to London. He has (or had) but little vocal power; but his delivery is excellent, and his acting has a quaintness all its own. Those who have not seen or heard him are to be consoled with. He is one of the very cleverest of the clever Thorne family.

In comedians who "catch on" now-a-days in the metropolis I constantly recognise old friends. Young Mr. Percy Lyndal, who did so well recently in "Charley's Aunt," was a raw beginner when I saw him play in Scotland about fifteen years ago. Now he is a light comedian of much ease and brightness. Equal improvement is to be seen in Mr. Draycott, lately of the Court Theatre, who served a part of his apprenticeship on tour. Mr. Victor Stevens, who has scored in pantomime both at Drury Lane and at the Olympic, is a practised hand not only at that work but in burlesque. I remember him when he was the husband of Miss Ross Church, a young actress of promise (long since deceased), and when with her he was gradually working his way up in the profession. I have seen Mr. G. T. Minshull, of the Gaiety—now starring in the provinces in "In Town"—play *Fluellen* in "Henry V." with good accent and discretion. That must have been when Mr. George Rignold played *King Hal*. Mr. Shine, one of the most popular of London comic actors, used to be very familiar to country audiences, to whom, I remember, he submitted "The Member for Slocum" and the "Don Juan" burlesque. Was it not he, too, who first produced "The Glass of Fashion," which, before it came to town, bore the names, as authors, both of Mr. Sims and of Mr. Grundy. I fancy, moreover, it was he who brought out, at some provincial centre, Mr. Grundy's "Hare and Hounds" (afterwards seen in London, at the Comedy Theatre, as "Merry Margate"). Mr. Harry Monkhouse played "Larks" with provincial theatre-goers long before he settled down as a favourite London comedian, and I see that he has lately re-introduced Mr. Wilton Jones's rollicking piece to the play-lovers who originally set upon it the seal of their approval.

A few more memories of things witnessed in the country, and then I pass to other matters. I recollect seeing Mr. C. P. Flockton (now in America) essay the rôle of *Digby Grant* in "Two Roses," and wondering how he could venture to do so bold a thing. It was somewhere about that time that Mr. Hubert O'Grady played *Conn*

in "The Shaughraun" with a measure of unction which Mr. Boucicault himself could not have surpassed. To the same period, more or less, belongs the *Caleb Decie* of Mr. Gerald Moore, who, however, seemed moulded by nature to represent such characters as that of the young hero of "Crutch and Toothpick," which he sustained with considerable *naïveté*. It was in the country that Mr. J. H. Darnley, part author of "The Balloon" and "The Barrister," won his spurs as an actor. He was a member of the "Caste" company of Messrs. Robertson and Bruce, and scored his first triumphs as a *jeune premier*. As an exponent of farce he has been much helped by the earnest manner which the *jeune premier* learns before all things to acquire or affect. Young Mr. T. W. Robertson appears to have surrendered acting—at any rate for the moment—in favour of stage-management. He has shown, however, a decided capacity for "character" work, and his *Sam Gerridge* in "Caste" is one of the best, if not the best, with which I am acquainted. Why should he not play the rôle in London some day? Mr. C. W. Garthorne, a brother of Mr. Kendal, is an excellent performer of certain of Mr. Kendal's parts, notably that of *Captain Crichton* in "Impulse." In London Mr. Garthorne has not been fortunate in his opportunities, but out of London he has a following in whatever rôles he plays. I come, finally, to Mr. E. J. Lonnen, who, within the past few years, has grown to be a formidable rival first of Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mr. Fred Leslie, and now of Mr. Roberts *seul*. My knowledge of him began about ten years ago, when he figured prominently in the farcical comedy, "A Wet Day," and in a burlesque whose subject has escaped me. He played in both with great spirit, but not in such a way as to suggest that before very long he would be one of the leading performers on the comic stage. In burlesque he is, perhaps, less of an actor than of a "droll," anxious to be amusing at any cost, and more energetic than finished in his style. He works hard, however, and as a stentorian singer of Irish humorous ditties has not, I suppose, his equal in our midst.

Many as are the names that I have mentioned, there are many more that call for notice, however brief. One is struck, indeed, by the wealth of our English stage in respect to comedians "high, low, and broad." We are strongest, perhaps, as regards breadth. Arthur Roberts, Arthur Williams, Charles Danby, J. J. Dallas, Fred Kaye, Harry Nicholls, W. Blakeley, W. Elton, G. Raiemond, E. M. Robson, J. E. Dodson, Harry Paulton, Arthur Wood, Fred Thorne, G. W. Anson—these are names to conjure with in this department. Most of these gentlemen, as is the way with pure comedians, usually play themselves, and, being naturally very diverting, are, naturally, very popular likewise. The best artist among them is, I should say, the last, who has done not only strong but varied work in his day—notably that vigorous bit of melodramatic acting, *Scum Goodman* in "Lady Clancarty." Next to him I should place Mr. Fred Thorne, who can boast of a long gallery of clever and individual assumptions. Mr. Arthur Wood is one of the most legitimate of comedians, and that,

perhaps, is why he has had so few chances in his time. In "high" comedy we have Mr. Hare, Mr. Farren, and Mr. Lewis Ball. These are our only possible *Sir Peter Teazles*; and of the three, I venture to think, the first, when the time comes, will be incomparably the most finished and most vivid. Mr. Ball has a long career of usefulness to point to, and Mr. Farren would have a more conspicuous place in our histrionic ranks if he would consent to play less markedly to his audience. He seems always to be less concerned about characterisation than about the comic capital he can extract from his rôle. Mr. Hare is obviously the most neat and firm of all our "high" comedians. Mr. Arthur Cecil runs him close in neatness, but has less of the art that conceals art. If asked to name Mr. Cecil's very best assumption I should suggest the *Magistrate* in Mr. Pinero's farce. As it is, in method he belongs—as Mr. Bancroft belongs—to the "old-fashioned" school, the school which has practically had its day.

Mr. Henry Bedford and Mr. Robert Pateman used to be best known as artists in melodrama. Lately they have shown—Mr. Bedford at the Princess's and Mr. Pateman at the Trafalgar Square Theatre—that they are excellent comedians also. The light comedians are fairly numerous, and some are of the best: Mr. Herbert Standing, Mr. George Giddens, Mr. Frank Wyatt, Mr. Yorke Stephens, Mr. Fred Kerr, Mr. Charles Fawcett, Mr. Forbes Dawson, Mr. T. G. Warren, Mr. Sidney Brough, Mr. Tresahar, and Mr. Arthur Bouchier—the list is tolerably long and decidedly attractive. The first rôle in which I saw Mr. Bouchier was that of *Brutus* in "Julius Cæsar." He has now developed an ease and a lightness of style which make him an agreeable *vis-a-vis* to Miss Ada Rehan. Perhaps he has never played so well as in "A Visit," where he had a part which fitted his means to perfection. Mr. Tresahar used to belong to the "Dramatic Students," and I remember that he played *Mr. H*—in Charles Lamb's farce, at once convincing me of his capacity. Since then he has made unquestionable successes in farcical comedy. Did not Mr. Warren formerly appear in comic opera? I fancy I recollect him in a sprightly rôle in "Manteaux Noirs." Mr. Fred Kerr is admittedly the best available representative on our stage of the selfish young man of "society": his performance in "The Dancing Girl" was a *chef d'œuvre*, though that in "Judah" came very near to it. I have always liked Mr. Yorke Stephens best as the "pictorial news correspondent" in "Held by the Enemy." But he is always genial and taking. Of Mr. Wyatt's work, I look back with most pleasure to his *Dick Swiveller*, his *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, and his *Ravannes* in "Erminie." The last-named showed how admirable he might be as *Robert Macaire*. He is, perhaps, the very lightest of our light comedians.

W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.



"Just in Time."

An Original Monologue.

BY W. R. WALKES.

[THE RIGHTS OF REPRESENTATION ARE RESERVED.]

Scene.—Mrs. Merrithorne's Drawing-Room.

Major Benton (a good looking, well-dressed, but somewhat stupid and languid specimen of the British officer, appears at the door and speaks to a servant who is without): Oh! Mrs. Merrithorne will be down in a few minutes. *(Looks at watch.)* Ah yes! of course—I'm early. Thank ye, I'll wait. *(Comes slowly down stage and sits in an arm-chair.)* By Jove, I'm in for it this time! No backing out now. I've regularly passed the—ah—something or other—oh yes, Rubicon. And what will she say, I wonder? Of course, one can't be absolutely certain, but I rather fancy—I've a pretty strong idea—in fact—*(twirling his moustaches and shooting his cuffs with a self-satisfied air)*—without more conceit than may be pardoned in a fairly attractive fella, I flatter myself that her reply will be a prompt but blushing "yes."

I'll have another look at her note. *(Reads.)* "Dear Major Benton." *Dear* Major Benton, come now that sounds affectionate. But, no, hang it all, she'd begin in the same way if she were asking you to dinner; and yet—*(examining note closely)*—there's a certain tremulous tenderness about that capital D, don't you know! and an affectionate quiver in the whole word that's doosid encouraging. *(Reads.)*

"DEAR MAJOR BENTON,—

"Of course I shall be most happy to see you this evening at half-past nine; fortunately I happen to be dining at home quietly. I cannot help wondering, however, why you ask for so unusual an interview. It is tantalisingly mysterious, and I am dying to know what you have to say."

Now there's simplicity for you! And from a widow, too! Any other woman would have guessed it like a shot. For there's no doubt I have been making the running lately—following her about everywhere for the last six months. Why they call me at the "Dandelion" the "Widow's Mite," confound 'em! And only last Thursday, so Jack Thornycroft told me, they were laying three to one in the smoking-room I should propose within the week, four to one she'd accept me, and even betting on the double event.

So I made up my mind this morning that the time had come for action. Says I to myself, If a thing has to be done at all let it be done at once. If you want to have a tooth out, your hair cut, or to pop the question, it's all the same; make up your mind at once as to the dentist, the hairdresser, or the lady, as the case may be; sit down in the chair of torture—*(sits)*—and get it over.

So I wrote my note, read all the sporting papers, went for a long ride over Hampstead Heath, and had a good dinner with a bottle of Heidsieck and a large cigar. Then I called for some Chartreuse, took one glass for digestion, and two for pluck; jumped into a hansom, and here I am. (*Rises, thoughtfully.*) Yes, here I am, and —(*looks at watch*)—in a few minutes, she'll be here, too. I—I don't think I feel quite so sure of myself as I did. I wish I'd had another liqueur. (*With an air of re-assuring himself.*) But there, it'll be all right. She'll be sure to help a fella—take him gently over the fences; for, hang it all, she's a widow and so knows the country well.

Besides—(*producing some scraps of paper*)—I've got a few rough notes here that will help me. Got 'em out of some books in the library at the "Dandelion." I was turning the matter over in my mind before dinner, when all at once it struck me that some of the writing chappies might give me a tip; and then I remembered I'd heard some one say that we had a library in the Club. Jove! it was the first time I'd ever been there, though I've been a member for years. Didn't know where the room was, nor did any of the other Johnnies—sent for the steward, but he didn't know; at last I got hold of a waiter, whose wife is one of the cleaners—sent a commissionaire for her in a hansom—turned her loose, and by Jove! she spotted the room like a shot—regular female Stanley, don't you know!

Well, Jack Thornycroft and I, we drew that library; got down no end of novels, turned up the proposing chapter in each—it's generally at the end of the third volume—and jotted down a few ideas; and I rather fancy that among 'em all I shall find the straight tip that will help me to spot the winner; so now for a final selection. (*Examines papers.*)

Let me see. No. 1. Now how will this work? (*Reads.*) "Reginald," ah yes! that's the Johnnie who's going to do the trick. "Reginald flew like lightning to her side, and before she could utter the faintest protest, seized her in his strong arms and rained hot kisses on her ruby lips." No, no; that won't suit my book—too abrupt and sudden. Doosid bad form, too, I call it—this rushing and seizing and raining. Give me something quieter! (*Examines notes and reads.*) "Yes," said the melancholy Marquess—"Ah, that's better!"—"as he carefully tossed aside his tangled mass of raven ringlets." Tangled mass. Faugh! A confounded, long-haired, fiddling chap! Marquess, indeed. No, he won't do. (*Examines another scrap of paper.*) "Sir George"—ah, that's better—more English—"Sir George rose from his chair, for a silken rustle warned him of the approach of the object of his devotion. She extended her hand, which he seized passionately." Seized passionately! By Jove! Capital idea! I wonder how you do it. (*Grabs the back of the chair violently, and pricks his hand with the pin which secures the antimacassar.*) Confound the pin! It's a bit difficult to work out. (*Reads.*) "The baronet, in a voice hoarse with passion"—hoarse with passion;

now that's a doosid good notion—wonder how he managed it; sat in a draught, I suppose—(*reads*)—"thus addressed the beauteous Mrs. Fitzclarence." Gad, a widow! Excellent! (*Looks at paper.*) Eh, what's this? "Colonel Fitzclarence, her husband, stood before them." By gad, a married woman! Oh, bad, very bad! I can't copy people of this kind. I'm all for morality—now; must try again. (*Turns over notes.*) Eh? No, this won't do—nor this. By Jove, I've got it! I'll take a bit from each, and map out a plan of campaign of my own. (*Looks through notes hurriedly.*) The moment she enters I shall—oh, yes—rise; she will say—what? Why, of course—"How d'ye do, Major?" And I shall reply—now what shall I reply? Quite well, thank you. Oh no—too commonplace. (*Examines notes.*) Ah, here we are—the very thing! "Alas! I am distraught." Capital! I don't know exactly what it means, but it sounds doosid fine. Then what will happen next? (*Looks at notes.*) Just so! she will extend her ivory palm, and I shall—(*again examines notes*)—ah, yes, of course, carry it respectfully to my lips. But wait a bit! I never did such a thing in all my life, and she'll wonder what on earth I'm up to. No, I shall simply squeeze it—firmly and politely, but at the same time affectionately. I can do that, I know—I've done it before.

Now for the next move. (*Consults paper.*) "Conducts her to a chair, just so, places another beside her, on which he sits." Oh, we're getting on splendidly; "takes her hand again, she averts her countenance;" but stop—suppose she doesn't avert it? But she will, she's bound to, she's a widow, and so knows the rules of the game. Then all I shall have to do will be—what? (*Consults paper.*) Ah, yes, of course, pour forth my heart. Exactly, but how—what am I to say? (*Consults papers.*) Eh? No, too flowery; and this too long. Hang it all, I'll fall back now upon my own invention—something original, striking and effective. I shall say—Ah! I have it. "Mrs. Merrithorne—Minnie—I love you, will you be mine?" Capital, the whole thing in a nutshell! So now it's all settled. I'm quite ready, and the sooner she comes the better. She must be here soon, for even a woman's "few minutes" can't last for ever. Then will follow eighty seconds of agony and I shall be booked for life. No more lonely chambers, no more solitary dinners, but a long succession of cosy little meals when we are alone, and brilliant banquets for our friends.

But she'll have to change her cook, she's a downright horror. Those *timballes* last Thursday were simply poultices, and as for her *sauce piquante* it's so confounded sharp you could shave with it. Gad, she has no more idea of cooking than a cannibal. Then there's that antediluvian butler—he'll have to go. I never saw such a creature—looks like a cross between a pickled salmon and a bilious attack. And then I shall have to reform the wine cellar. Old Merrithorne must have been a teetotaller. The late lamented's sherry is simple poison, and as for his after-dinner claret, it's not fit to be handed round at a funeral. By Jove, when we're married I shall

have to reform everything—set the whole house in order. Hum ! I suppose she won't object. But if she does—well, I shall have to put my foot down firmly once and for ever. (*Musingly.*) Put my foot down ? Yes. But suppose she does the same ? If both of us put our feet down together somebody's toes will suffer. Whose, I wonder ? Her's or mine ? She's a trifle masterful, I fancy, has a quick short way with her, and certainly has the courage of her opinions.

What then if she clings to her cook and cleaves to her wine-merchant ? Then, by gad, I shall be starved by the one and poisoned by the other. I wonder if I've been a bit hasty. I wish I'd waited for another day or so. (*Looks around.*) I suppose it's too late now. Yes—(*mournfully*)—I must make the best of it, and if she means to have her own way, she'll probably get it. Not a cheerful prospect, by Jove ! But it can't be helped. I must let her alone, make no changes, and all may be well.

But wait a bit ; there's the other point of view ; what if she herself should suggest a few little reforms in me ? But no, I'm all right. (*With self-complacency.*) I don't think there's much to find fault with in me. Still women do have strange fancies sometimes. What about dozing after dinner ? Suppose she insists upon my keeping awake and enforces her views with—ah—pins. Well, that would end in a devil of a row. But who'd get the best of it ? Hum ! Then will she object to a latch-key, I wonder. She may, yes, and sit up for me till all's blue ; and that would be simply awful, you know. And tobacco——. Great Scott ! I never thought of that ; I remember now she can't abide the smell of it, and won't allow smoking even in the dining-room. Oh, why didn't I think of this before ! (*With increasing agitation.*) And brandies and sodas—she calls 'em odious, and, by gad, she hates dogs, yes, and loves cats, confound 'em—thinks patent leather boots effeminate and button-holes bad form. What an idiot I was not to think of all this before ! I shall be miserable, wretched. I won't do it. I'll be hanged if I do. I'll clear out at once. Yes, wild horses shan't stop me. (*Goes up to door and listens.*) She's on the stairs, she's coming down, then I'll make a bolt of it ; and, by Jove, I'm only just in time. (*Rushes from the room.*)

(CURTAIN.)



The Strange Case of Mr. Forbes-Robertson.



HE actor is of all men the one who knows his own worth best. He is indeed your true megalopsych—a man who is worthy, and deems himself worthy, of great things. And inasmuch as management must be the real test of the histrionic megalopsych, a prominent player who has not reached this goal is in these latter days somewhat of a novelty.

No need to survey the list of our leading actors to prove our point. Suffice it to state the obvious fact: with one or two noteworthy exceptions there is scarcely a well-known actor (of any standing) now before the public, who has not at some time or other yielded to this temptation. And all this makes the strange case of Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson the stranger and the more startling.

What is the present position of this distinguished artist? From one point of view a very enviable one. After Mr. Irving, he is undoubtedly the most popular serious actor in London. Mr. Willard is still absent from London, giving his rivals their chance, but neither Mr. Tree nor Mr. Alexander can be said to fill the place he left vacant. No shadow of disrespect to the managers of the Haymarket and St. James's. In their own sphere they are unrivalled, and both are now doing the best work they have ever done.

These two actors, along with Mr. Willard, are Mr. Robertson's peers. The younger men, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. Herbert Waring, are not to be mentioned. Five, possibly ten, years separate them from Mr. Forbes-Robertson. There are no other stars on the horizon. Yes, Mr. Forbes-Robertson's present position is in some respects an enviable one. The man is a fine actor—generally recognised now as one of our finest actors. But we must look at the other side of the picture. In the rôles he has played he has scarcely been in better plight than Mr. Terry or Mr. Waller. It cannot be too frequently insisted on that an ambitious actor who is not his own manager is in hopeless case. He cannot pick and choose his parts, he must take what he can get. That a great actor like Mr. Robertson should be content to remain in his present inferior position is nothing less than a disaster to English dramatic art. Till he becomes his own manager he will be compelled to accept parts unworthy of his great powers.

Mr. Robertson is no mushroom player; he has been working at his profession now some twenty years. He made his *début* in Wills's "Mary Stuart" at the Princess's as *Chastelard*. Soon came a notable

event, the production of "Dan'l Druce" in the autumn of 1876. Here Mr. Robertson and Miss Marion Terry supported Mr. Vezin in his famous rendering of the blacksmith. There was genuine poetry in his *Geoffrey Wynyard*, a performance to be fully appreciated, perhaps, when you consider the cast of the Court revival of Gilbert's piece in 1883. Unhappy successors! they were very ill at ease!

Mr. Daly some little time ago, staged Farquhar's grand old comedy "The Inconstant," with Mr. John Drew as young *Mirabel*. To follow Charles Kemble, or indeed Charles Warner in one of their most successful parts were a difficult task to set any actor. He came an awful cropper. Now these big things in old comedy are just the rôles for Mr. Robertson. How grand he would be in the tense strain of the scene with the four cut-throats! How fine, too, he would be as the hero of "Deacon Brodie." But to return from our excursion. Mention should be made, I think, of a rather clever thing the actor did in Buchanan's "Corinne" at the Haymarket. His *Abbé de Larose* was a striking bit of acting in a class of part for which Mr. Robertson is particularly well suited. I pass over some engagements at the Olympic ("The Scuttled Ship," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Violin Maker of Cremona," "The Turn of the Tide," "The Ne'er do-Weel," etc.), merely recording that the actor gave here some rather novel studies in stage villainy.

This brings us down to the commencement of Mr. Robertson's engagement with the Bancrofts, in August, 1878, at the old P.O.W. But I shall speak of his *Orloff* later on. He next appeared in "The Crimson Cross" at the Adelphi, with Adelaide Neilson, Hermann Vezin, and his old manager Henry Neville. Then commenced an engagement in support of Miss Geneviève Ward at the Lyceum. He gave an amusing sketch of a travelling tinker in "Zillah," he played with success in "Lucrezia Borgia," and fairly won his spurs in "Forget-Me-Not." His *Sir Horace Welby* was a notable triumph for the young actor. After "Forget-Me-Not," our hero returned to the Bancrofts. He played in Sardou's "Les Bourgeois de Pont Arcy" (Albery's "Duty"), he was excellent as *Sergeant Jones* in "Ours," resumed his clever rendering of *Lord Glossmore* in "Money," and gave a very sinister performance as the usher *Krux* in "School." Then followed another engagement with Miss Ward, in the autumn of 1880, marked by the actor's resumption of his old part in "Forget-Me-Not," and his appearance in "Anne Mie." In December, 1880, Madame Modjeska was brought out by Mr. Barrett at the Court, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson was chosen to support her in the leading rôles. This was a turning point in the young actor's career. Here or on the subsequent tour he played *Maurice de Saxe* to her *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *Romeo* to her *Juliet*, *Valreas* to her *Gilberte* in "Frou-Frou," *Armand Duval* in "La Dame aux Camélias," *Don Carlos* in the unfortunate "Juana," and *Leicester* to the lady's *Mary Stuart*. No need to speak of Mr. Robertson's *Romeo*. The modern English stage has not seen the actor's equal in the part. He was excellent

in all alike, his *Leicester* in Schiller's great play in particular being a veritable revelation of picturesqueness and silent meaningness.

In April, 1882, Mr. Robertson, acting again with Miss Marion Terry and Mr. Anson and Mr. Clayton, made a brief excursion into more modern romance, and played *Claude Glynne* in "The Parvenu" at the Court. But he was not destined to stray long from the fields of romance. October of the same year saw his return to the Lyceum, and his appearance in Mr. Irving's revival of "Much Ado About Nothing." His *Claudio* had colour, fervour and picturesqueness. It had its faults, too; even in this part the actor was too apt to throw his head back, to gesticulate too freely, and to wave arms and legs in an eccentric manner. Truth to say, an irrepressible gaucherie seems to hamper Mr. Robertson in modern parts still. The man seems born for doublet and hose and for classical draperies, he wants free movement for his arms and legs. But it's a very trifling matter, a point to which I attach the least importance, for Mr. Robertson has loyally striven to rid himself of these mannerisms, and has well nigh succeeded. It would be unjust, it would be ridiculous, to minimise the actor's success in "Lords and Commons," in "Tares," in "The Profligate," in "Lady Bountiful" and in "Diplomacy" by dwelling on any such trifling defect as this. Need I speak of his subsequent career at the Haymarket—of his *Earl Caryl*, his *Sir George Ormond* (an admirable character study) of his *Captain Absolute*, or his *Sir Charles Pomander*. To his *Julian Beauclerc* I refer later.

When, at the conclusion of the Bancroft management, Mr. Robertson joined Miss Anderson's company, he made his first great mistake. The eighteen months spent in provincial and Transatlantic touring should have been employed by the actor in building up his reputation in London. Mr. Robertson should have become a free lance. Instead of taking this course, he left the field clear for Mr. Willard and Mr. Tree, and was not seen again in modern drama for quite three years and a-half. Of course this fallow season must have matured his powers. Still I cannot help thinking that the greater part of the interval was for all practical purposes lost time. Mr. Robertson's *Leontes* and *Dimmesdale* are but a poor record for more than three years' work, and one cannot but grow melancholy over the recollection of certain old comedy performances at the Opera Comique.

At the beginning of 1889 matters were in this wise with our player. He was known as a very promising actor: he was our finest *jeune premier*, a player, too, whose *Romeo*, *Orlando*, *Leontes*, and *Arthur Dimmesdale* seemed to augur for him a very successful future in the romantic drama. Then came "Tares," a clever but inhuman piece, and Mr. Robertson at one bound escaped from the conventional young men parts he played so well, and showed his mettle in a really strong part. His rendering of *Nigel Chester* was a grave, restrained, powerful yet delicate piece of work, worthy of Febvre. Then followed the engagement at the Garrick, and the

production of "The Profligate." "Tares" was, for Mr. Robertson and Miss Rorke, a kind of *avant courier* to Mr. Pinero's fine play. In both pieces the actor played a man of full years, who suffered more from the quixotic folly of the heroine than from any consequence of his own sins. In the scene of passionate pleading that marks the conclusion of the third act of the latter, and in the hero's arrested suicide in Act iv. the actor rose to the full height of the situation and gave the passages most eloquent expression.

"The Profligate," coming after "Tares," accomplished at least one thing for Mr. Robertson. It centred public attention on him, and it gave him a very definite position on the English stage. "La Tosca" did more, it completed what Mr. Pinero's play had begun. It put the English *Scarpia* besides Mr. Irving, Mr. Willard and Mr. Tree in the front rank of English actors. Mr. Robertson's grim, polished, powerful and horribly fascinating performance came as a revelation to playgoers who had identified the actor with the sympathetic young lovers of Shakspearian and modern drama. Much cavilling was indulged in, when it became known that Mr. Forbes-Robertson was to fill the part Mr. Willard had thrown up. Some suggested Mr. Hermann Vezin, a sound if not very inspired elocutionist. One wag, more greatly daring than the rest, nominated Mr. Hare himself for the part of the ruthless *Baron*. But all in vain. Mr. Robertson played *Scarpia* and the event justified Mr. Hare's choice. The actor made a very remarkable success and the cavillers were silenced.

Now there is a tide in the affairs of men, which Mr. Tree and Mr. Alexander took, and were thereby led on to fortune. Mr. Willard also took the tide at the flood, and in eighteen months established himself definitely as a great actor. The tide in Mr. Forbes-Robertson's case came with "La Tosca." But the actor neglected to profit by his opportunity, and let the wave of popular enthusiasm recede. With almost incredible folly, the man who had done perhaps the best work of his life in "La Tosca" remained at the Garrick to play for a whole year in a first piece. Even the gods are powerless in face of such blind madness! Then came "Lady Bountiful," and Mr. Robertson, as the hero, played a trying part with delightful sincerity and pathos. His *Dennis Heron* was done in his breeziest, manliest and tenderest manner, and the cry of desolation at the end of Act iii. was a veritable *cri de coeur*. Again Mr. Forbes-Robertson had his chance, again he refused to avail himself of it. He declined to accompany Mr. Hare on tour at the end of the season, and was promised no part in "The Fool's Paradise" revival. But instead of entering management, the actor shilly-shallied for another eighteen months. He was the hero in the unfortunate "Thermidor" in New York, and played for the best part of a year a minor part in "King Henry VIII." True the actor's *Buckingham* was a powerful, picturesque and touching performance; but it was hardly worth Mr. Robertson's while to play so very small a part on the stage which had seen his *Sir Horace Welby*, his *Claudio*, and

his *Leontes*. From the Lyceum the actor returned to the Garrick. Just a passing reference to his charming *Hugh Rokeby* in "Robin Goodfellow," and we come to "Diplomacy." Little need to speak of the present Garrick performance. If any man should know "Diplomacy" that man is Mr. Forbes-Robertson. In the original production in 1878, he succeeded to Mr. Bancroft's part, and his *Orloff* was a notable piece of dignified restraint. In the Haymarket revival of 1884, he appeared for the first time as *Julian*, and gave an intermittently fine rendering of the hero. Everyone knows the extraordinary impression he has recently been making in his old part. In Sardou's fine play, Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Kate Rorke carry everything before them—they bear the whole play on their shoulders. Powerful and intense in "the three men's scene," the actor dominates the piece and grips the audience with sure effect, while in the great scene of the third act he fairly surpasses himself. In the very intimate and harrowing passages between husband and wife, Miss Kate Rorke worthily shares the honours with Mr. Robertson. The man's revulsion from the most passionate and agonised pleading to hungry love is a marvellously fine piece of acting, rivalled only by *Dora's* wild and heart-searching protestations of love as her husband leaves her. No living English actor, no living English actress could play this scene with equal conviction and truth.

We have now brought Mr. Forbes-Robertson's career up to date, and may note this—in modern drama he can stand no higher than he does to-day. He has distinguished himself as leading man and *jeune premier*, as character actor and comedian. It were a long task to dwell on his achievements in romance. He is in truth our only romantic actor—one of our very few imaginative players—he always enters into the skin of his part. His *Romeo*, whether he play it to Modjeska or Mary Anderson, is the best and most fervent the modern stage has seen, his *Orlando* is as *débonnaire* a piece of work as you could wish for—with a vein of delightful comedy peeping through it; his *Pygmalion* (in Gilbert's comedy), he played the part on tour with Miss Anderson, is quite the best and least offensive reading of the part I remember to have seen, while his *Claude Melnotte* almost makes Lytton's old play live again. But his best figure in romance is his *Arthur Dimmesdale*. The actor's finely chiselled, ascetic features, his magnificent voice, and unrivalled elocutionary powers, added to the charm of his grave, earnest, dignified manner, make him the ideal impersonator of Hawthorne's hero. The pity was that Miss Calhoun, in 1888, entirely misread *Hester Prynne*, made her too modern. *Hester* should have no nineteenth century views on breaches of the seventh Commandment. With Miss Emery and Mr. Robertson as heroine and hero respectively, and Mr. Willard as *Chillingworth*, what a grand performance of the play we should get!

What a *Tito Melema* our actor would make if George Eliot's wonderful *tour de force* could be dramatised! What an incomparable *Lancelot of the Lake*. No one could equal him in the part. Would

that he could play the rôle with Henry Irving as *King Arthur* and Ellen Terry as *Guinevere*! And what a delightfully convincing *Giovanni* he would make in Ford's superb tragedy! Why should not the guilty loves of *Giovanni* and *Annabella* be represented on the stage by Mr. Robertson and Miss Emery? The two parts throb with vitality and passion.

In the Ibsen drama our actor might do much. Here his great mental and intellectual powers should stand him in good stead. He would be unrivalled as *Rosmer* in "Rosmersholm." He, if anyone, could read us this dramatic puzzle. And what a tremendous effect he would make as *Oswald Alving* in "Ghosts." I hope he may yet be seen in this great tragedy of modern life.

But it is as a great melodramatic and Shakesperian actor that I have greatest hopes of Mr. Forbes-Robertson. He is the one man mentally and by temperament capable of filling-out and vitalising the colossal figures. He has something of the weirdness and fantasy of the Lyceum chief, and several of Irving's famous parts must assuredly fall to him. He is the only man who has a valid claim to succeed the great actor in such plays as "The Iron Chest," "Eugene Aram" and "The Bells."

What a magnificent *Hernani* he would make in Victor Hugo's thrilling romance! How completely he would realise *Red Jason* in Hall Caine's noble piece of abstractive work, "The Bondman."

In the Shakspearian drama he has already done much—*Romeo*, *Orlando*, *Lysander*, *Leontes*, *Claudio*, and *Buckingham*. He would be excellent in the light comedy rôles, as *Benedick* and as *Petruchio*, and he would make an ideal *Hamlet*, a grand *Othello*. *Julian Beauclerc* manifested his fitness for this last-named rôle, and his *Scarpia* seemed to show that he could play *Iago* equally finely. How well, too, he would act any of the great rôles in "Julius Cæsar," as *Brutus*, as *Julius*, as *Antony* he should be equally at home. Then there is "King Henry VIII." Mr. Robertson's *Wolsey* should be even better than his *Buckingham*. Possibly one day we may see him double the parts.

Perhaps it were best to say no more. What Mr. Robertson may do with *Macbeth*, *King John*, or *Richard III.* it were at present fruitless to enquire. For in presence of the actor's singularly intense and powerful acting we are sometimes apt to forget that the parts he has played have none of them so far been very great. Mr. Robertson has done his best for them, and has magnified them into importance, but that is all. So that it is somewhat difficult to predicate what he would make of a really big part. One thing seems certain, Mr. Forbes-Robertson has all the physical and mental qualifications of a great tragedian.

What does he mean to do? Will he let the golden opportunity escape him again? Will he make no use of the prestige gained him by his *Julian*? Now is the time for Mr. Forbes-Robertson to enter management. Now that praise of him has become almost as much the thing as "chatter about Shelley"! Let him remember that he cannot always play *Julians* and *Dennis*

Hérons. To-day he is forty years old, and he will soon find himself unable to play these parts. What does he think of doing? Mr. Willard, Mr. Tree and Mr. Alexander have now a considerable *répertoire* of plays suitable for revival; but at the Garrick, Mr. Hare has only one play ("The Profligate") which would bear reproduction in the interests of his leading man.

Mr. Robertson is not wanted at the Lyceum, he is not wanted at the Haymarket, he is not wanted at the St. James's. Doubtless Mr. Comyns Carr would be very glad to get him for his Comedy venture. He requires a leading man badly. So does Mr. Daly. Very badly indeed; as he will find out in September. A star and three or four capable actors are not sufficient company for a London West End house. Our four leading theatres are far superior to Mr. Daly's in point of *ensemble*, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson would be a very good investment for Mr. Daly, if only his company discarded their tedious farces and went in exclusively for serious work.

Does Mr. Robertson mean to stop with his present manager? Mr. Wilde's new piece is to be seen at the Garrick about Christmas, I suppose. Will Mr. Hare's leading man play in it? That were, indeed, a consummation devoutly to be desired by the disciples of "Dorian Gray"! The pale votaries of "The Higher Philosophy" with their gold-tipped cigarettes, their hock and seltzer, their epicene morality, and their paederastic tastes might well rejoice over such a victory. To get the manliest actor on the English stage to spout the exotic (but not the esoteric) moralities of Mr. Wilde would be indeed an exquisite joke, a rare triumph for the author of "Salomé." Time will tell. But if Mr. Robertson be well advised, he will leave the Garrick at the end of the run of "Diplomacy"; he will take a theatre of his own, and play for his own hand. Pecuniary reasons can hardly stand in the way. Surely among the number of financial gentlemen who dabble every season in theatrical enterprise one can be found sensible enough to risk his money in so good a speculation as Mr. Forbes-Robertson's future. At the Shaftesbury, with a good leading lady, a strong company, and three or four plays by our leading dramatists, Mr. Robertson should be certain of building up for himself a *clientèle*.

One thing is certain, a man cannot with impunity deliberately reject chance after chance. Nemesis will follow at last. At the Garrick Mr. Robertson is too heavily handicapped to win. Mr. Tree, Mr. Willard and Mr. Alexander have already distanced him in the race for fame, and soon "the younger generation will be knocking at the door." If Mr. Robertson wishes to be placed, he must be in the running, and he is quite out of it at the Garrick. Why should he delay? He is now a sure favourite with playgoers, and has his future in his own hands. He owes it to himself, he owes it to his admirers, he owes it to the public that he should not disappoint reasonable expectations. He should join the ranks of the actor-managers at once. Any further delay would be worse than foolish, it would be criminal.

W. A. LEWIS BETTANY.

The Functions of a National Theatre.



CLARETIE, when recently interviewed in Paris about the visit of the Comédie Française to London, expressed a doubt if the English quite understood the limitations of the French National Theatre. There is good reason to believe in the truth of his assumption. The town cares too little about a State supported theatre to know what are its functions, and apparently is too indifferent to the interests of dramatic art to need being told. It repudiates the idea that dramatic criticism should be academic, or presume to instruct, and regards with disfavour all criticism that does not uphold the playgoer's notion of amusement and morality. On the other hand, our players resent criticism of any kind. No matter how temperate and wholesome is the fault-finding, so long as it is fault-finding, actors rush into print to assure their patron, the public, that the old-fashioned doctrine about the judgment of the judicious outbalancing "a whole theatre of others" is a fallacy: John Bull has become artist as well as politician. In fact, the so-called dramatic profession is ever on the alert, for reasons that do more credit to its commercial proclivities than to its professional dignity, to persuade playgoers that their taste and their judgment are alike infallible. Actors, besides, are encouraged to think it less a case of conscience to become proficient in their art than to become efficient in the art of self-advertisement. It is the chicanery indulged in by the theatrical profession that puts serious criticism at a discount. Stage art and stage artifice have nothing to do with each other. The profession should realise that it is to its interest to encourage the honest critic to denounce men who abuse their talents or misuse their vocation. But modern dramatic criticism is little better than a sham—a farrago of eulogy, of abuse, or of platitude. Unfortunately, nothing is more conducive to commonplace art than commonplace talk about it.

But there are other causes at work to obscure the minds of English playgoers as to the functions of a National Theatre. Social life is assuming such vast proportions and becoming so complex that it is natural certain tendencies of taste should grow up, one of which almost wholly precludes the other. It is perfectly conceivable nowadays that a man should choose one master and one school as answering to all his artistic needs, excluding all others from the precincts of his heart and home. There is no need to censure one, who in his admiration for Shakespeare forgets Sheridan, or rejects Goldsmith for Congreve, or Boucicault, a man of genius, for Ibsen,

or *vice versa*. It is not necessary to blame a man for being delighted and edified by the works of one master which answer exactly to his own individuality, finding no occasion to enlarge his mind by the study of other dramatic writers. In modern times, however, men go further yet; they base their criticism upon their personal sympathies with the artist and his work, judging and condemning all else accordingly. Because the old school appeals the most strongly to one man, he builds his theory upon its works, and must, of course, condemn all farther progress without more ado as unsuited to this theory. The same thing has occurred with the modern masters, and hence the objective standpoint from which artists, and especially art work, should alone be judged, is utterly lost amidst this purely subjective criticism. A multiplicity of opinions has arisen in regard to even the simplest principles of art—opinions hardly coinciding in any point. One man considers that form a mere petrification, which another considers to be bold and artistically worthy of all admiration; one man is left cold by a composition which moves another to his very depths; one man holds as the highest work of art that which another would hardly consent to place in the lowest rank. Thus the impression produced by a work of art is confounded with the work itself, so much so, indeed, that the latter is no longer reckoned as an independent object, but only as a means for impression. Moreover, in recent times, the idea has gained ground that the drama may dispense with legitimate and permanent form, and that such form even hinders the pregnant and felicitous development of the drama; as if a play could be an adequate expression of life unless constructed in accordance with laws of form that are based upon a fundamental truth to nature, any other method leading at best to isolated outbursts of emotion which cannot be considered to rank with works of art. But there are connoisseurs who have so completely lost their position in regard to a work of art, in modern times, that they regard art as created for them alone, and would fain ignore the existence of everything which is not accessible or agreeable to them.

One of these connoisseurs, who under the influence of modern tendencies has allowed his imagination to cool, who has become enamoured of realism and hostile to poetry, and prone to approve any back foremost progress in art, comments in a leading review upon the London French season in a way that suggests imperfect knowledge of the functions of a National Theatre. He ridicules the desire of the Théâtre Français to give a more varied programme than the English taste demanded, while presumably forgetting that the intention is only the more to its honour when the selection is judged by an academic standard. The Comédie Française visits the metropolis with a repertory apparently designed to illustrate the whole range of French dramatic literature, and yet at the bidding of an exacting and ignorant public it is called upon, without a protest from the critics, to withdraw the masterpieces of Molière and Racine in favour of the modern drama. Nor can it be said to have added to the dignity of

the Théâtre Français in that it consented to truckle to the fads and fancies of playgoers, and condescended to bid for popularity when popularity meant bad taste and a craving for stars. But the director having entered into an arrangement with commercial gentlemen for commercial purposes unexpectedly found himself compelled to forfeit his academic position and to place his theatre on a level with a commercial playhouse. Fortunately the surrender did not serve its purpose. General dissatisfaction has been expressed with the visit of the Comédie Française. The speculator has lost his money, the playgoer has not seen his star "starred," and the student heard no masterpieces. Perhaps it may be possible out of the varied disappointments to steal a moral.

And obviously the first thought that suggests itself is that a National Theatre cannot pay as a commercial concern. "You do not expect to make money out of a man-of-war," says Ruskin, "and you ought not to want to make it out of a theatre," if, that is to say, the theatre is to have any protective or educational influence. The theatre that is to be an institution for training the weak intellects and weak susceptibilities of its audience cannot flourish financially except with the assistance of a subvention or of voluntary contributions. The drama's patrons will not pay for the drama's support unless they have a voice in its management, and so long as they control the purse, plays and actors will flourish independently of quality. The best plays and the best actors will be those that are most in touch with the fashion and popular feelings of the moment; and the theatre that does not humour the fashion will be empty for no worse reason than a church may be empty when the absentees are indifferent to spiritual salvation. Not until thought and gain become convertible terms can art become commercial.

Without some such safe-guard as a National Theatre, dramatic art can reach nothing higher than a species of Philistinism—that is to say, an unvaried exhibition of what is modern, which is too often synonymous with what is vulgar and mean. The National Drama will consist of garish pictures without shadow, and increase our knowledge of human nature by suppressing all that is painful or virtuous. For plays that are written with the consciousness that there is no other tribunal than the public by which they must stand or fall, will never be the outcome of a man's highest endeavour. Chaste, collected, earnest work is scared away by the thought of it. Sensibility and imaginative power are reticent and fastidious in their demands, and will not shine at the bidding of a crowd of amusement seekers. The first condition of a National Theatre is that it shall not be on the same level as a commercial playhouse, that lives to please, and must please to live. Its position is distinctly academic, and its chief function is to keep the past in touch with the present, and to keep past models of excellence and past traditions of excellence alive. There are but few masterpieces in the world, and their appreciation is always in danger from the obtrusion of clever mediocrity and injudicious criticism, especially

of that criticism which tends to depreciate the value of what is academic or classic in art, and tries to obscure the true light in order that some self-ordained luminary may shine the more brilliantly, and fill the newspapers with paragraphs and personalities. Moreover, the policy of a National Theatre should be conservative more than progressive, and ever watchful that the realistic does not supersede the poetical, and that dramatic art maintains its freedom without forfeiting its dignity. The extravagance of realism, so often thought healthy and natural, is with scarcely any exception only perverse sentimentality, only the expression, inartistic at best, of an enervated and distorted feeling, an extravagant and debased sentiment in comparison with which the sentiment of Shakespeare is truly refreshing and inspiring. Realism is exhausting and enervating in its effect, while idealism frequently avails to stimulate and to fertilise, because it strikes chords in the human breast, which, are hushed by the bustle and clamour of the day, giving a higher value to a man's being, a more lasting power to his work, and ennobling his personality in every direction. "Great artists," says M. Legouvé in his interesting volume of reminiscences, "however enamoured of the idealistic are neither ignorant nor contemptuous of nature: if they happen now and again to soar too much above it, it is not from disdain of that which is, and is visible to everyone, but from an ardent passion for that which can only be seen by the imagination. Hence when accident brings them back violently face to face with nature, they embrace her—as Montaigne would say—with a more feverish straining, and in depicting her they manage to display a vigour of touch and a grandeur of execution denied to those who entrench themselves in the vulgar reality. Their constant intercourse with the beautiful has had the effect of teaching them the 'truly true,' for the beautiful is only the sublime rendering of the visibly true."

But pre-eminently should a State-subsidised Theatre be a school for poetic education. In poetry, as in music, harmony and melody are co-equal components of the structure, and naturally increase the difficulty of a complete knowledge of verse and of its suitable rendering. In its delivery the rhyme must be effaced by the actor and the music of the rhythm conveyed. If the verses are nervous, their resonance must be brought out in a way to make the house vibrate. An elevated style is required, for a stilted one would be unendurable, and in being conventional the actor must not forget to give the illusion of being natural. It is quite possible for a modern audience to be indifferent to the poetical drama; simply because its ear and its feeling have not been sufficiently trained. But a dramatist who chooses the most moving episodes in the history of the sorrowful heart as the subject of his best work, and who has the skill to paint those episodes in all their tragic force, requires the rhythmical cadence of verse to give elevation to his theme, and should have an audience prepared to understand and appreciate the music of poetry, and actors trained to do justice to its delivery.

Besides possessing an influence over art, a State Theatre should exert an influence over morality, and endeavour, not prudishly or didactically, but in a broad and healthy spirit, to lead popular thought in high and ennobling directions, and to encourage the dramatist to believe that whatever tends to vitiate the nation's taste and its morals may fairly be at the mercy of the dramatist's censure. The highest aim of the artist is to create a work valid for all ages, a work which shall inspire the life of the nation with more and more glorious aspiration. And it is the privilege and duty of a State-aided Theatre to encourage prophets and poets of the nation, to enrich the artistic treasure, not only of its own country, but of the world, with a series of finished art works which will retain enduring value, give new vigour to art, and add moral stamina to the collective life of the nation.

WILLIAM POEL.



Carlotta Leclercq.

In Memoriam.



T was at the little town of Kilmarnock, that we first met more years ago than I care to count. The place dignified with the name of theatre was a dreadful hole over a stable, and the players were worthy of the playhouse. There was Pike the manager, an old barn stormer, who played the leading parts, and played the deuce with them; his son George, who played the principal low comedy, and the fiddle in the orchestra, and Mistress Pike, a jolly old lady with an extensive bosom, bright brown eyes and a celestial nose: there was a fair haired gentle elderly lady, who looked as if she had been pressed in a *hortus siccus*, and her sons, two strapping lads of sixteen and seventeen, who afterwards attained some distinction.

We were playing to wretched houses till the Leclercq family came to our relief. When they drove into the market square on the Glasgow coach, it was the dinner hour, and their arrival created a veritable sensation. There was Monsieur, a little stout man, and there was Madame a tall and stately woman with *prononcé* features;

there were the "British Buffos," and the girls and boys of the Leclercq family—all told, ten souls.

From the market square the mail drove towards the theatre yard followed by the mob shouting a hoarse welcome. Seated beside Madame was a bright blue-eyed golden-haired girl, who attracted my attention, and immediately excited my admiration. There was some difficulty in descending from the coach. We were only boy and girl (our united ages did not make thirty), too young to be ceremonious, she leaped into my arms and it was thus that Carlotta Leclercq and I became acquainted—

"'Twas through my eyes she leaped into my heart,"

and from that day, to the last moment of her existence, we remained firm friends. Although our ages were equal, she had greatly the advantage in experience, inasmuch as she had actually been born on the stage, whereas I had gone through barely six months probation.

Monsieur Leclercq was an experienced ballet-master, an accomplished dancer, a capital actor of Frenchmen (M. Jacques, M. Tonson, etc.), and an admirable pantomimist; Madame was a splendid *danseuse* and an experienced actress; the children were all born pantomimists and dancers; but "Lottie" (I never heard them call her anything but "Lottie") was an actress even then. That night and every night during the engagement the theatre was crowded. The programme consisted of "Esmeralda," and the ballet of "Nymphs and Satyrs." Monsieur was *Quasimodo*, and Madame was *Esmeralda*, Lottie was *Fleur de Lys* and I was *Phœbus*, and considered myself deeply wronged in being compelled to make love to Madame *mere* instead of her lovely daughter.

On the last night "The Lady of Lyons" was enacted. Of course Madame appropriated *Pauline*, while Lottie, much to her mortification and my disappointment (I was *Claude*), was relegated to *Gaspar*. To be sure she made the bonniest boy that ever donned a blouse and breeches, there was some comfort in that. I have told elsewhere the story of that memorable night, but as it concerns the writer more than his friend, I will spare the reader the recital.

At the end of the engagement we parted, each promising the other that when next we met she should be my *Pauline*.

In less than twelve months from that time she had joined Charles Kean's galaxy of beauty at the Princess's. There was Carlotta herself, Caroline Heath, Agnes Robertson (the *Colleen Bawn*), Miss Murray (Mrs. Brandram), Fanny Ternan and her sister, the Broughams, Eleanor Bufton, and Juliet Desboro'.

For the first two seasons Carlotta was restricted to *Columbine*. Her first opportunity as an actress occurred in "Marco Spada," then came her crowning triumph, *Marguerite*, in Boucicault's adaptation of Michel Carré's "Faust and Marguerite." Success now followed success in her impersonations of the heroines of "The Lancers," "The Muleteer of Toledo," "The Prima Donna," "The Rose of

Amiens," while beyond and above all, dominated her delightful *Perdita* and *Titania*. Her *Beppo*, the goatherd in "A Prince for an Hour," was admired no less for its artistic excellence than its plastic grace. A more perfect model of symmetrical loveliness has never been presented by the bounty of nature or the beauty of art.

Pictures and statuettes of this particular character were to be found here, there, everywhere.

It was during a vacation at the Princess's that we again foregathered. She came down to Worcester and Cheltenham to play a variety of her popular parts, and surely enough the first part she played was *Pauline* to my *Claude*. On the last night of her engagement she lost "Cardinal Wolsey," a little mongrel Charles Kean had given her, and we wandered about the streets of Cheltenham for hours in night and darkness till we found the truant.

At the end of Kean's management, Miss Leclercq joined Augustus Harris the elder at the Princess's where she encountered Fechter, whose triumphs she afterwards shared at the Lyceum and Adelphi, notably as *Lucy Ashton* and *Pauline*, as *Mercedes* ("Monte Cristo"), and *Marguerite* ("No Thoroughfare.")

The last was an especially admirable performance by all concerned, Henry Neville as *Vendale*, Fechter as *Obenreitzer*, Webster as *Joey Ladle*, Miss Woolgar as his sweetheart, and Carlotta as *Obenreitzer's* ward. When I saw this play shortly afterwards in Paris, the beautiful Leonide le Blanc was not comparable with Carlotta in the heroine, although candour constrains me to say that the elder Berton held his own with Fechter in *Obenreitzer*.

At her zenith Miss Leclercq was one of the most beautiful, as she was certainly one of the most accomplished, actresses on the English stage. Her tragedy was admirable, but her comedy was adorable. In her youth she had been one of the best *Clara Douglas's* I had ever acted with; at her maturity I found her the best *Lady Franklin* in existence. At this time she was also an excellent *Lady Macbeth*, *Emilia* and *Gertrude*, and an incomparable *Mrs. Oakley*.

Had her remuneration been commensurate with her accomplishments, she would doubtless have amassed a fortune, but the days of large salaries had not then arrived. Even as it was, her savings were considerable, but, unfortunately, during one of Fechter's vicissitudes in America, she was induced to invest them in a theatre which he began to build, but which he never finished. The ultimate failure of this project involved her in disastrous consequences, which led to her return to England.

She played her first engagement with me, and it was a pleasure and indeed a duty to advise and assist her. Her recent career is so well known that further reference to it is unnecessary.

The tie of family is always strong among the better class of players, and in this respect the Leclercqs have always been conspicuous. They are model sons and daughters—hence it is satisfactory to know that the declining years of my oldest and dearest friend were solaced by the love and devotion of her surviving relatives.

Had Carlotta Leclercq died five-and-twenty years ago, half London would have fought for a sight of her grave ; but she sleeps none the less soundly, assured that those who loved her living, mourn her dead.

JOHN COLEMAN.



Some Amateur Performances.

QUADRUPLE BILL AT THE BIJOU THEATRE.

No one, not even Mr. Barry Pain's Poet, could complain of the "Monotony of the Show" at Bayswater. He would very possibly have found there ample grounds for a growl, but not on that particular score. Four plays varied by song, dance, and recitation, would have left him no possible loophole. "An April Jest," daintily played by the three Misses Webling, was the attraction of the evening. It is a graceful trifle, redolent of the old-world courtliness and old-world bloom of a hundred years since. The April jest is played off by a demure little maid upon her swain, who is deluded into mistaking for her, her sister, and reduced almost to distraction by the whims suddenly developed by his erstwhile docile love. Mr. Arthur Weston has displayed a pretty fancy in the treatment of his little sketch, and it ought to meet with a measure of popularity. As the mischievous sisters, the Misses Rosalind and Lucy Webling played with charming vivacity, whilst Miss Peggy Webling gave capital effect to the perplexed lover. "The Mousetrap" should have been as successful, but the most important feature of Mr. Howell's clever little duologue would have been the prompter, had he not been conspicuous by his absence. As it was, dire confusion and something not far removed from total collapse ensued. "Dick's Repentance," labelled "a new drama," by Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, is but a lame variation of the old theme, the return of the prodigal, in which Mr. Allan Nugent was an ingenuous and preachy cleric ; Miss Fennessy, playing in a simple, straightforward fashion, which was distinctly pleasing, was his wife ; and the author himself, displaying some degree of rough vigour, was the repentant prodigal. "Bamboozling" followed, but matters did not materially mend. The actors, or the majority of them, were not in touch with farce. One or two were amusing and kept things going fairly well, but the remainder were heavy and depressing as an influenza cold.

"DANDY DICK" BY THE WHITTINGTON A.D.C.

For the sake of individual performances, in the annals of the Whittington, "Dandy Dick" takes a worthy place, though it does not range alongside their "Magistrate," or the more notable performances of the club. There was nothing especially wrong with the cast. Certainly two or three of the minor parts were weak spots, and Mr. Pinero's minor parts count for a good deal ; but that weakness alone was not sufficient to affect the whole body. It started well, too. Judging from the first act, deceptive as the first number of a magazine, the fun stood a good chance of going strong. But, *facilis descensus*. The laughter subsided into a trickle, save at such moments as the brisker members swelled it into something more considerable, but even their efforts could not prevent the play from going to pieces at not infrequent intervals. What it wanted was a general brisking-up. Taken at exactly double the pace, it would have been a capital performance, equal to the best work of which the club can boast. Quite half the mischief must be laid at the door of Mr. W. T. Clark.

His *Dean* was a ripe, well-finished piece of comedy, but the deliberate method he adopted weighted the scale heavily on the losing side. The actresses did most towards pulling the play together. Mrs. Pryce Hamer was not *Georgiana, Tidman*, neither did she play the sporting widow as to the manner born, but she had a keen appreciation of the sparkling lines allotted to her, rattled them off briskly, and threw an estimable amount of spirit into her work. Miss Mary Stuart was *Hannah Topping* to the life; and Mr. Webster's *Noah* would have been a worthy companion picture had the actor devoted more time to the study of the text. The Misses Evelyn and Winifred Graham were bright and lively as the *Dean's* pretty daughters, receiving very inconsiderable support from Messrs. Trouncer and Marcus. Mr. Wells was breezy and pleasant as *Sir Tristram*, and Mr. Moore consistent as the butler.

THE HAMPSTEAD CLUB AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

"A vague unrest, and a nameless longing filled her breast. A wish that she hardly dared to own. For something better than she had known." This is the text selected by Mrs. Thompson and Miss Sinclair for "*Duskie*," their little one-act play produced at the last performance of the season given by the Hampstead Club. *Duskie*, the maiden of the "nameless longings," is a little gipsy-maiden whom accident brings to the house of her father, who has almost forgotten the gipsy-wife of twenty years ago, and is happy in the love of wife and daughter. Discovering *Duskie's* identity, he is hesitating as to the course he shall pursue, when his wife takes the choice out of his hands by extending a loving welcome to the girl. The authoresses have done wisely to throw back their story a hundred years. No one is prepared to peer too curiously into the shadows, and everyone is more than half disposed to lend a credulous ear to fairy-stories which bear the stamp of remoteness. The story is told prettily and daintily, although at needless length, and with not over-much discretion. The lovers, for instance, who are both superfluous and tedious—despite the efforts of Miss E. Sinclair and Mr. Walther to redeem them from the latter charge—usurp an altogether unwarrantable amount of room, whilst the parents, with a stronger bearing upon the plot, remain dim and shadowy in the background, although Mrs. Evans and Mr. Dawson Milward did their utmost to bring them forward, and give them form and substance. Miss K. Sinclair had the most chance of scoring, and scored the most, as the gipsy-lass. Later on, "*The Parvenu*" afforded more opportunity for distinction—an opportunity of which the actors, or the majority of them, availed themselves very fairly. Mr. Cahill is a trifle heavy as the owner of Pagnett Royal, but he succeeds in focussing every side of the character. Mr. Dornon's *Baronet* had dignity and a *Ver de Vere* air to recommend it. Mr. Fred Barton stopped short at giving point to *Tracy's* lines. Mr. Walther was graceful, and played with a romantic air as the priggish lover. If Miss Lucy Churchill did nothing particular to relieve *Guendolen's* colourlessness, she was at least pretty and pleasant, and if Mrs. Chamberlin was a little lacking in vivacity, she was always bright and amusing, whilst Miss Ellie Chester's snobbish *Lady Pettigrew* was altogether beyond reproach.

"THE PARVENU" BY THE MOMUS CLUB.

Yet another, and in some respects a better, world of No Man's Land! As far as the *Parvenu* himself was concerned, the two clubs were very fairly matched. There is no just cause or impediment in the way of either Mr. Cahill or Mr. Colley Salter. Either can manage a very passable portrait of *Ledger*. In neither instance, perhaps, is it a case of holding the mirror up to nature, but with both of them it is a sufficiently close likeness to merit hearty recognition. There is scarcely a pin to choose between the rivals, for what Mr. Cahill lacked in alertness and spontaneity, Mr. Salter lacked in force, and, oddly enough, breadth of treatment. With their *Sir Fulke*, the Momus lost ground. Mr. Cyril Bathurst worked hard, but he was wanting in distinction and most things that suggest the blue-blooded baronet. But the lost ground was speedily recovered by Mr. Cecil Walton, who contrived to make a man out of even such unpromising material as *Claud Glynn*. Given Mr. Damer Dawson's reading of *Tracy*, his performance was creditable. But it was with their actresses that the

Momus left the Hampstead far in the rear. Miss Ellie Chester, wisely retained by both clubs, kept the balance even with regard to *Lady Pettigrew*, but Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Renton far outstripped their rivals, the former lending daintiness and womanly charm to *Gwendolen*, and the sparkle and vivacity of the latter keeping the audience aglow with delight.

TRIPLE BILL AT THE WESTMINSTER TOWN HALL.

Managers might do worse than bestow a little attention upon the plays produced at amateur shows. The amateur play is no longer to be thrust aside with scorn or contumely or damn'd with a faint word of praise. Not so long since it might have been described as belonging to one of the three classes into which Mr. Burnand's "Guide to Bradshaw" divides the trains. Of these, he says, there are some that start and don't arrive. Others there be which arrive and don't start. And yet a third class is there which neither starts nor arrives, but runs. But, to a great extent, we have changed all that. This is not to say that the amateur play, as it is popularly conceived, is no more. It is still with us—just as we still have the amateur who considers that in speaking his lines and dressing his part he has fulfilled the whole duty of an actor, and the audience which confuses the actor with his part and thinks him a born genius if the lines allotted to him are witty. I do not know that the playgoer is markedly on the upward grade. Take him for all in all he is, as Mr. Jerome points out, a monument of ignorance as far as all things pertaining to the theatre are concerned. The amateur actor, of course, has long been steadily moving onward, and the amateur play is not infrequently fully as deserving of serious attention. Witness "Justice," the most important of the three little plays submitted by Mrs. Dening to public inspection. It told of a young wife who to shield her husband's daughter from his wrath takes upon herself a trifling indiscretion committed by the girl. But the matter proves to be more serious than she had fancied, and the old man, fearful lest he should become the laughing stock of his little world, bids her leave his roof. The wife is eventually exculpated, but when her husband would seek reconciliation she turns from him, showing herself inflexible as he himself had been. One or two minor points might be improved upon, but even as it stands the play is singularly free from amateurishness. In much that is said and done there is real human nature, and the moments when the dramatic instinct is not present are few and far between. Mr. Rex Aston, unfamiliar only in name, an actor sturdy and strong enough to safely challenge comparison with the bulk of professionals, was ruggedly forcible as the inflexible old farmer. The wife was played with some little force and more naturalness by the authoress. Miss Ward was hardly experienced enough to do justice to the girl *Lois*, and Mr. Walbrook as her lover was stiff and angular. And there was no falling away of the interest over the other items in the programme. In "Olympus," a dramatic idyll, Mrs. Dening's fancy plays lightly around the Olympian days, and we are introduced to sovereign *Herè*, who, by way of relieving the monotony of immortality, seeks to woo from his allegiance to a mortal maiden a shepherd youth. Mrs. Dening was disposed to take her scenes too languidly, but she contrived to suggest the offended majesty of the goddess. Mrs. Bass was sympathetic as the shepherdess; and Mr. Knox Orde graceful and fervent as her lover. "Training a Husband" is a brightly written little dialogue, in which a lady of pronounced views strives to train her lover in paths of domestic usefulness. Miss Bass lacked spirit and self-assertion, but she played with simple humour; and Mr. Morris Ward was genuinely comical as the long-suffering worm which ends by turning.

"OTHELLO" AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Mr. Glossop Such is of Andrea del Sarto's mind, "that a man's reach should exceed his grasp," or what's a Shakespeare for? I do not quarrel with him upon that score. What I would urge upon him is that he should ascertain what may fairly be considered his reach, and not vainly stretch his finger tips to what is as far beyond them as the moon towards which the child, with rudimentary ideas as to distance, stretches its arms. Had he learnt to know himself, his powers, his capabilities, he would have recognised that though they will carry him some distance—for Mr. Such is an actor of more than

average intelligence and knowledge of the stage—they will stop short of *Othello*. Between Mr. Such and the *Moor* there is a great gulf fixed which cannot be bridged. For this we want an actor who can breast tempestuous waves of passion, of pathos, of despair. Mr. Such lacks the stamina to do more than face and surmount the rippling wavelets of a cloudless summer's day. The audience is always politely interested in his efforts, it is never moved to a mighty pity. Had Mr. Such been never so strong, however, he would have been clogged by the *Iago*, invertebrate, timid and irresolute, who let down every scene in the most disastrous fashion. The Bond Street Cassio, too, was more entertaining than effective. There was more merit in the minor parts—in the firmly drawn *Brabantio* of Mr. Lewin Mantering, the *Duke* of Mr. Wilton, the *Mentano* of Mr. Ham, and the *Roderigo* of Mr. Blagrove—the last excellent in intention, and fairly successful in result. Mrs. Murray Carson, too, though lacking the humour and breadth of style for *Emilia*, played with feeling. But the *Desdemona* was the one remarkable feature. Had it been possible for Miss Hall Caine, single-handed, to win the day, there would have been no defeat to chronicle, for her performance was strong and impressive as any within my recollection. The earlier scenes were full of delicate charm, and the boldness and earnestness of her emotional acting fairly swept the play along whenever it came within her grasp.

“PYGMALION AND GALATEA” BY THE ROMANY CLUB.

Gilbert's comedy was the play selected by the Romany for the last performance of the season, but it was not this which we came out especially for to see. There was a new duologue to be exploited. Now in an ordinary way it is with a feeling of some uncertainty that we shut our eyes and open our mouth in obedience to the command of the dramatist, and await what he elects to send us. Experience has taught us that as likely as not it will take the form of a spoonful of powder. But when it is from Mr. Walkes that the injunction comes all such misgivings disappear. We confidently anticipate a spoonful of effervescent fun, and “Gentleman Jim,” the latest of this author's smart trifles, fully justifies our expectations. The *dramatis personæ* are *Mary Sinclair*, a lady journalist, and *Jack Culverdon*, a gentleman who is bent upon obtaining some compensation for a sum out of which he has been swindled. He mistakes the lady's rooms for those of the man he is seeking, and a capital game of cross-purposes results. The lady is convinced that the intruder is a certain notorious burglar who makes that neighbourhood his particular hunting-ground. He is firmly persuaded that she is the daughter of the man from whom he intends to wring compensation. She pleads abjectly for mercy. He is adamant. Finally, the ruling journalistic passion, strong even in terror, triumphs, and she lays herself out to interview the supposed burglar. The trifle was admirably acted by Mr. and Mrs. Walkes, who are adepts in serving up a dainty morsel of this description. The Romany are indulging in a regular course of Gilbert just now—a course in which, it must be confessed, the talents of the actresses show up to distinctly better advantage than do those of the actors. And this is not difficult to understand when we remember that whilst for the former they have the wide world from which to make their selection, and may thus be quite fairly expected to find the actress to fit the part, for the latter they are restricted to the club, and if it doesn't happen to include the man they want, they are forced to make shift with the nearest fit they can get. In this instance the fit proved, in almost every case, to be a very fair one, but then the actresses were suited to a nicety, and there's the width of the universe between a fit that's perfect and one that is passable. Mrs. Hallward stood foremost by virtue of her vivid and impressive picture of appalling passion. It is rare, indeed, to find an amateur who can give such expression to *Cynisca's* fierce flare of jealousy. Mrs. Evans as *Galatea* looked charming, and was a dream of grace. Her humour was delightfully delicate, the pathos was pretty if not precisely poignant, and the performance, as a whole, was touched with a sweet womanliness. Mr. Hallward looked well as *Pygmalion*. Had he been more at his ease in the part, the result would have been more striking. Miss Lizzie Webster made the daintiest little *Myrine* imaginable, and found a frank and manly *Leucippe* in Mr. Montgomerie. Words and make-up may suffice for *Chrysos* and *Daphne*, but with the full weight of Mr. Trollope's and Miss Henderson's drollery thrown in, they are fairly irresistible.

"A NIGHT OFF" BY THE KENSINGTON CLUB.

The production of Mr. Daly's farce was a move-up on the part of the Kensingtonians, but as in the case of the latter's tea-party in Wonderland, it was a move-up in which not more than one or two reaped a distinct advantage. Some could justly advance the plea of poor parts, whilst others, seemingly more fortunate, were in reality in scarcely better plight, because the work was unsuited to them, and they handled it awkwardly. Of those who were happy alike in part and in capacity to meet its requirements, Mr. Frank Hole and Mr. Gordon Taylor stood out most prominently. In spirit and manner the former supplied exactly what was needed for the wife-ridden Professor, at the same time filling in the outlines with a wealth of invention and detail. Mr. Taylor, too, rose to the requirements of the versatile *Snap* with the elasticity of india-rubber. Mr. Cecil Walton, with less opportunity for shining, successfully contributed towards keeping the ball spinning; and Mr. Murray Lochner and Mr. Boyan completed the cast as far as the actors were concerned. The club should have looked abroad for a *Xantippe*. In no single particular was Miss Linda Hall adapted for the part. Miss Archdall was a vivacious *Niobe*, though she did not make the most of her opportunities. Miss Davenant played with plenty of spirit as *Angelina*, and Miss Kathleen Hall was lively and amusing as *Susan*.



Musical Notes.

IN my last article I was prevented by pressure of space from completing a review of the season of Italian Opera at Covent Garden. Sir Augustus Harris may well be proud of the work got through, for in addition to many elaborate revivals of heavy operas, he produced no less than five entirely new works, viz., "I Pagliacci," "Djamileh," "I Rantzau," "Amy Robsart," and "The Veiled Prophet." My present notes must be chiefly devoted to the last two works, for the month of August has been of course an entirely blank one from a musical point of view, only excepting the Promenade Concerts. It is a pleasing task, however, to record, that on the closing night of the season, when Sir Augustus Harris was summoned before the curtain with the greatest enthusiasm, he announced that engagements had been made for next season with all the leading artists, including MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszké, Madame Calvé, Madame Melba, and M. Lassalle.

"AMY ROBSART."

A romantic opera, in three acts, by ISIDORE DE LARA.

The libretto arranged from Sir Walter Scott's novel, by SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS; the French version by PAUL MILLIET, and the English adaptation by FREDERICK WRATHERLY.

First performed (on any stage) at Covent Garden Theatre, July 20th, 1893.

Amy Robsart	MADAME CALVÉ.	Tressilian	MONS. BONNARD.
Queen Elizabeth.. ..	MADAME ARMAND.	Lambourne	MONS. CASTELMARY.
Leicester	MONS. ALVAREZ.	Varney	MONS. LASSALLE.

"Amy Robsart" must be considered Mr. de Lara's first opera, for though "The Light of Asia" was adapted for the stage, it was far

more suitable to the concert platform than the theatre. "The Light of Asia," however, showed such great promise and sterling merit that expectations ran high over "Amy Robsart." A more beautiful subject, or one more suitable for operatic purposes, could hardly be desired by any composer; the *libretto* is exceptionally good throughout, very few liberties indeed having been taken with Scott's immortal story. Mr. de Lara has, therefore, not been handicapped in any way, in fact Sir Augustus Harris did all that was possible for the work, mounting and dressing it in the most lavish manner, and providing a really magnificent cast of artists. In spite of all this, however, it must be frankly confessed that Mr. de Lara has not achieved anything like so great a success as was expected. Speaking of the work as a whole, the score undoubtedly lacks dramatic grip, in fact the composer never seems strong enough or original enough to adequately treat so purely dramatic a subject. As might be expected Mr. de Lara shines at his best in the love passages, which contain considerable passion, power and melody. The concerted music is as a rule thin, except in one place, of which more anon. While admitting all this, however, it is only fair at the same time to state that the score contains so much that is good that the composer may be heartily encouraged to persevere. The scene of the first act is laid at Cumnor Hall (a really exquisite set). In this act there is a fine solo for *Varney*, a still finer love duet for *Leicester* and *Amy Robsart*, and a striking duet between *Varney* and the heroine in which he tells her of *Leicester's* supposed love for the *Queen*. The second act is laid in the grounds of Kenilworth Castle, and is chiefly noticeable for the only really strong concerted music in the whole opera. A *fête* is being given in honour of *Queen Elizabeth*. The original score contained some elaborate music for the revels and grand procession, but this was wisely curtailed. It is when *Amy Robsart* arrives and appeals to the *Queen* for protection, and when *Varney* has the impudence to assert that he, and not *Leicester*, is the poor girl's husband, that the concerted music before-mentioned takes place. Here and here only, in my opinion, the composer shows real strength. The third act is in two scenes, the first of which—a room in Kenilworth Castle—contains yet another love duet, while the second—Cumnor of course, deals with *Amy Robsart's* tragic death, which, by-the-way, is admirably managed, her fall from the bridge into the moat taking place in full view of the audience. The performance of Mr. de Lara's work was a really grand one, and I must congratulate him once again on his having secured for interpreters of his three principal characters such magnificent artists as Madame Calvé, M. Lassalle and M. Alvarez, though Madame Armand, M. Bonnard, and M. Castelmarty were all most excellent. Mr. Bevignani conducted admirably, and the composer was of course repeatedly summoned before the curtain.

"THE VEILED PROPHET."

A romantic opera, by DR. VILLERS STANFORD.
The libretto adapted from MOORE'S "Lalla Rookh" by MR. BARCLAY SQUIRE.
First performed in England at Covent Garden Theatre, July 26th, 1893.

Azim	SIGNOR VIGNAS.	Mokanna	MONS. ANCONA.
Abdullah	M. VILLANI.	Fatima	Miss LUCILE HILL.
Watchman	SIGNOR GUETARY.	Zelica	MADAME NORDICA.
The Caliph	SIGNOR DE VASCHETTI.	Premiere Danseuse ..	Mlle. V. ZUCCHI.

"The Veiled Prophet" was written in 1877 and 1878, and first performed—in a German translation by the late Ernest Frank—at

the Court Theatre of Hanover, on February 6th, 1881. Since then, however, Dr. Stanford has very considerably revised the score, adapting it for the Italian Opera stage, and the performance at Covent Garden was the first in that language. It is a little remarkable that the work has not been heard before in London, and still more remarkable that it was produced at the fag-end of the season. The story of "The Veiled Prophet" may be briefly summed up as follows:—In Meron, Persia, about the year A.D. 779, there was a young soldier—a captain and leader of a party—who in the wars was wounded by an arrow piercing one of his eyes, destroying it altogether. To hide this deformity he wore a mask or thick veil. This man was a villain by nature, and being very expert in juggling tricks, the blasphemous idea occurred to him to pass himself off as God, which he straightway had the incredible audacity to do. The imposter quickly gathered round him an immense band of devoted followers, who not only offered him worship and reverence, but obeyed his slightest command. *Mokanna*—for such was his name—became at length so powerful that the *Caliph* sent an army to arrest his progress. Defeated at last, and reduced to extremities, he not only destroyed himself, but the whole of his faithful band, by means of poisoned wine. Before this happened, however, *Zelica*, a priestess of the prophet (*Mokanna*), who was bound to her lord with a fearful oath, became secretly in love with a young captain. This soldier volunteered to lead the prophet's army against the *Caliph*. On learning the true character of *Mokanna*, however, he refused to do so, and urged *Zelica* to flight. In the end he saved her from the vengeance of *Mokanna*, who would entice her to drink the poisoned wine. The opera ends with the entry of the victorious *Caliph* just as *Mokanna* stabs himself. It is no easy task to speak of Dr. Stanford's music in a short space. Taking it as a whole, it is unquestionably exceedingly fine; the score of a scholarly musician of a very high class. And yet there is something wanting. It is difficult to pick a flaw in the orchestration, for it is correct, sound, and at times striking. The dramatic passages, too, are powerful, displaying a rare command of musical expression. The love passages, again, contain true melody. What then does the opera lack? This may be summed up in one word—inspiration. "The Veiled Prophet" is a beautiful work, but it could never be taken for the product of genius; it springs from the mind of a cultured musician, versed in every detail of the art. One cannot help wishing, though, for a little less correctness, and a little more heart and feeling. The principal numbers of the opera are as follows: In Act i. (Scene 2) there is a really charming solo for *Zelica*, which is followed by a strong dramatic duet between *Mokanna* and *Zelica*. In Act ii. occurs the finest solo in the whole opera, written for *Azim* the young captain (*Zelica's* lover). This was encored with enthusiasm. Also in this act is a very beautiful solo for *Fatima*. Following shortly after this comes ballet music, which, however, is rather colourless. An extremely effective love duet finishes this act. In Act iii., there is some fine concerted music, but no solos worthy of special mention. Dr. Stanford was singularly fortunate in the interpretation of his work, for Sir Augustus Harris not only gave it an extremely powerful cast, but mounted it magnificently. The second act set was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen in opera. The performance, too, under the able direction of Signor Mancinelli was a wholly admirable one. Madame Nordica, Signor Vignas, and M.

Ancona all sang and acted magnificently, while capital assistance was rendered by Miss Lucile Hill, M. Villani, Signor Guetary, and Signor de Vaschetti. Whether "The Veiled Prophet" will "live" it is too early to say, but at least it is a work which should be heard again both at Covent Garden and elsewhere.

MR. FARLEY SINKINS may be congratulated upon the opening of his series of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden on Saturday, August 12th, for the theatre was crowded from floor to ceiling. Mr. Sinkins deserves well of the public, for he is endeavouring to introduce a larger proportion of good instrumental music than has been customary at these concerts for many years, and to this end he enlisted the services of Mr. Frederic H. Cowen as principal conductor. I am afraid, however, that his very laudable efforts in this direction are a mistake from a business point of view, for the public who frequent these concerts most undoubtedly prefer a more "popular" programme. It would be better to devote one evening each week to classical music. On the opening night the artists engaged included Madame Valda, Madame Belle Cole, Miss Marion McKenzie, Mr. Ben Davies, M. Ysaye, Mr. Dufriche, and Mr. Stedman's choir of boys and girls, who sang in costume a new vocal waltz and a new vocal polka, both of which, however, were very poor goods.

PERCY NOTCUTT.



Notes of the Month.

WHAT a lame and impotent conclusion to a season of startling surprises! After all the excitement of Mr. Wilde's introduction of a *Woman of No Importance* and Mr. Pinero's of *Another whose Importance*, every way, is supreme; after the coming of Signora Duse, to whom one is glad to note that Mr. Archer in his *Fortnightly* review of the "Plays and Acting of the Season" pays impressive homage—assuring her "that to one London playgoer at least, and doubtless to a thousand others as well, the name of Eleonora Duse will always bring with it golden memories of inspired nature expressing itself through the medium of noble and consummate art"; after the vast expectations aroused and crushing disappointments inflicted by the *Comédie Française*, we are (literally) Strand-ed during the last weeks of this eventful season upon Mr. Abbott's "Sleepwalker" and Mr. Sheridan's "Trip to Chicago"!

BUT that these curious works serve a useful end in marking, let us hope, the lowest point of the ebb in things theatrical, they would scarcely call for mention, but so dull and dead has everything been that quite a number of excellent actors were found in the toils of this promising farce and this contemptible music-hall medley—an eloquent commentary upon the outlets that exist for artists of the reputation and the stamp of, for example, Mr. Charles Groves and Mr. Sidney Brough.

WHEN things are at their worst, however, it is alleged that they are bound to turn, and from the chronicler's point of view things certainly promise to be a little livelier. The good fairy who has brought life where every evidence of death was in the air is Mr. Clement Scott. Often and often has Mr. Scott wrought wonders in this way, and driven stagnation out of the field with some invigorating surprise. But he has this time surpassed all previous efforts. For no less a discovery has he made for the tiding over of the dead season than that the drama of the year, the play of the century as it has almost unanimously been acclaimed, the astonishing "*Second Mrs. Tanqueray*" lived, married, tore at her chains, and committed suicide two years ago in Germany. But Mr. Scott must tell the story of his "find" himself, in the words in which he first told it in *The Illustrated London News* of the 19th of August, under the heading of "A Strange Coincidence; or, The Second Mrs. Wife." Dramatically enough Mr. Scott encountered exactly opposite Mr. Pinero's old house in St. John's Wood Road, a friend, long resident abroad, who, after asking if the brilliant adapter of "*Nos Intimes*" and "*Dora*" were still partial to this branch of dramatic work, exclaimed:—

"I can tell you a good play, and you ought to get it. It was produced with great success in Berlin about two years ago.

"Name?

“‘Der Schatten.’

“Author?

“Paul Lindau.

“‘An excellent dramatist,’ I observed, ‘and a dramatic critic also.’

“‘Quite right. You will like it. Get the play. Good-bye.’

“And so we parted at the gate of Mr. Pinerò’s old house in St. John’s Wood Road. I enquired at several foreign booksellers, but the stock of Paul Lindau’s ‘Der Schatten’ (‘The Phantom’) had apparently all been sold out. But after a little delay the scenario came over from Germany, and it was under my thumb and the paper-cutter.

“The scene changes. Behold me after dinner and over a cigar deep in ‘The Shadow’ on a comfortable sofa. And this is the plot that I extracted from Paul Lindau’s play—

“An officer and Government servant, Freiherr von Brücken, who has been unhappy in his first marriage, determines to marry again. Contrary to the advice of his friends, he selects as his second partner in life a lady of somewhat questionable reputation. Edith Mühlberg has been on the stage, but there is no particular harm in that. The difficulty is that the unfortunate lady has, quite in her youth, been betrayed by a young man of good family. She was far more sinned against than sinning. In fact, she was more in the position of Denise than ‘The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.’ She appeals to our sympathies as Bartet does in the French play; she does not agitate our nerves and excite our reasoning powers as Mrs. Patrick Campbell does in what I am told by critics of authority is ‘the finest English play of the century.’ ‘The Second Mrs. Wife’ confesses her sin to her husband before her marriage, but conceals the name of her betrayer. However, the husband, quite as good a fellow as Mr. George Alexander is in the work of genius just produced in England, which has so excited the critical doves, thinks to give his second wife self-respect again by marrying her—which he does.

“The husband so anxious to rehabilitate in society the lady of questionable reputation has a sister—not a daughter this time by his first marriage—but a sister Ada, who lives with him, and is on a very friendly footing with his wife. While this sister—not daughter—is away from home she meets and becomes engaged to a man of some importance.

“Why? would you believe it? this man engaged to the sister—not the daughter—of the hero of the play, the noble rehabilitating husband, *was the former lover of the husband’s second wife!*

“Dear me, what a strange coincidence, is it not?

“The ‘Second Mrs. Wife,’ knowing that her husband’s sister is engaged to the man who ruined her, feels that her husband must be told. But she has not the courage to tell the truth. The sister suspects something is wrong from Edith’s strange excitement on hearing the name of her sister-in-law’s *fiancé*. Edith, of course, is the harassed and perplexed ‘Second Mrs. Wife’—a martyr, not a shrew. The *fiancé* arrives, and the ‘Second Mrs. Wife’ has a private interview with him in which she tries to persuade him to break off the engagement, or, at any rate, leave the place until she has told the dreadful truth to her husband.

“At this point, still reading with my cigar still alight, I threw down the elaborate scenario. Would you believe it? I was transported in imagination to the St. James’s Theatre, London, and saw the scene between Mr. Benjamin Webster and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, with





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MISS MAUDE MILLETT.

"If (*if!*) to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."

"THE RAPE OF THE LOCK."

—Pope.

Miss Maud Millett hovering about in the background. The more I read Paul Lindau, the German, the more I recalled the masterpiece of English Pinero. But to proceed—

"The young man engaged to Mr. George Alexander's German sister—not his English daughter, remember—refuses to leave the house just as, strange to say, Mr. Benjamin Webster did in the English masterpiece. His reason for refusing to go is that the woman to whom he is engaged will not let him do so. No matter what she knows or suspects, she deliberately refuses to give her future husband up. Whether he ruined a Denise or 'kept house with' the 'Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' the sister of the hero intends to stick to her man through thick and thin. Edith, or the 'Second Mrs. Wife,' in despair at the course things have taken, commits suicide. In point of fact, she drowns herself. But she does not take her own life because it is impossible for her to live when she is getting old—which is, to my mind, a ridiculous suggestion, but because her husband, who has unearthed her secret, is brutal to her, taunts her with her confessed sin, and makes her life a hell—which is a true motive for suicide.

"Edith, or the German 'Second Mrs. Wife,' is certainly not such a disagreeable and irritating creature as the 'Second Mrs. Tanqueray'; she is more natural, more human, more in appeal with our sympathies. As I said before, in temperament, but never in action, she is more like the ruined Denise; but perhaps this shows originality and gives the English play the claim to be called the 'finest dramatic work of the century.' No doubt it is claimed so even in Germany, for Paul Lindau is over there the idol of the Teutonic Archers. Pinero's name is never mentioned in Berlin as the author of 'Der Schatten.' Or is the brilliancy of the English idea due to the fact that the 'Second Mrs. Wife's' old lover, or seducer, is her husband's sister's *fiancé*, and not his daughter's intended husband. These are, no doubt, fine points of debateable originality which will not escape notice.

"I finished the scenario and the cigar; and, as I dreamed over the 'strange coincidence,' the words of my fair friend came back to me, 'Why do you not adapt Paul Lindau's 'Der Schatten'?'"

Some disquieting insinuations follow which carry us back to the beginning of Mr. Pinero's career, and remind us that "The Squire" was ascribed by certain envious busybodies to a direct or indirect acquaintance with Mr. Thomas Hardy's novel, "Far From the Madding Crowd." But Mr. Scott would have done better had he left these unmade. Supposing that Mr. Pinero's word were not that of a man of unassailable honour, or that the evidence of Mr. Hare and the famous note-book were not conclusive in this instance, the author of "Dandy Dick," "The Profligate," "The Magistrate," "The Times," and half-a-dozen more examples of unrivalled originality, can surely, if any dramatist can, afford to smile at a suggestion that he must go afield for his plots. The case is interesting enough as it is, without raking up old disputes and indulging in gratuitous nasty knocks and stings; and the dead season will be sufficiently enlivened by the inner history of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which Mr. Pinero will doubtless feel impelled in self-defence to disclose, without the addition of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.



New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from July 12th to August 5th, 1893 :—

(*Revivals are marked thus **)

- July 18 "Love in Tandem," comedy, in three acts, by Augustin Daly. Daly's
- ,, 20 "Puppets," a sketch, by J. F. M'Ardle. *Matinée*. Criterion.
- ,, 21 "The Adventures of a Night," play, adapted from the Spanish, by M. Milton. First time in London. *Matinée*. Strand.
- ,, 22° "La Fille de Madame Angot," comic opera, by Lecocq. Criterion.
- ,, 25 "The Sleepwalker" (a revised version of the farcical comedy), in three acts, by C. H. Abbott. Strand.
- ,, 26 "A Modern Juliet; or, Romeo Revised," sketch. (Author unannounced). *Matinée*. Terry's.
- ,, 26 "An April Jest," sketch. (Author unannounced). *Matinée*. Terry's.
- ,, 31 "Fettered Lives," drama, in three acts, by Harold Whyte. Britannia.
- Aug. 5 "A Trip to Chicago," musical farcical comedy, in two acts. Vaudeville.

In the Provinces, from July 15th to August 7th, 1893 :—

- July 17 "The Downward Path," drama, in four acts, by C. A. Clarke and H. R. Silva. T.R., Huddersfield.
- ,, 17 "Emma," farcical comedy, in three acts. (Author unannounced). *Matinée*. Aquarium, Brighton.
- ,, 17 "A Modern Don Quixote," musical farcical play, by George Dance. T.R., Nottingham.
- ,, 17 Mrs. Slimmer's Lodgers," farce, in one act, by W. Holles. T.R., Bolton.
- ,, 19 "Homeless," drama, in a prologue and four acts, by J. K. Murray and George Comer. T. R., Leicester.
- ,, 24 "Don Quixote," burlesque, in three acts, by A. and P. Milton. T.R., Darlington.
- ,, 31 "The Black Cat," burlesque extravaganza, in two acts. St. George's Theatre, Walsall.
- Aug 4 "The Heiress of Hazledene," drama, by E. Darby. T.R., Bilston.
- ,, 7 "Another Man's Wife," comedy drama, in four acts, by W. J. Vaughan and Fenton Mackay. Prince's Theatre, Blackburn.
- ,, 7 "The Crystal Queen," drama, in four acts, by A. W. Parry. Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool.
- ,, 7 "Fair Rosamund," drama, in four acts, by B. Ellis. Alexandra Theatre, Widnes.
- ,, 7 "Naughty Titania," by Stanley Rogers. T.R., Aston.

In Paris, from July 12th to August 4th, 1893 :—

- July 20° "La Bouquetiere des Innocents," drama, in five acts, by MM. Anicet Bourgeois and Ferdinand Dugué. Chatelet.
- Aug 7° "Lazare le Patre," drama, in four acts, by G. Bouchardy. Théâtre de la République.



THE THEATRE.

OCTOBER, 1893.

Stars of the Stage.

NO. V.—MISS FORTESCUE AT HOME.



WO dogs met me on the stairs, a handsome tabby cat purred past me on the landing, and a couple of Java sparrows twittered a greeting as I entered a handsomely furnished room in St. Ermin's Mansions, Westminster, and patiently waited for its beautiful owner to emphasise the welcome her pets had already accorded me.

I hadn't long to wait, but I wished it had been longer. There were so many things to see and admire in that quaint, mediæval apartment. On every side of me were evidences of artistic taste and refined judgment. Heavy black oaken sideboard, massive delicately carved book-cases, quaintly decorated clocks stood "cheek by jowl" with ponderous battle-axes and steel-trapped visors that threw an old-time halo over everything, and irresistibly sent the mind back to the days when—

" . . . Knights were bold,
And barons held their sway."

With such incentive to imagination, it was easy to people that room with the mail-clad knights of chivalrous days; it was easy to conjure up a picture of courtly knights and fair-haired maidens paying tribute to Rowena, the empress of beauty. Around this vision of the imagination my day-dream hung with loving tenacity until a door snapped, a dog barked, and I started to find Rowena herself approaching me, her beautiful Saxon hair glinting like golden thread in the summer sunlight as it coiled round a face of delicate beauty.

"How do you do? Sorry to keep you waiting."

But as I rose the fair Rowena vanished and a fairer maiden greeted me warmly by the hand. I saw Miss Fortescue standing before me looking unusually radiant in a handsome black dress set off with a cuirass of shot silk, on which glowed a cat's-eye of amber richness.

"I have just come from Hastings to have a day in town. This is the only day I shall have to spare for many weeks. You know I dislike the sea, I couldn't live on the coast for worlds. The sea to me is typical of all evil. I can see no beauty in it. It is horrible! horrible!" and Miss Fortescue shut her eyes, contracted her white brows, and exhibited every sign of genuine detestation.

A French poodle crept into the room and offered its mistress its mute sympathy. She looked down at the strangely-cropped beast and her eyes sparkled again.

"But for animals now! Ah!" and she twirled the dog's dusky ears, "I love every kind of animal. I and my sister have had every pet imaginable—snakes, rats, mice, dogs, cats, and birds. You wouldn't believe it, but I find an immense amount of amusement in sheep! You watch them carefully, and you will find humour even in a stolid sheep. I am exceedingly fond of animals, and although I am not a patient woman by nature, I am very patient with animals."

She leans back her finely-sculptured head and smiles at her own frank confession: As she does so I steal another look at her, and see before me a handsome woman, whose beauty is still as vivid and as fascinating as in the days when *Lady Ella* bewitched every Savoyard in London. For that was the first part in which she appeared on the stage, and remembering it I naturally ask what induced her to adopt the stage as a profession.

"Well, let me begin at the beginning," she says vivaciously. "In the first place I was born—that being the one impersonal action of my life. I grew up into a strong, healthy girl, my parents wisely giving me an active mental and physical training. There was nothing remarkable about my childhood, except that I was remarkably tiresome, but fortunately I had the most amiable of nurses. To the physical training of those days I ascribe my capacity for hard work and for standing fatigue. I was taught to row, to ride, to skate, and in this way laid up a store of strength which has been of the greatest use to me in my stage-work."

"Which is often very fatiguing," I interpolated.

"Very. You find that strength is necessary when you have to stand ten hours a day, five hours at rehearsal and five at night, and perhaps to change your costume half-a-dozen times. Everything has to be done against time, and it is that which tells upon you. My parents also—wisely, I think—always sent me to bed early and allowed me to get up late. I don't believe in interrupting a natural sleep. Sleeping a great deal has never done me any harm, notwithstanding the old maxim which says—

"'Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.'

"I am like Mr. Gladstone, I can tumble off to sleep at any moment. That, to my mind, is the best physical attribute you can have. Given sleep and good digestion, and you can battle with the world."

"Well, to get back to my question, what induced you to adopt the stage?"

"Oh! that is easily answered—the simple necessity of making money. Reverses of fortune obliged me to earn my own living. I knew nothing of theatricals when I determined to go on the stage—hadn't even played in a company of amateurs. I went to Mr. D'Oyly Carte, who gave me the part of *Lady Ella* in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera of "Patience." I stayed with Mr. Carte two and a-half years, and during that time worked as hard as I could, taking parts at *matinées* at the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces and other places of theatrical activity."

"I was hard at it until 1885, when I formed my first company, and undertook my first tour in the provinces. In 1886 I went to America, returning in 1887. Since that time I have alternately played in the provinces and in London in an immense variety of plays, from "Romeo and Juliet" to "A Visit" by Georg Brandes, the Danish dramatist. This play was brought to my notice by the Independent Theatre."

"With whose *raison d'être* you agree?"

"Yes, I think such an institution is invaluable in giving authors a chance of having their works produced. I do not think it will tend to the discovery of geniuses. Genius, in my opinion, will always rise to the top, and nothing can stop it. Genius may be helped or hindered, but it cannot be made or marred. The Independent Theatre is simply helping geniuses to get to the top quicker than they would by the process of natural evolution."

"What are your favourite plays, Miss Fortescue?"

"I haven't any. I have parts that I like better than others, but I have no parts that I dislike. Being my own mistress I only act in those parts I like, and it is a pleasure to me to know that the characters which are my favourites are generally the favourites of the public to whom I act. There is *Galatea* in 'Pygmalion and Galatea'; *Hermia* in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'; *Juliet* in 'Romeo and Juliet'; *Pauline* in 'Lady of Lyons'; *Mrs. Doring* in 'The Honourable Herbert'; *Julia* in 'The Hunchback'; *Clarice* in 'Comedy and Tragedy'; and *Lady Teazle* in 'The School for Scandal'—to name a few."

"And you like the stage?"

"Yes, I love it. But then I have been better off than many other actresses. As I have already said, I am my own mistress, and that means a great deal. I have therefore never had the experience so many are forced to suffer on the stage—receiving a part which you don't like. You cannot imagine the disgust one feels on receiving a part which is distasteful to you, and being obliged to repeat night after night words and gestures that you hate. On the other hand, there is nothing more delightful than the feeling you experience when a really good part in a really good play falls to your lot. It's a very pleasant life, and I like it. If I didn't I should go," she added determinedly, "but at present I have no intention of leaving the stage."

"I see evidences on all hands of your well-known enthusiasm for old clocks and old bureaus," I said, glancing round the well-furnished room.

She laughed. "Yes, I love old clocks, old furniture, old illustrations, and some of my adventures in search of such things in the poorer quarters of the towns I visit are quite exciting. I generally shock the hotel waiters by asking them where I can find some good pawnshops! They begin to feel anxious about the bill until the proprietor assures them that I can be relied upon to 'pay up' when the time comes."

"And now just one other question, Miss Fortescue. Have you never yet been tempted to write a play?"

Miss Fortescue leaned back in her chair and laughed consumedly.

"No, I have never written a play, and don't intend to. If I did no one could read it, I write such a big, sprawling hand. Why!"—and she laughed at the thought—"it would cost me more for paper and ink than the play would ever bring me."

HARTLEY ASPDEN.



Six Phases in the Life of Moliere.

PHASE THE FOURTH.

"POET, PLAYER, AND MANAGER."



AFTER seven years of misfortune and of failure came five years of unvarying success.

It was in 1658—being now in his thirty-sixth year—with intellect ripened and judgment matured both by experience and adversity, that Molière resolved to make a vigorous effort to achieve the ambition of his life. "The world itself comes round to him who waits." He had waited for twelve weary years, and now he was about to return in triumph to the city from whence he had been driven forth in disgrace. It was the Prince de Conti who gave his old schoolmate an introduction to the King's brother, the Duke of Orleans, who not only permitted the company to be named after him, but also introduced the new manager to the King and the Queen Mother (Anne of Austria) as the Director of the "Troupe de Monsieur." Their Majesties graciously promised to attend the inaugural performance. A theatre was immediately fitted up by the King's permission in the Salles des

Gardes of the old Louvre. At length came the opening night, October 24th, 1658, a night big with the fate of the country manager and the country players. Paris had no idea that an epoch in the history of the drama was about to commence. The gay city knew little and cared less about the new manager and his company, in fact the sensation of the moment with the Parisians was a wonderful whale which was about to be exhibited somewhere in the suburbs.

At last! the fanfare of the trumpets and the tramp of the musketeers of the Guard, heralded the approach of the King and his suite. The Grand Monarque himself and Monsieur his brother appeared attended by the befeathered and bepperriwigged popinjays of the Court, brave in their fantastic finery. Next came the Queen Mother, magnificent in the maturity of her charms, attended by a galaxy of the loveliest women in Europe—all fans, and flounces, and furbelows—sumptuous in silks, and satins, and velvets, and resplendent with gold and silver and jewels.

The poor players' tinsel finery, their rudely improvised theatre, their squalid scenery (for as yet scenic art did not exist in France), and their wretched tallow-dips floating in a rough wooden hoop over their heads (for it was not until fifty years later that a liberal Scotchman, Law of Lauriston, the famous financier, introduced wax-lights into the theatre), contrasted strangely with the affluence of splendour and beauty which irradiated the rude auditorium. Fortunately for the poor country comedians, the fine ladies of the Court did not possess a monopoly of beauty, and it may well be doubted whether amongst them all there were three women of more perfect loveliness than the mature and majestic Madeleine Béjart, the superb and symmetrical Du Parc, and the tall, slender, and exquisitely graceful de Brie. Neither their beauty, nor the ability of their *confrères*, however, succeeded in saving the opening play (Corneille's "Nicomède") from being a pronounced *fiasco*. The "Comédiens du Roi," from the adjacent Hôtel de Bourgogne, were present *en grande tenue*, and doubtless regarded the collapse of the audacious provincial interlopers with amused disdain. As the curtain fell in solemn silence it sounded the death knell to Molière's ambition. So then, after all his hopes and fears, his twelve years' drudgery, it had come to this—failure and disgrace.

The King and the Queen Mother, apparently not too well pleased, rose to leave the theatre. Molière, however, was equal to the occasion. In one moment he gave hasty instructions to the actors—the next he was in front of the curtain, claiming permission to address their Majesties. After the high-flown manner of the period, he began by thanking the King for excusing the defects of the actors, who had appeared with fear and trembling before so august an assembly. He assured him that "only the great desire they had to have the honour of appearing before *le plus Grand Roi du Monde* could have made them forget for one moment that His Majesty had much better actors in his service, but since he had so far tolerated their country manners, Molière begged, as a further favour that His

Majesty would deign to permit them to give one of the little pieces which had gained them some reputation in the provinces." Louis graciously accorded permission—up went the curtain in a twinkling, "Le Docteur Amoureux" (a bright little bit of extravaganza which the company had played a thousand times) was received with continuous peals of laughter, the King and Court went away delighted, and defeat was changed to victory—for that night at least.

Absolute triumph, however, was a long way off, and the chances of success were endangered by the temerity of the troupe, who persisted in challenging comparison with the tragedians of the Hôtel de Bourgogne in plays already associated with the established reputation of these popular favourites.

After the company had failed signally in "Heraclius," "Rodogune," "Cinna," "The Cid," and "Pompey," Molière decided to leave the drama of the dead and buried past behind him, and henceforth to turn his attention to the drama of humanity, in which he could depict the many coloured portraits of the actual life around him. His first success was achieved by "L'Etourdi," but it was not until the "Précieuses Ridicules" was produced that he became famous. The news of the success of this remarkable work penetrated to the sick chamber of the dying Mazarin, who sent for the new manager and his company to act before him in his apartments at the Louvre.

Previous to this, by His Majesty's commands, the "Comédiens de Monsieur" had removed from their primitive theatre in the Guard room at the Louvre to the Hôtel de Petit-Bourbon, where they acted alternate nights with the Italian comedians. Orleans accorded his protégé an allowance of three hundred livres for each performance—an allowance, which, by-the-way, was never paid. This, however, was of little consequence, because the theatre was crowded nightly, above all, because from that moment Louis took the fortunes of the new manager under his own care, and became, not only his patron, but his friend.

It was now that Molière and his troupe began to reap the reward of their past labours.

In acting, everything depends on *ensemble*, and these excellent comedians had been so long linked together that each understood the other's art instinctively. Every inflexion of the voice, every movement of the body, every gesture of the hand, every glance of the eye, every curve of the lip, produced its desired effect.

The master accurately appraised the weakness and the strength of the company, and fitted every member of the troupe with parts exactly adapted to the measure of their capacity. Every trifling piece that had been strung together during the old strolling days was now amplified and put into artistic form, and presented to the Parisian public with all the gloss of novelty. As no injurious standards of comparison could be established, the "Troupe de Monsieur" rapidly became the fashion, and all Paris flocked to see them.

Molière was no more spoiled by success than he had been soured

by adversity, and no man bore his "blushing honours" more meekly than he did.

When Racine, then a penniless adventurer, brought his first invertebrate attempts at dramatic composition to the Petit-Bourbon, Molière presented the neophyte with a hundred livres, and not only suggested a subject for a play but actually gave him a commission to write it. His prescience enabled him to divine the embryo poet in the immature scribbler, just as, at a later period, his penetration enabled him to discover the greatest tragedian of the age in Michel Baron, whom he adopted when an orphan lad of ten years.

The King continued to shower favours on his protégé, whom he placed on the civil list with a pension of a thousand livres; and in order that he might be continually near the Royal person, His Majesty insisted on the poet's resuming the position of *valet de chambre tapissier*, now vacant by the death of his brother. If in his youth he had no taste for this office (as is evident from his relinquishing it the moment he attained his majority), Molière had still less taste for it now, attended as it was with humiliation and petty indignities innumerable. Some of his noble colleagues objected to make the royal bed in conjunction with him, and others disdained to sit down to table with "a common player." Fortunately, his pride enabled him to bear these small impertinences with equanimity. The King, however, was not so reticent. Having observed one morning that the poet had not broken his fast, Louis took a fowl and divided it in two with his own hands. Reserving one half for himself, and giving the other to Molière, he invited him to breakfast. When they sat down to table, His Majesty gave orders for the grand *seigneurs* in attendance to be admitted.

"You see," said Louis, "since my *valets de chambre* do not find my friend Molière good enough company for them, I am making him breakfast with me."

From that moment the entire court absolutely pestered the royal favourite with invitations until he became on terms of friendly intimacy with many of the most illustrious men in France.

There can be no doubt that he must have had personal experience of the euphemistic absurdities of the Hôtel Rambouillet before he ventured to hold them up to derision in the "*Précieuses Ridicules*," while the Dukes and Marquises whom he impaled in "*La Facheux*" and "*L'Impromptu de Versailles*" were studies from life, taken from the popinjays with whom he was now brought in daily contact. He was a constant visitor at the house of Madame de Tablonière and at that of the famous Ninon de L'Enclos, and he was the almost inseparable companion of the great Condé.

Although he studied the follies of the day amidst the fashionable people whom he now frequently visited, it cannot be doubted that his happiest hours were passed amongst his own circle of friends and brothers—Corneille, Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine, Baron, Chapelle, Lulli, the composer, and Mignard, the great painter, who has bequeathed to us the most authentic portrait of the poet in existence.

He kept open house both in Paris and at his villa at Auteuil to these choice and master spirits, who were wont, many a time and oft, to chase night into morning over the flowing bowl. On one of these festive occasions Baron, having to play *Domitian* in Corneille's play, "Tite et Berenice," found a passage he could not understand. Upon asking Molière to interpret it, he shook his head, and replied—

"Dear boy ! I cannot make it out."

At this moment Corneille entered the room.

"See," said Molière, "here's the master—ask him to explain."

Upon the passage being submitted to the author, he also shook his head and replied with the utmost *naïveté*—

"I can't quite comprehend it myself, nevertheless it sounds well, so recite it, my son, doubtless many people will admire it who understand it less even than we do."

(It would appear from this ingenuous admission that Mr. Browning was not the first poet who had become dubious as to the meaning of his own lines.)

During another feast of reason and overflow of claret, Molière was taken ill and retired early, leaving the keys of the cellar in charge of Chapelle. After taking more wine than was good for them, the entire party began to discuss the problems of time and eternity, and having become rather maudlin on the subject, decided that they ought never to have been born, and consequently it was their duty to die as soon as possible. Having arrived at this sagacious conclusion, they resolved to drown themselves in the Seine, there and then.

Roused out of his first sleep by the uproar they were creating, Molière came down amongst them, and discovering their intention, demanded to know what wrong he had ever done to his friends that he should be excluded from this pleasant water party ?

"The dear fellow's right," hiccupped Chapelle, "we'll all go and get drowned together."

"One moment, if you please, gentlemen," observed the host, "don't let us do anything rashly. Were we to drown ourselves now, people would say that we were drunk when we died—think what a reproach that would be to our friends. Let us lie down for an hour or two and drown ourselves by daylight like gentlemen."

This sensible advice was followed, and when the party awoke in the morning with splitting headaches—bad as the world was voted, no one thought it bad enough to quit just then.

It was upon these occasions that at an early stage of the evening our dramatist was invariably accustomed to submit his forthcoming works to the candid criticism of his friends. Doubtless he obtained many excellent suggestions from their cultured intelligence, but he alleged that La Forest, his old housekeeper, to whom he always read his plays, was his most sympathetic auditor and his most severe critic.

Apròpos of plays, like our own Shakespeare, Molière never published a complete edition of his works. Although much has been written on this subject, it is remarkable how little it is under-

stood. Shakespeare published his poems; it may therefore be assumed either that he was able to protect his copyright, or that the pirates didn't think the poems worth stealing. A play was, however, always worth stealing, inasmuch as the thief could act it in defiance of the author's rights—hence all attractive plays were jealously guarded and kept in MS. Even as we are indebted to the actors Hemynge and Condell for the preservation of Shakespeare's plays, so France is indebted to two actors, La Grange and Vinon, for the first collected copy of Molière's works, and that was not published till nine years after his death. The resemblance to Shakespeare does not end here. Both he and Molière were not only playwrights and managers, but they were also play actors, who experienced the ineffable delight of embodying their own creations without an intermediary interposing between them and the great public heart. What wonder then, if in the full flush of living fame, these idols of the hour were oblivious of posthumous renown?

JOHN COLEMAN.

(To be continued.)

The Theatrical Revolution:

AN ACCOUNT OF THE REFORMATION OF THE ENGLISH STAGE IN
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

1st Player: I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Hamlet: O, reform it altogether.



It is a warm summer's evening in 1923, and the glow of the sunset clings in gauzy mellowness among the bushes of a lovely old English garden, and spreads over the lawn-carpet to the feet of an old man who sits there smiling at the peacefulness and beauty. Behind him rises a farmer's dwelling-house—no cramped, tumble-down insanitary device for inconvenience, but as picturesquely pleasing to the eye, nevertheless, as any rustic home of bygone days. The serenity of the evening is so perfect that the very birds fly gently, and call to each other in hushed music.

Old Roscius Daggerwood's thoughts are full of contentment. He has reached his eightieth year, and contemplates drifting calmly to his rest. No great part has he taken in the world's affairs, despite the indications of his fine, strong features and keen eye. Self-effacement has been his plan of life for upwards of thirty

years past, and he has restricted his ambition to the task of making his son Kenneth a happier man than Kenneth's father.

Kenneth himself is now a man of advanced years, a widower, with two grown-up children—Aubrey, a clever lad of twenty, and Camma, a handsome girl two years younger.

Both of these young people are away from home, have indeed been absent more than a year, and it is of them that old Roscius is thinking as he reclines in the garden-chair.

"It has all come to this, and thank God for it!" the old man mutters, drinking in the sweetness of that secluded English home-
stead. "My curtain will fall to gentle melodies, and a comedy of domestic love will be played in these scenes when I am gone. I have been beaten in my life's battle, and I am glad it has been so, for the fever has not kindled in the blood of my dear ones, and they will have no such bitter contest to fight as I."

Old Roscius is one of those who were worsted in the struggle for success that towards the end of the nineteenth century drove so many to despair. Of all congested avocations that of the stage was then one of the most distressing, and Roscius was an actor of more than common gifts. Nature, that despitely mingles tares with the corn, had poisoned all the excellences she had bestowed upon Roscius, and turned the weapons of his prowess against himself. The fire that ran in his veins and gave such vivid force to his delineations of passion, whirled him into indiscretions which hedged him all about with enemies eager to oppose and destroy. The sensibility which enabled him to pourtray thought with subtleness and delicacy made his heart thrice vulnerable to the slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune, and all that plague of grievances of which Hamlet complained in the immortal soliloquy.

From the beginning of his career Roscius fared but ill in his ambitious striving, but he fought his way on doggedly and valiantly until foolish and malignant tongues sent forth a deadly blight upon his reputation. Recklessly, cruelly, the word went round that Roscius Daggerwood was a "Jonah"—it was declared that the mere fact of his playing in any piece would supernaturally ruin its chances of success.

In those days actors (so-called) were so plentiful that managers snatched eagerly at any excuse for passing them by. That baseless stigma upon poor Roscius blasted all his admirable record, and effectually boycotted him from the stage. He withdrew into private life a broken disappointed man, and nourished a bitter aversion for the profession in which he had met with such undeserved disaster. Inheriting a rural estate, he became an obscure country gentleman and trained up his only son to the life of a farmer, abjuring in perpetuity the theatre and all its works and workers.

Such disposition as Kenneth showed to follow in his father's footsteps was rigorously crushed, and when again the fatal talent cropped up in young Aubrey and Camma no Puritan bigot could have shrunk from its manifestations with greater alarm than did this ancient knight of the sock and buskin.

Kenneth Daggerwood now comes upon the scene, descending slowly to the lawn with an open letter in his hand.

"Ah, Kenneth, my lad." This "lad" has grizzled hair and a frame ripened to burly proportions by more than fifty summers. "News from either of the children?"

"Yes, father; a letter from Aubrey. It tells how he is getting on in his profession. I've come to read it to you."

"Profession?" said the old man testily. "Ah, that used to be in my time a snobbish expression appropriated to the calling of beggarly, blackguardly play-actors. Instead of conferring dignity it made a laughing-stock of the pitiful braggarts who adopted it, like a judge's wig on the head of a chimpanzee. By-the-way, you have never told me yet what line of work you have selected for your son. The thing can't always remain a mystery. What is Aubrey doing in the world?"

"I will tell you, father. I've kept it from you thus far because I had reason to fear you might disapprove. But as I know your objections to be unreasonable I have not let them weigh with me in following out my own idea of the course that offers the best prospect in life for the young worker. That course, in my judgment, is indicated by the natural bent and special superiority of talent which promise to make toil easy and pleasurable, and its harvest quick-growing and abundant. Had my son shown any disposition for farming, for mechanics, for the study of the law or medicine, I should have launched him into one of those vocations; but he has developed very decided gifts for the stage, and I have consequently allowed him to become an actor."

Roscius, clutching the elbows of his garden-chair, had raised himself and bent forward with growing excitement as his son proceeded. He now threw up his hands with a gesture of despair, and dropped back as if he had been told of some terrible misfortune.

"After all I have done to keep the accursed business out of this home," he exclaimed. "Heaven knows I have tried hard to purge the poison out of the family."

"My dear father," expostulated Kenneth, "the vocation of an actor has always had a singular interest for me from the simple reason that it was poor mother's and your own; and while the persistency with which you have all your life avoided any discussion of the stage has forced me to conceal that interest from you, it has not prevented me from following the fortunes of the theatre as an institution. I beg you now to be reasonable, and to give me the immense advantage of your practical experience of the life for the sake of the young people, Aubrey and Camma, whom I know you love as dearly as I."

"Your daughter, too?" gasped the old man. "Have you sacrificed our sweet innocent Camma also?"

"Camma also is in training to become an actress. I cannot admit that she is *sacrificed*. From all I have been able to ascertain, your objections to the theatre are no more than sentimental prejudice."

"Ah! you have been told that I was a failure, a fool, an incompetent, eh?"

"So far as that goes I have learnt only that your talents were so great as to make your retirement from the stage a matter of regret and wonderment. Both you and my mother are spoken of in the "History of the British Theatre" as players of high achievement. I have always understood that the sad end of my mother——"

"Do not speak of her in the same breath that tells me your girl is condemned to the same fate. You shall hear her story by-and-bye. I will tell it when Camma is with us to hear and—please God!—to take warning." The old man buried his face in his hand, seeming so deeply moved that a shade of anxiety came over his son's placid countenance, and a kind of superstitious dread chilled his heart.

Kenneth sat by his father's side in the mellow haze of the evening, and besought him to give some definite shape to his foreboding words.

"What can I say," answered the old actor, "that will have any influence with you, if I have trained you to be a man of simple virtues and common-sense without preventing your falling into this miserable delusion?"

"What delusion?"

"The delusion that there is anything worthy of manliness and culture in painting the face and masquerading in a character other than one's own; the delusion that stage performers are held in any higher regard by their audience than a contemptuous curiosity."

"I assure you, father, that the modern actor is held in very high esteem."

"My lad, your perception is dazzled by the glamour of the foot-lights, through which stage-struck fools have ever viewed the folly they are inclined to, and through which, I suppose, they will always view it. The world has not changed, it seems, since I was half your age. In the nineteenth century we smiled to think that the ancient law had dubbed the player "vagabond," and proscribed him from the society of honourable men. We called ourselves "artists" and fancied we were "gentlemen"; we talked of the dignity of our "profession," while exposing our infirmities of mind and body to the jeers of the idle crowd; but we were vagabonds in the beginning, and vagabonds we must remain, cut off from the fellowship and respect of earnest workers, and leaving no footprints on the golden sands of time."

"I believe, father, that if you had during these latter years kept yourself fully acquainted with the revolution that has taken place in theatrical affairs, you would make no such assertion. In your day you would have hesitated to apply such opprobrium to the preacher, the statesman, the musician, the painter, or the sculptor. It is now fully realised that the art of acting—of depicting thought, passion, character—of giving vitality to mimic representations of human life and human impulses, makes prodigious demands upon the intellect as well as the physical powers, which ennoble the calling; and

further, that the capacity to act, as we now understand acting, involves a positive genius which commands for accepted players both admiration and respect."

"In my day," said the old man, cynically shaking his head, "such qualities were called for, but the response was so dubious and ill-regulated that there existed little or no *criteria* of excellence; and in the confusion between artistic contrivance and theatrical trickery, legitimately-won fame and corruptly-gotten notoriety, the "popular" actor was the most highly esteemed, and he, being but the *protégé* of the shallow-minded and uncultivated masses, enjoyed only a supercilious patronage. He stood in the same category as the automata any brute can set in motion by dropping a penny into the slot of a machine, and could never be regarded as on a footing with those who minister to the world's necessities."

"All that is changed. The actor now ministers very materially to the necessities of social life. Not only is he the 'abstract and brief chronicle of the time,' as Shakespeare conceived him, but he has become the monitor of his contemporaries, and the prophet of conditions and events to come. No confusion can exist as to the degree of his title to respect, for no aspirant is permitted to practise upon the public stage who has not proved himself beyond all controversy to be possessed of very exalted talents, and to have duly cultivated them."

"Assuming this, and that the life-work of an actor is no longer the futile thing it was at the end of the nineteenth century, you still know nothing of the temptations which beset young men and women who adopt this precious 'profession.' What is the allure-ment in the first place? Why, the chance of self-display. They see their petty circle of private flatterers enlarged to the population of a whole town, a great city, the nation, other nations, the whole world. Indolence tempts them in the second place. Labour was the primal curse. Very well, then, they may indulge in an hour or two's merry mumming in the evening, and have the whole day for sleep, frivolity, or debauchery, while a princely income pours into their lap. Study is but the getting of a few lines into the empty head. Rehearsals are only gossip gathering in the palace of sport and mystery called a theatre. Acting is going upon the stage, splendidly appa-relled and painted into beauty, to mumble, pose, and make a mock of human nature. Success is measured by the compliments of insincere and injudicious friends, and by adulation in the newspapers, to be bought with a glass of beer, or influenced by a smile. They shrink from the irksomeness of discipline, these would-be actors, and calculate that in the theatre they may indulge in looseness of life, extending from unpunctuality to moral chaos. Boon-companionship tempts them. In the theatre they will meet men who do not take life seriously. Incontinence invites them. In the theatre they will be in familiar association with beautiful women who are not prudes. It is a butterfly career of heedlessness, improvidence and irresponsibility, which none but the weak would choose, none but the

worthless be contented with. You have been trained, Kenneth, to habits of order and industry, to take ease and pleasure within wholesome limits, to value modesty in women, and probity, wisdom and continence in men, to strive to excel in good works for humanity, in self-culture, in patriotism. If this mould of your character were knocked away your manhood—even *yours*—would be less stable, although shaped and solidified by fifty odd years of coercion; what then may we not fear for the soft fabric of youth with its unformed or malformed conceptions of human relations, human greatness, human joy, human destiny? Is it possible that, the framing lost, it can unsupported preserve its beauty and serviceableness? Alas, no! liberty develops licentiousness, familiarity of the sexes provokes unlawful desire, an atmosphere of unreality brings forth the rank growth of wantonness, falsehood, and vice.”

Kenneth Daggerwood had listened with amazement to this revelation, but the alarm which his father anticipated did not show in his face.

“I can see the possibilities of abuse that may have existed under the old system,” he replied, “and if the proverb ‘Opportunity makes the thief’ was exemplified in your day as you suggest I cannot wonder at your withdrawing from the profession in disgust, and striving to keep the taint of it out of our home. But, believe me, my dear father, things are very different now. When Aubrey and Camma come home they will explain to you the way in which the actor’s calling is now safe-guarded, and prove to you by mere statements of their own experience that in no profession may the great lessons of life be learnt with such thoroughness and potency as in that of the stage. Indeed, there is not only the opportunity for learning morality, justice, truth, wisdom, humility, the obligations of superior strength, the duties of friendship, the purity of love, but there is the *necessity* to learn these things. They are constantly in the contemplation of the student, with all the consequences of their ill-balance in human lives. He therefore acquires a knowledge of the functions of the soul, just as the physician becomes familiar with those of the body.”

“That is an excellent theory; but what is to prevent the abuse of that knowledge, granting that it be actually acquired?”

“The corrective of all truant dispositions—industry. It is only in idleness that the mind turns to folly. Weeds will overgrow uncultivated land, but will be destroyed by the plough and the harrow—choked out of existence by flourishing crops. The occupation of an actor is now so incessant, the demands made upon his skill and research are so exacting that he has little leisure for vice, even if, knowing the better part, he insanely chooses trouble and shame.”

“Your words give me hope, Kenneth. I pray God they may be justified. There is one other point only that I will suggest to you. Have you realised the precariousness of the actor’s livelihood? Has it occurred to you that only those of exceptional thrift make any provision against misfortune or decrepitude, and that it is a common

disgrace for artists who have held good positions to be compelled by misfortune to appeal to the public for charity, and for their widows and orphans to be left destitute? In my day there was such an excess of the supply over the demand for actors' services and the amateur element had so overspread the profession that the net earnings of a player were insufficient to support him, however modestly, in the circles wherein his business compelled him to move. The expenses incurred were exceptionally heavy, and increased in proportion to his success. When in receipt of a salary there was little or no margin to lay by; and when out of employment his cost of living could not be materially reduced—indeed, it was often heavier in view of prospective benefits, a seed-sowing process by advertisement, cultivation of influential persons, and so forth, designed to bring in a harvest of lucrative work at some future time. Financial cleverness of no mean order was necessary to keep an actor solvent; and unless he was one of the few 'lucky ones' his life was a martyrdom of pecuniary anxieties, and his death a thorn-bed of despair for the loved ones he had to leave unprovided for. It is true we can make some small provision for Aubrey and Camma; but each may marry and have a numerous family of their own. How wretched will be the prospect of your children's children! You are condemning Aubrey and Camma to endless mortifications, and risking their safety by launching them upon a sea of financial froth and bubbles. Genteel poverty, ever-shadowing bankruptcy, dependence upon the bounty of patrons! Ah, Kenneth, Kenneth, it is a bitter cup!"

"A cup, sir, your grandchildren will never need to drink. Their employment will be regular and permanent; their income from the theatres a definite and progressive one. There are now no expenses whatever for advertisement, wire-pulling, and the rest, and the actor may accumulate an ample fortune for his descendants and yet live upon a full equality with those with whom he is in other respects qualified to associate."

"You are romancing, Kenneth! Regular employment! Permanent income! No expenses! Why if that were so every man and woman living would become an actor! How is it possible?"

"It is made possible by restricting the corps of actors to those selected by nature for that calling. But you shall hear all about the revolution of the English stage later on."

(To be continued.)

PERSEUS.



Actors of the Age :

RECOLLECTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS.

V.—THE COMEDIENNES.



F some of our leading comic actresses—Mrs. Kendal, Miss Ellen and Miss Marion Terry, Mrs. Beere, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Fanny Brough—I have already spoken in these papers. Others—such as Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. Stephens—have now definitely retired from the stage, and are so much the property of the theatrical historian that, practically, there is nothing new to say of them; one can only be glad that they are still with us, and can only go on wondering at the exceptional vigour which kept them on the boards so long. It seems as if it were only the other day that Mrs. Stephens was playing again one of her old parts in farcical comedy, with perfect appreciation of its humour, though with obvious physical limitations. Among other retired artists is Miss Ada Swanborough, once a star in burlesque, more recently a luminary in more substantial drama. One of the last parts in which I remember her is that of *Mrs. Featherstone* in Mr. Grundy's "Snowball." I fancy, also, she played *Lady Heriot* in the same writer's "Mammon." She is one of the few remaining links that bind us to the old days at the Strand—the "palmy" days of extravaganza, when the "book" was considered to be of some importance, and when some capacity for acting was required of the principal performers.

I suppose we must also look upon Miss Victoria Vokes as one of the retired, though it is not so very long since she appeared at the Shaftesbury Theatre in one of the broad farces in which she originally secured her reputation. To the younger critics of to-day almost everything is novel, for the reason that they have seen very little and have read, perhaps, less. One does not need, however, to be particularly old in order to recollect that the Vokes Family figured for years in pieces of very much the same texture as the "In Town" and "Morocco Bound" of to-day. The only difference is that the old school relied less than the new upon spectacular attraction, trusting with confidence to the genuine *vis comica* of the "principals" engaged. Miss Victoria Vokes was always the life and soul of the pieces in which she played, joining her brother Fred in many an episode of deliciously wild caricature. Miss Rosina Vokes, happily, is still upon the stage, but of late years has given up to America and Canada the talents which were meant (may we not

say?) for the British playgoer's delectation. Another *comédienne* whom "the States" have captured is Miss Helen Barry, who began in the humblest walks of her art, but grew gradually into an actress of some skill. For the expression of deep feeling she was unfitted, and she was unfortunate, consequently, in many of her parts. On the other hand, in such *rôles* as that of the handsome widow in "A Lesson in Love" she was well placed and gave unquestionable pleasure. She was never in the first rank, but she occupied an honourable position in the second.

Of the *comédiennes* still on active service amongst us, Miss Henrietta Lindley and Miss Caroline Hill are probably those of whom I have the longest memories, in connection mainly with the performances of the old Haymarket company. I happen, also, to have witnessed some of the earliest impersonations of an actress at one time well-known in London, Miss Rose Saker, who has been missed of late from the boards—those of the Criterion—on which she once frequently figured. Miss Saker and her sister Laura belong to a family which has given many players to the stage. When I first saw the former she was but learning her business, undertaking "princes" in pantomimes, and helping to support travelling "stars" in a great variety of parts. This was in Edinburgh, more years ago than it would be gallant of me to mention—years during which the Theatre Royal there was under the management of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wyndham, whom I have the pleasure of seeing so often, nowadays, in the stalls of our London theatres. It was at this time, or thereabouts, that I made the acquaintance of another member (by marriage) of the Saker family—the lady who afterwards became, and still is, Mrs. Edward Saker. Her name was then, I think, O'Berne, and I seem to remember her chiefly in pantomime and burlesque. After this, I did not see her again until she came to town to take part in the revival of "As You Like It" at the Shaftesbury Theatre. A few weeks ago she was in "A Trip to Chicago" at the Vaudeville, and her youthful son, Richard, is now travelling with the St. James's company as the shop boy who appears in the second and third acts of "Liberty Hall."

Some of my pleasantest recollections attach themselves to the early career of Miss Florence St. John, who, ever since she represented *Madame Favart*, has been the acknowledged Queen of Comic Opera in England. She herself has told us that she started as a ballad singer in a peripatetic show. When I first encountered her name on a playbill, she was a member of an opera company under the management of Mr. Charles Durand. She was then singing contralto, and playing seconds, consequently, to the *prima donna*. I was at once attracted by the singular charm both of her voice and of her method of producing it. It was a voice of remarkable compass and sweetness. It was in its first freshness, and delightful to listen to; but still more agreeable, because more piquant, was the manner in which it was used. This seemed to have come by nature rather than by tuition—a theory to which I the more incline, be-

cause her sister Edith (whom I afterwards heard) had a method (if such it can be called) wholly similar. Since then, of course, practice has made Miss St. John a mistress of her vocal resources, but she always sang as deliciously as now. In her contralto days she was slight and slim, and a complete novice in acting. Nor did she readily improve in the last-named respect. I saw her next in pantomime, and she was still completely without histrionic skill. After that came her *Germaine* in "Les Cloches de Corneville," and in that her very ignorance of stage device stood her in good stead, making her performance the more natural and winning. Her first acting part, in any real sense of the term, was *Madame Favart*; from that point she increased yearly in knowledge and control of stage convention. Miss Edith St. John had but a brief experience of the boards. One day she stepped out of the chorus to play *Germaine*, and it was then that I recognised her likeness, in voice and style, to her sister. Shortly after, I heard that she had married and had said good-bye to "the profession."

The artist whom Miss Edith St. John replaced on the occasion I refer to was Miss Cora Stuart, whose earliest triumphs were gained as singer and actress in comic opera. A serious illness seems to have led her to try her fortune in comedy, in which she has been agreeably successful. I remember well her performance in "The Guv'nor," when that piece was under the direction of her husband (Mr. T.W. Robertson) and Mr. Henry Bruce. Lately she has made quite a new reputation in London in her brother-in-law's adaptation, "A Fair Equestrienne." Miss Violet Cameron, who has recently been seen and heard in musical farce, began in much the same sort of production—namely in burlesque of the type of "Blue Beard" and "Piff Paff." She was very young then, and, moreover, looked so; but she always showed aptitude for the work. Afterwards there came a long spell of comic opera, to which, no doubt, Miss Cameron will be glad to return when she can. Her voice lacks, to my mind, elasticity and softness, and her acting is apt to be constrained; she is, however, a very competent and effective artist. It was comic opera, I remember—"The Princess of Trebizonde," to be particular—that introduced me to Miss Grace Huntley, whose *Regina* was one of the most engaging ever seen. Since then, this clever and sprightly lady has hardly quite fulfilled the artistic hopes in which I indulged on her behalf. Perhaps she has not had the requisite opportunities. It was possibly the want of similar opportunities that induced Miss Laura Clement to go to America. She was admirable as *Mabel* in "The Pirates of Penzance," and our loss is so much gain to brother Jonathan. Alas! we have allowed many a valuable player, both male and female, to be captured and retained by our cousins beyond sea.

For the London playgoer who has studied the stage, not only in the metropolis but in the great country centres, there is no livelier pleasure than that of being occasionally confronted in town with "new" players who, to him, are "old." Thus, when I went to the Comedy Theatre for "Erminie" I recognized in one of the ladies

of the cast, Miss Minnie Bell, a player who at one time had been justly popular in Scotland as an elocutionist or public "reader." When, later, at the same theatre, I witnessed the production of one of the many farcical comedies of the day—I forget which it was—I noted, in Miss Carlotta Zerbini, an actress and vocalist who, some time in the seventies, had played with much spirit a "principal boy" in pantomime. Only the other day, a rôle in the first cast of "Joan of Arc" at the Opera Comique was played by Miss Louisa Gourlay, whose name at once sent my recollection back to the years during which she was a "stock" actress in Glasgow, playing a large variety of rôles in a manner eminently clever and characteristic. A daughter of a celebrated local comedian, Miss Gourlay showed, in those old days, power as well as individuality.

It was in Glasgow, I remember, that I made the acquaintance of Miss Laura Linden, who went there (and elsewhere) as the representative of *Belinda* in "Our Boys"—a very clever performance. I think I saw her afterwards in Mr. Pinero's "Imprudence," in which Mr. Carton and Miss Compton also figured. By-and-by Miss Linden was employed in "Silver Guilt" and "The Vicar of Wide-a-wake-field"; and could anything be better than her imitations, in those pieces, of Miss Eastlake and Miss Ellen Terry? I trow not. We have no better mimic than Miss Linden; we have no mimic so good, unless it be her sister Marie, who unluckily appears to have deserted burlesque—poor burlesque, that is so badly in need of reinforcement! In the regular drama Miss Laura Linden's *chef d'œuvre*, so far, is her policeman's wife in "Dandy Dick." Happily, she is often in the London "bills," but her reputation is not, I think, so high as it ought to be. Miss Compton, I may note, was excellent in "Imprudence." Nature has gifted her with so stalwart a figure and so striking a voice that not many parts suit her; but whenever she has been fairly furnished in that regard, she has invariably "scored." Her performance in "The Great Pink Pearl" is remembered with pleasure, and she was equally well fitted in "Robin Goodfellow," in which she spoke her husband's brilliant lines with much incisiveness. She is not the least clever member of a theatrical family in which cleverness abounds.

It is a curious fact that the fame of four of the chief "old women" on our stage is rather provincial than metropolitan. Miss Fanny Robertson, I believe, is now "fixed" in London; but I remember the period when she was one of the main stars of the touring "Caste" and "Guv'nor" companies. Many a time and oft have I seen this accomplished lady as the *Marquise de St. Maur*, as *Mrs. Sutcliffe*, as *Lady Shendryn*, and the like. And how good she was as *Mrs. Macclesfield* in "The Guv'nor"! Allied with her professionally for many years was her sister, Miss E. Brunton, who, I regret to hear, is in bad health. This lady was for a long time the *Polly Eccles*, the *Naomi Tighe*, and so on, of the country stage; and I do not know that she has had an adequate successor. In London she has never had occasion to show the full measure of her ability.

Her daughter, Miss Annie Brunton, not only displayed promise as an actress, but came to the fore as the author of one or two successful plays. She represents the youngest generation of the Robertsons, a family even more fertile in histrionic capacity than the Comptons. The first wife of Mr. Charles Dornton was, I believe, a sister of Mrs. Kendal, Miss F. Robertson, and Miss Brunton; and yet another sister—Miss Georgina Robertson (Mrs. Foulis)—is well-known to, and esteemed by, provincial audiences. I fancy I have seen her as *La Frochard* in "The Two Orphans."

But I am digressing. The other players of "old women" of whom I was thinking are Miss Fanny Coleman, Miss Elinor Aickin, and Miss Kate Hodson. Miss Coleman, if memory serves me, followed Miss Fanny Robertson in the "Caste" company, undertaking the same class of parts. Like all real artists, she improves with experience. She has done excellent work in her time, but nothing so good, on the one hand, as her *Duchess* in "Lady Windermere's Fan" and, on the other, her "general servant" in "Liberty Hall." Miss Elinor Aickin's labours have lain chiefly, I believe, in the field of old comedy. I seem to have seen her in such rôles as that of *Daphne* (wife of *Chrysos*) in "Pygmalion and Galatea"; for a good many years, however, she has been enlisted under the "legitimate" banner of Mr. Edward Compton. With him, both in the country and in London, she has played *Mrs. Malaprop*, *Mrs. Candour*, and *Mrs. Hardcastle*, as well as *Miss Grantham* in "The Liar," and so forth. Her only rival in the "legitimate" business has been Miss Kate Hodson, a very useful actress, with less individuality than her sister, Mrs. Labouchere, exhibited, but always "sound" and "safe." Many a performance of the "standard" drama has Miss Hodson helped to "pull through." One of the earliest things that I associate with her is her *Bessie Hebblethwaite* in "An Unequal Match"—one of the latest, her *Widow Green* in "The Love Chase."

It was in the country, as it happens, that I first witnessed a performance by Miss Minnie Palmer. This was in the too-well-known "My Sweetheart"—a production which it is difficult adequately to characterise. It would be hard to conceive, much less to write, a "play" more inept or more childish, and it is much to Miss Palmer's credit that she has been able to make it tolerable for so many audiences. That she should have succeeded in "My Sweetheart" is a powerful testimony to her gifts and accomplishments. For myself, I have always thought her much superior, as an artist, to the "plays" in which she has appeared. She has a pleasant voice, which she produces skilfully; she is a neat dancer, and she acts with ease. Let us hope that she will put aside, for always, the pseudo-juvenile *minauderies* of *Tina*, and give her talents free play in pieces genuinely dramatic. There have, of course, been many other *Tinas*, and I have seen at least one who did a very great deal with the part. This was Miss Lizzie Boone, a lady who, as far as I am aware, has not yet figured prominently, or at all, upon the London boards.

In the case of many both of the older and of the younger *comédiennes* of to-day my recollections are only those of every other London playgoer of my time. In common with all theatre-lovers I have been glad to welcome Mrs. Bancroft to the scene of her former triumphs, and I hope that that admirable player will not readily deprive us of the charm of her delightfully-finished art. The return of Miss Annie Tremaine to the stage, under the *nom de guerre* of Madame Amadi, has been in its way a not less fortunate event; and the Miss Tremaine of old days has exhibited in recent comic opera even more than the *chic* and the *entrain* for which she was formerly applauded. Miss Kate Vaughan, deserting burlesque for comedy, has secured, apparently, a large provincial *clientèle*. In London she was very successful both in "The Country Girl" and in "The Little Viscount," and I do not see why she should not be successful here again. She has a neat, quiet style, curiously in contrast with the broader and more effective method of her clever sister, Miss Susan Vaughan, who has lately exhibited her versatility alike in comedy and in comic opera. Even more versatile, by-the-way, is Miss Alma Stanley, who is just now devoting to Adelphi melodrama the combined intelligence and experience hitherto bestowed upon comedy, burlesque, and musical farce.

Miss Alice Barnett, at one time so familiar to patrons of the Savoy, has been seen of late in comic opera at the Lyric and in "go-as-you-please" farce at the Gaiety. Whatever she may do in the future, she will always be pleasantly remembered as the *Lady Jane* of "Patience." From the Savoy, too, Miss Leonora Braham has wandered—and pretty far, too, for I believe she has been both to South Africa and to South America. Miss Jessie Bond has not deserted London; but one feels, despite her performances in "Ma Mie Rosette" and "Poor Jonathan," that the Savoy is really her artistic home. And yet her incursion into ordinary drama in the case of "Mr. Barnes of New York" shows that she need not cling, unless she pleases, to the lyric stage.

A word or two about the younger of the established *comédiennes*, and I have done with this part of my subject. I am thinking especially of Mrs. Tree, Miss Helen Forsyth, Miss Vane Featherstone, Miss Helen Leyton, Miss Annie Irish, Miss Lillie Belmore, and Miss Annie Hughes. These ladies are all in "the bloom of youth and beauty," and yet they already have a full and interesting record. Mrs. Tree and Miss Hughes—the one in "Beau Austin," for example, and the other in "Sweet Nancy," for instance—have demonstrated their command of earnest sentiment running into pathos. Nevertheless, it is in comedy, I think, that they have made their deepest mark. Mrs. Tree never gave me more pleasure than as *Miss Moron* in "The Hobby Horse," a delicious amalgam of *naïveté* and cynicism. In parts such as this she seems to me unrivalled, and I should greatly like to see her play *Belinda* in "Engaged." Miss Hughes, probably, was never happier than as the young girl in "Held by the Enemy," one of the most charming of all *ingénues*. Miss Helen

Forsyth (so excellent as *Molly Seagrim*) was particularly admirable in Lady Greville's play at the Lyric; and Miss Vane Featherstone was strikingly successful one afternoon in a play called "Pedigree." These were illuminating performances, suggesting still better things in the future. Of Miss Leyton's many clever efforts, the cleverest perhaps has been her speaking doll in the burlesque of "The Bauble Shop." Of this more notice would have been taken if Miss Aïda Jenoure had not partially anticipated it in Mr. Gilbert's "Mountebanks." Miss Irish and Miss Belmore I take as types of fascination and drollery in comedy. Miss Belmore's high spirits are infectious, and her laugh has a genuine gaiety not often met with.

W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.



A New Season.



HIS lovely autumn weather,
That gilds the beech and lime,
Will rob me of my treasure—
These sunny days of leisure,
Our pleasant walks together
By ending summer-time.

But though it bring December
To chill fair memory,
Though bitter frost may harden
The rose-beds in your garden,
I shall, I know, remember
Their blossoms of July.

Princess, the strange new-comer
Fills me with lonely dread
Lest you should quite forsake it.
Oh! of sweet pity make it
As happy as the summer—
The summer that is dead.

A. C.



The Drama of Modern England,

AS VIEWED BY

MR. H. A. JONES.



HE author of "The Silver King" has figured before the public in many lights. One might dwell on his excellences as Sunday lecturer, as magazine contributor, or as political economist; one might discuss him as melodramatist, as drawing-room dramatist, or as thesis-dramatist, and the tale of his versatility, like Tomlinson's, "were yet to run." For Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has been manager of a theatre, and has produced there two of his own plays. But, of course, his main claim to distinction will eventually be founded on his dramatic works, and it is his more important serious plays that I propose to discuss.

Of immediate interest are the pretensions Mr. Jones has lately put forward to mirror for us in these later plays of his contemporary life and manners, and it behoves us to look squarely at the facts of the case and to endeavour to estimate the real significance of this claim.

How far has Mr. Jones brought the drama into touch with our modern English life? Would his plays furnish a foreigner with data for a reliable estimate of the state of English society in the latter part of the nineteenth century? In a word, are "The Middleman," "The Dancing Girl," "The Crusaders," and "The Bauble Shop" in any sense "human documents"? Do they or do they not reflect contemporary life and manners? These are the points that demand a reply. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as it may strike different classes of readers, one half of the question admits of an easy answer. From the negative point of view our task is not a difficult one, for it is at once evident that Mr. Jones has left vast branches of human industry unexplored. Take the case of the English Church. So far as our dramatist is concerned it might never exist at all. He seems to regard this venerable institution with indifference, almost with contempt. Indeed, the scant attention paid by our leading authors to the Church might serve (a Radical) as a striking commentary on the part it plays in our national life. Mr. Meredith never troubles himself about parsons—they are never allowed to figure in his works; Mr. Hardy regards them with contemptuous hostility—they have no share in the rural life he depicts so well; and Mr. Jones (like Mr. Grundy) seems to agree with these great novelists in regarding clergymen as unimportant for dramatic purposes.

One can hardly expect a dramatist to venture on ground as yet untrodden by our novelists, yet one can't help wondering why Mr. Jones should not have attempted to depict the lives of our working-class population. His neglect of so promising and congenial a subject as journalistic and theatrical life is matter for less surprise. True, an actress was one of the characters in "The Deacon," and a reporter figured in one scene of "The Middleman," but they were mere figures of conventional drama, as typical of their class as the drunken reporter whom Mr. Pinero takes as a true representative of the "fourth estate."

And so we might go on and run through the professions—the bar, the army, medicine, etc. Of all these different classes Mr. Jones gives no hint of knowledge. Not a doctor you could recognise as such in his works; never an officer (though Mr. Esmond did play *Captain Julian Chandler*!) nor a barrister.

So much by way of preamble. For a fuller answer to the questions raised we must employ a different method, and resort to a fairly detailed examination of the Modern England of Mr. Jones.

The plays by which the author elects to stand or fall, the works which he intends for publication, are "Saints and Sinners," "Wealth," "The Middleman," "Judah," "The Dancing Girl," "The Crusaders," and "The Bauble Shop." A rough-and-ready classification will give us three plays dealing more or less with religious life—"Saints and Sinners," "Judah," and "The Dancing Girl"), two plays purporting to describe commercial life ("Wealth" and "The Middleman"), and three plays—the author's latest works—treating more or less superficially of the world of society and politics.

"Saints and Sinners," Mr. Jones's first serious work, is not a play its author need have apologised for. For a first attempt at the "drama of Modern English life" it is really admirable. As an endeavour to depict certain constantly recurring phases of middle-class dissenting life it must be pronounced eminently successful. Our dramatist, like Mr. Pinero in "The Profligate," feels some qualms of conscience about the "happy ending" to his play. He need not vex his artistic soul. *Letty Fletcher's* death, like *Dunstan Renshaw's* suicide, is of course a mere piece of melodramatic violence, it has no affinity with tragedy or real life. Such *dénouements* can never convert a melodrama into a work of art. The fever business and the death scene in Mr. Jones's play are as conventional in their way—because evading the real issue—as Richardson's fine novel would have been had the author ended his romance by marrying *Lovelace* to *Clarissa*. But these considerations need detract but little from our appreciation of the masterly way in which Mr. Jones has brought the atmosphere of rural dissenting life across the footlights. "Saints and Sinners," delightful idyll as it is, is in its essentials as true a picture of country life as Mr. Pinero's "Squire." Yet even thus early the essential difference between the two playwrights had manifested itself—while Mr. Pinero's methods were from the first realistic and introspective, Mr. Jones's devices were romantic and melodramatic.

The author's aim was to make use of a certain atmosphere of realism to cloak a romantic story, and provided the total effect was but a picturesque one, he cared little to give an air of probability to the details. Hence one or two points are open to discussion. It may be urged that the character of the villain is left unexplained and unrelated. *Captain Fanshaw*, despite the frank introspection of his soliloquies, is but a figure of melodrama, penny plain as in this play, twopence coloured as in "The Dancing Girl," an outline to be filled in or rather a rough bit of lurid colour to be softened down, by the actor. *Hoggard*, too, the deacon, admirably typical as he is of many Dissenters who contrive to make the best of both worlds, suffers from the same morbid desire for self-revelation. In his mouth is put too much of the author's too obviously satirical dialogue. Still *Hoggard* is a recognisable figure. You will find such "miracles of grace," such bluff and hearty hypocrites everywhere, as Guardians of the Poor, as County Councillors, as members of School Boards. They believe in making a good thing out of their public position, and—we will do them justice—they practise their creed. The mask has yet to be stripped off a good many keepers of "the Nonconformist conscience."

The minister, again, is a life-like sketch. A case of a minister persecuted as *Mr. Fletcher* was by his deacons came within our knowledge very recently. Spurgeon's *mot*, "Resist the devil and he'll flee from you, resist a deacon and he'll fly at you," might well have been in Mr. Jones's mind as he drew the outlines of this memorable figure.

"Judah," despite Mr. Jones's heavy pseudo-metaphysical manner, despite its faulty ethics and inflated diction, is by far the best piece its author has ever written, although a recent revival showed how much the play owed for its original success to Mr. Willard. But "Judah," fine work as it undoubtedly is, bears stamped on it the true Jones hall-mark. Has not the author incorporated in this work his three famous devices—the staircase (as in "The Middleman" and "The Crusaders"), the apostrophising of the higher powers (a feature of "Wealth," "The Middleman," and "The Dancing Girl"), and Ibsen's patent confession trick? True, the English drama bears a strange resemblance to "The Pillars of Society" and to "The Scarlet Letter," but the likeness is more obvious than fundamental. We may discard quite half of the *dramatis personæ* as purely fictitious personages. We know the *Earl* with his talk about his "brave ancestors." So also the *Lady Eve* with her consumptive cough and dream speeches. They come from the manufactory, two of a cart-load, all alike. But they serve a purpose. They give a picturesque air to the piece, and fit in with manorial terraces, Raphael-cartooned rooms, and ivy-clad keeps. They are figures from melodrama, like the *Pralls* and *Miss Jopp*—characters required to furnish the relief, sentimental or comic, as the case may be. Still the four chief characters are persons of actual life: *Judah*, *Vashti*, and the two professors are people of flesh and blood.

As to the discussion in which the respective champions of religion and science are involved, not much need be said. The dispute was rather one between a religious man and a materialist than a controversy carried on by a Presbyterian minister and an agnostic. Still the scenes were at least theatrically effective, if but superficially convincing.

It is when we come to his two dramas of commercial life that we find Mr. Jones's actuality put to the severest test. The dramatist's large and epic style was well enough for the earlier plays. To such romantic subjects as the persecution of *Fletcher* or the temptation of *Judah* such a treatment was appropriate enough. But it inevitably breaks down when applied to representations of life which concern themselves with modern social and economic questions. Here a new method must be employed or romance degenerates into melodrama. Such palpable figures of artificial romance as *Blenkarn*, *Mat Ruddock*, *John Ruddock*, and *Joseph Chandler*, were well enough in the days of Augier and Tom Taylor, but as characters in modern plays they are too manifestly unreal. The scheme which Mr. Jones employs in "Wealth" and "The Middleman" was worn threadbare nearly half-a-century ago. Visionary improvident inventors, villainous employers, and manufacturers who die raving mad are hardly typical figures of our modern life. To criticise these two plays from the realistic standpoint were to pay Mr. Jones too great a compliment. No one is a keener foe to realism than our modern Romanticist! He cannot deal with present day questions. His imaginative spirit soars high above the facts of ordinary life. He knows a better way, a cheaper actuality. He can keep up to date. His method is to construct sensational dramas of intrigue and to bring in his caricatured modern types as character sketches. This may be a lamentable result of perverted poeticism, but it is also the beginning and the end of the author's actuality. In truth the facts are too glaring to be disputed. They confronted us in the dramas of commercial life, they appeal to us with irresistible force in the society plays. These later works have their fine moments, and are marked in several cases by genuine humanity. But they are not what they purport to be. The true atmosphere is wanting, the dialogue is still unconvincing, just as is the case with Hardy's lamentable aberration "The Pursuit of the Well-beloved." His glowing pictures of an impossible society may do credit to Mr. Jones's imagination, but they certainly reflect little lustre on his observation. He should continue the series of plays inaugurated by "Saints and Sinners." He should leave lords and ladies to Mr. Wilde. Not many of us may have the honour of a lord's acquaintance, but if we don't know what he is, we may at least have a shrewd suspicion of what he is not. Such aristocrats as Guisebury and Clivebrook, for example, are pure creatures of fantasy. Let us take "The Dancing Girl" first. This play, his most popular work, and the immediate successor to "Judah," is at once the boldest and the weakest of Mr. Jones's serious studies. At one fall our

dramatist seems to have dropped from the Zenith to the Nadir of his excellence. The play deals with the same subject as forms the basis of Mr. Pinero's latest work—the relations subsisting between a refined man and a member of the *demi-monde*—and the author's boldness is seen in his selection of such a theme. But here all praise must end.

There are three ways of treating such a subject. You may make it the basis of a farcical comedy (out of England) or you may found a drama or a tragedy upon it. But Mr. Jones was too wide-awake to adopt any of these methods, he knew the risks attending such endeavours. So instead of tracing the degrading influence of such a *liaison* on a man of sensitive fibre, our author constructed a melodrama of "big' lif" and won the greatest triumph of his life. "All intellectual London," as Mr. Scott would say, flocked to the Haymarket for a year to see this travesty of contemporary manners; and the critics, from Mr. Archer downwards, accepted a tawdry "London Journal"-ese romance as a masterpiece. Told in the form of a novel it would have won a smile of lofty incredulity; disguised as melodrama it was hailed unanimously as a work of art. I know something of Quakers both strict and lax but certainly I never knew Friends whose habits, actions, and conversation bore even a distant resemblance to those of the Ives or the Christisons. The old father is copied from a score of Adelphi melodramas, the young lover is our old friend, George Kingsmill, from "Saints and Sinners," while "The Dancing Girl" herself, crudely sketched as she is, is merely a vulgar hedonistic conscienceless *Letty Fletcher*. As for the fashionable people, Mr. Jones seems to have studied his characters from the servants' hall. Not even Mr. Tree, with all his minute touches and delicate art, could galvanise such a Ouidaesque puppet as Guisebury into life. And yet what a magnificent and firmly outlined sketch of a similar type of man the Haymarket manager gave us in Mr. Wilde's noble play.

Then, the much applauded curtain of Act iii. This *finale* merits attention as a particularly flagrant instance of a tendency dramatists show nowadays to cut the Gordian knot of a situation they find themselves unable to unravel. Here a *dénouement* which the most eloquent and moving dialogue might well have failed to bring about was violently arrived at by a trick of supreme charlatantry. The trick succeeded because it was so audacious and so obvious. Never yet did playwright place such supreme reliance on the stupidity of the British public—never yet was he so supremely justified.

"The Crusaders" is perhaps (the criticism is only intended as a relative one) a better piece of work than "The Dancing Girl." It is as badly constructed as all Mr. Jones's plays are. Starting as a satiric comedy, it degenerates in the second and third acts into the usual drama of intrigue, and the concluding scenes are particularly lame. Even accepting Mr. Jones's scheme, the play is very unsatisfactory, for the heroine's character is inconsistently sketched, her vacillation is not developed at all clearly. Mr. Archer's ingenious scheme for the reconstruction of the comedy merits Mr. Jones's attention

though whether it is advisable to patch up bad work is, of course, a matter which need not concern us. As to the exact scope of the comedy there is a serious difference of opinion between Mr. Jones and his apologist. According to the dramatist the play is "an original comedy of Modern London life." According to Mr. Archer the piece is a fantastical comedy, a kind of Gilbertian romance of the future. It is hardly necessary to consider "The Crusaders" from its author's standpoint. As Mr. Archer says, "'The Crusaders' is as patently fantastical as 'Piccadilly' or 'The Battle of Dorking.' It sets forth events which purport to be, but are not, matters of history. The 'factual' unreality is obvious from the outset. Of course we do not believe that the events of any work of imagination ever actually happened, but we lend to the occurrences presented a sort of provisional credence. In the case of 'The Crusaders' even this sort of provisional acceptance is impossible." In other words, a fairly good play should produce illusion, whereas acceptance of the scheme of "The Crusaders" would but evidence gross delusion. There is as little need as in "The Dancing Girl" to point out inconsistencies and improbabilities. They swarm all over a play which from beginning to end possesses no semblance of reality. The events recorded are quite impossible; they never happened, and never could happen; and the three serious characters, *Philos*, *Cynthia*, and *Una*, seem manifestly intended as mere allegorical figures. Foreign Secretaries, though they be Earl Rosebery, have something else to do than employ themselves in planting out the "submerged tenth." Labour leaders—our John Burns and Tom Manns—do not go to fashionable tailors for their clothes nor do they dedicate themselves to their work from any such contemptible motives as inspired *Philos Ingarfield*.* They are made of sterner and more practical material. "But," says Mr. Archer, "we must place this fable in the future, not in the present or past. Mr. Jones, like the authors of 'Looking Backward' and 'News from Nowhere,' fantasticates in the future."

But really when an author sets himself to satirise, or rather to caricature posterity, he at once puts himself beyond the pale of criticism. He leaves us no data to go on. He has the gift of second sight, we inferior mortals have not. A man who imagines an impossible state of society and then proceeds to attack and scourge it through three long acts cannot really be taken seriously. He occupies too lofty a position. We prefer a burlesque like Mr. Jones's latest work, where we can understand the hits.

There may have been some delightful strokes of humour in our author's penultimate work; unfortunately only Mr. Archer was able to see the bearing of the satire. In witnessing "The Bauble Shop" we are confronted by no such difficulty. We know where we are, and authors and actors combine to keep the fun of the piece going. So amusing an extravaganza, such a screaming skit on Parliamentary life, the most ignorant of us can appreciate and heartily enjoy.

* Cf. "The Crusaders," pp. 38-39.

We have now in a brief survey passed in review all the more important plays of Mr. Jones, and may claim to be entitled to return a verdict on the points under discussion. What answer then must we give to the questions we propounded when we commenced our investigations? Surely this, that the claims our playwright makes to depict our Modern English life must be decisively disallowed. The worst modern novel ever published if not better written contains at least a more realistic and truthful presentment of modern society than is afforded by the majority of Mr. Jones's plays. In fact, many of these dramas might have been written half-a-century ago, so little reflex do they give of the modern spirit. The dramatist, or rather his characters, seem absolutely uninfluenced by any of the current tendencies of the time. If the author of "*The Crusaders*" is to be the dramatist of Modern English life, then must contemporary society be left for all practical purposes undepicted. Mr. Jones may "earnestly endeavour to be a thinker and a poet," and Mr. Archer may think "his endeavours have been increasingly successful," but this surmise, if it be a fact and possesses any interest for us, is a fact of only too deep a significance, for it would seem to show us that Mr. Jones's dramaturgical talents clash with his poetical aspirations. We might say that his success as a poet was in direct ratio with his deterioration as a dramatist. The thinker, the poet, and the playwright seem to have had about equal shares in the production of his last three plays, but unfortunately poetry is apt to clash with the dull facts of modern life.

The truth is, Mr. Jones cannot escape from his earlier associations. The melodramatist is the provider of popular poetry, and the author of "*The Dancing Girl*" has been inoculated by a more than usually virulent poetic bacillus. He may construct a plain melodrama like "*The Silver King*," or write a romance like "*Judah*." The poetry will out somewhere. In the author's so-called thesis plays this imaginative faculty is most apparent, and the spirit of levity in which they are accepted is perhaps the best proof that his modernity, his commercialism, and his poetic instinct quite unfit him for his self-imposed task, of writing the drama of Modern England.

W. A. LEWIS BETTANY.



“Overstrained Honour.”

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Characters :

JUDITH GALE, an actress; MISS SYKE, an elderly girl; CHARLES RATHLIN, a musician.

SCENE.—A sitting-room.

Judith is lying full-length on the floor with a cushion under her head, studying a part. Miss Syke is fidgetting about the room.

Miss S. : I think you are very unkind to me, Judy. (*Judith looks up and laughs good-naturedly.*) You don't take the least interest in what I say.

Judith : You see you have said it so often, dear, and I am busy—really busy.

Miss S. : Can't you attend to me for a little while, just a little while, I—I want to talk to you.

Judith : You generally do, especially when I am busy ; you always want to tell it all over again, and ask me all the questions I have answered at least a dozen times a day since you knew him. Well, as nothing fresh has happened since breakfast-time this morning when we last discussed the matter, my opinion is just what it was then ; I have nothing more to say, and I don't think you have.

Miss S. (dropping down on the floor beside Judy and stroking her hair the wrong way) : Listen to me, Judy. Don't be selfish.

Judy : Selfish ! I am out and out the most patient and long-suffering creature who ever lived. I listened to you for hours last night when I wanted to go to sleep. I am always listening to you. Do you know what would happen if we were two men. I should just take you by the shoulders and shove you out at the door, and tell you to go to the——. Oh yes, it would be ill-mannered, I know, but that is what I should do. (*Turns to her book and goes on reading.*) “I would not be thine executioner.” No, but you make me conscious of a certain tendency in that direction. “Thou tellest me there is murder in mine eyes.” No, not murder exactly. I think the jury would find it justifiable homicide, or femicide—if you like it better.

Miss S. : Judy, dear, I want to tell you dreadfully.

Judy (seriously) : Look here, Mag, I really want to study. You had much better go down to your own room and practice your to-morrow's singing lesson. If he does love you, he won't love you any better for singing flat, and even if he does not, you need not torture him. Go and practice, there's a good girl.

Miss S. : Then you think he does love me ?

Judy (restraining her impatience) : I have had no evidence one way or another since breakfast, and you asked me seven times then.

Miss S. (still stroking Judy's hair) : Oh, do be nice to me, Judy, I am so unhappy. You used to say you thought he liked me.

Judy : I did say so. I thought from his manner the first time I went with you for your lesson that he liked you very much indeed, and when you asked me, I said so.

Miss S. : Well, if he liked me then, of course he likes me now.

Judy (aside) : It doesn't follow, unfortunately.

Miss S. : Do you think he likes me now ?

Judy : My dear girl, if he does he will tell you so himself.

Miss S. : But I want to know what you think.

Judy (hides her face behind her book murmuring) : "'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well."

Miss S. (rising and contemplating herself in the looking-glass) : Do you think I look older than he is ; do you think he thinks so ?

Judy : I have not the remotest means of knowing what he thinks.

Miss S. : But what do you think yourself ?

Judy : I think that *Phoebe* is a very pretty part, and that I shall make something of her, if ever you give me time to study, that is.

Miss S. : But about my age, dear.

Judy : What does it matter ? Lots of women are older than their husbands, only the husbands don't know it.

Miss S. : Then you think he might marry me ?

Judy : I think that if he does, and you worry him as you worry me, Charles Rathlin will have a very bad time of it.

Miss S. : Charles Rathlin. You come out with his name very fluently, Judy. I always call him Mr. Rathlin.

Judy (shortly) : Can't help it, hear it at the theatre, got it on the programme—incidental music by Charles Rathlin, you know.

Miss S. : I wish he had not written that music, he will be always at the theatre now.

Judy : Nonsense, no one wants him there.

Miss S. : But he goes, I am sure. I daresay you often see him when I don't know of it.

Judy (angrily) : Every single time I have seen him there or anywhere else I have told you. (*More coolly.*) I don't know why I have done so, but I have. Now *do* let me get on with my work.

Miss S. : You are very cross this morning, dear.

Judy : Not cross, busy.

Miss S. : There then, I won't interrupt her any more, that I won't. She shall have all the afternoon to herself. I must go and give those wretched little children next door their music lesson. Oh, I say, Judy, can you lend me a pair of gloves.

Judy : Yes, box by the glass, left-hand corner.

Miss S. : Thank you, darling, which pair shall I take, may I have the dove-coloured pair. I wish your gloves were not so large for me. Oh, may I put this pin in my hat ?

Judy: If you like.

Miss S.: Thank you so much, dear. Oh, Judy, one thing before I go, you will change your mind and come to Saltsands with me when the theatre closes, won't you?

Judy: No, can't afford it.

Miss S.: It would be so nice. Mr. Rathlin will be close to us, and he has promised to come over and help me with my cantata.

Judy: Very kind of him, but I am not writing a cantata.

Miss S.: But you would be company for me. We could take a little coitage together. Mr. Rathlin thinks it would be a charming plan, he thinks it is so much better for me not to be alone. That does look as if he liked me, doesn't it. He was quite eager about your going with me. Before I told him you might perhaps come, he didn't seem to like my plan. You see he could not very well visit me there alone.

Judy: I don't see why, I'd have anyone I liked to come to see me wherever I was.

Miss S.: Oh! But you see I am different. I have been brought up to the habit of having a chaperon. (*Arranges her hair and powders her face at the glass.*) Of course it is a great risk to marry anyone so much younger than myself. I'm not sure but what an elderly husband would not make one happier. What do you think, dear? Of course I shall give up teaching when I am married, and spend all my time taking care of my husband. I shall make rather a nice wife, I think, don't you?

Judy: Oh, charming.

Miss S.: Well, good-bye now, dear. I am going, it is time for me to give those tiresome children their lesson. How I detest them and their prosy old uncle. Did I tell you they called him "Molly Darling"? He is always prosing to me about his ailments and his loneliness. Well, good-bye.

Judy: Good-bye.

Miss S.: Aren't you going to kiss me, dear. (*Judy rises to kiss her. Miss S. rubs her face affectionately against her shoulder and brushes off a good deal of powder on to it.*) Oh, Judy dear, it is so dreadful to be in love, do be nice to me.

Judy (*kindly, but with a little nervous laugh*): "Why I am sorry for the gentle Silvius." I daresay you have got it very bad, dear, and he—he is very interesting and all that, but keep it in bounds, Mag. Don't show it till you are sure. He won't like you any the less.

Miss S.: Why, Judy, how your heart is beating. You ought not to fling yourself about as you do. It can't be good for you to lie on the floor like that. Put on your hat and come out with me, it will do you good, and I have so much more I want to say to you.

Judy (*laughs, shakes Miss S. into an upright position, sets her hat straight, and pushes her out of the door*): Good-bye, Mag, try to bring back something fresh to talk about. (*Shuts the door and begins to walk up and down the room with her book in her hand*

studying and speaking by turns.) Poor Mag, poor Mag, what a wretch I feel. What a wretch and what a sneak. Is it really my fault he does not care for her now? Or is it only that he liked her at first, as I did, and tired of her on closer acquaintance as I have, (*Studies her part.*) He's just the reverse of that, one begins by disliking him. (*Reads.*) "So holy and so perfect is my love, and I in such a poverty of grace." No, that's out of my part. Silvius says that— Oh, poor little Mag, I wonder is it my fault. He certainly seemed to like her the first day I saw him. She told me to watch and I watched—

"There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
In parcels as I did would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not, and yet—"

Oh, dear, I shall never get this right. Is it my fault, is it my fault. "He said mine eyes were black and my hair black." No he didn't, he said I ought to take care she had some hot tea when she came in, as if I had nothing to do but sit by the fire and keep her tea hot. That looked as if he were in love with her. A man in love always thinks all the other girls were only made to wait on his girl. He made me feel quite selfish for having any affairs of my own. Oh, he was certainly fond of her then. "For what had he to do to chide at me?" No, that's the wrong place. (*A knock heard at the door.*) Who is there?

Rathlin (without): It is I, Charles Rathlin.

Judy (starting): Oh. (*Hardening herself.*) Come in. "I will be bitter with him and passing short." (*Throws her book aside.* *Rathlin enters, they exchange a commonplace greeting.*)

Judy: I am so sorry Miss Syke is out.

Rath: It is not of any consequence, I have only brought her some papers—examination papers.

Judy (carelessly): Oh, she will know all about them, I suppose.

Rath.: I don't think she will. I am afraid I shall have to ask you to give her a message.

Judy: It is a pity you should have brought them when Maggie is out; I thought you knew she went out on Wednesdays.

Rath. (noticing her cold manner and speaking deliberately after a short pause): Will you be so kind as to tell her that I know very well she cannot answer these questions off-hand. She must study the answers in the books I have lent her. She has a very great deal of hard work before her if she intends to write a cantata in the autumn.

Judy: Is that why you want her to go to Saltsands?

Rath.: I want her to go! It was no suggestion of mine.

Judy: Ah! No more it was. Your suggestion was that I should go with her.

Rath.: Well, what then, it was a very good suggestion.

Judy: Only Maggie seems to be under the impression that it came from her.

Rath.: Then perhaps it did. Let us suppose it did if she said so, and yet no—let us be frank. I put the idea into her head, and is there any reason why I should not have done so. (*Judith is silent, a little embarrassed, Rathlin continues.*) It is not good for a man to be alone, and it's worse for a woman. A lonely holiday is the height of dreariness. You had better go with Miss Syke.

Judy: I am sorry my own affairs prevent my being as serviceable to Miss Syke as you think I should be.

Rath.: And who told you it was for Miss Syke's sake I made the suggestion.

Judy: That is what she believes. It is natural she should believe it.

Rath.: And what would you say if I told you it was of you I was thinking?

Judy: I should not believe you. I am not your pupil. It would be presumptuous of you to try and direct what I do or where I go.

Rath.: You will not believe that it was for your sake.

Judy: Not for one moment.

Rath.: And if I declared to you that it was.

Judy: I should say—good afternoon.

(*They stand a moment facing each other. She defiant, he admiring but resolute. A pause.*)

Rath.: Oh, good afternoon is very well as a beginning, but I am going to say much more than that. I have come here to-day to tell you how I love you, and I won't be turned aside from telling it.

Judy (blankly): Well?

(*Rathlin taken aback, pauses again, but presently collects himself.*)

Rath.: That means you knew it, of course. That's good, for I tried to make it plain to you. I love you very much. I know I am not good enough for you, I don't ask you to think I am, but I do ask you to believe that I love you very truly.

Judy: "How can I think he can be mine and true who has been false to Fulvia." That's not in my play, but when I get hold of Shakespeare I always wander about a little.

Rath.: Don't wander now, keep to the point, and the point is I love you.

Judy: I had rather talk of Fulvia.

Rath.: As you please. She was elderly, by the way, and "of a jealous and crabbed disposition."

Judy: Antony knew that, or should have known it before he asked her to marry him.

Rath.: I quite agree with you. But suppose Antony had never asked her, never said a word that could have led her to suppose he intended to do so.

Judy: Never given her violets, nor taken flowers from her, never bullied a girl he saw for the first time for not taking care of her, never.

Rath.: Good heavens! She asked me for the violets. Could I help her bringing me things. Is it possible she—

Judy: Stay, if you please, Mr. Rathlin. We will keep Miss Syke's name out of the conversation. You have no right to suppose that we have made you the subject of discussion. Any opinion I may have formed has been formed from my own observation.

Rath. (recovering his self-control): If you have formed any opinion concerning me, I have a right to know it.

Judy: Certainly. When I went with her to your class-room I saw, or I fancied I saw, a great difference between your manner to her and your manner to your other pupils.

Rath.: Go on.

Judy: When we remained after the rest of the class had left, you talked to her about your own affairs and hers. All you said, every word, every tone, every look, went to make me believe that you cared for her.

Rath.: Go on.

Judy: I have no more to say.

Rath.: Oh yes you have if you intend to be just. You spoke of an opinion.

Judy: Yes, I saw you cared for her, anyone could have seen that. I supposed you were not well enough off to marry, so did not speak.

Rath.: Right, so far. I am better off now, by the way, but that is not the point. Go on.

Judy: Afterwards—afterwards I began to think—*(her voice breaks)*—I began to think that I had been mistaken.

Rath. (quietly but not rudely): You did not. That is not what you thought, and it is beneath you to say what is not true.

Judy (at bay): Then if you will have it, I thought you had changed your mind, and I thought I would never be a party to the betrayal of my friend. I have no more to say.

Rath.: No? Then hear me. I may have been to blame, but I don't deserve such hard words as yours nor such cold tones, and I will not bear them—even from you. I did care for Miss Syke for a little while, but it is not my fault if when I knew her more I liked her less. I am sorry if I speak cruelly of a woman, but you force me to defend myself. I did like her, and if I had ever told her so, ever said one word of love to her, I should deserve to have you shelter yourself behind your loyalty, and stab me with your scorn, but I never said one word beyond ordinary friendship to her.

Judy: True, but why not?

Rath: For the reason you guessed. It was a good reason: she had told me of the luxury in which she was brought up, and I hesitated to ask her to share my poverty. That hesitation saved me. It was meant for her good, but surely I have a right to let it serve for mine.

Judy (doubtfully): I do not know.

Rath: Think. Suppose she had liked me and never told me so, and then got over it and liked someone else, would it be treason for her to marry him because of a passing fancy for me—a fancy I'd no idea of?

Judy: Oh, but if she had an idea of it?

Rath. (taken aback) : Has she said—does she——

Judy : We will leave her out of it. You are to assume that she has never confided in me. But if I could see, could form an opinion, could not she ?

Rath : Good heavens, is it my fault you both were so quick to see what I tried to keep to myself ? Am I to be sacrificed because you were too keen-sighted ? Have you any idea what it would mean to be married to the person you did not love, while you loved someone else ? Oh, I see you have, and you would condemn me to that ? You say I am bound to her.

Judy (impetuously) : No, no, I do not say so. If I did I was wrong. You must not marry her, you would hate her, it would be terrible for you both.

Rath. : Then I am free ?

Judy : Yes, you are free. It is just that you should be free, a moment's fancy, unspoken for generous reasons cannot, must not, bind you.

Rath : And if I am free——

(*Moves towards her eagerly. She recoils, ordering him with a gesture to stand back.*)

Judy : Don't look like that, don't look so glad, or I can't bear it. Yes, you are free, free to leave her, free to marry whom you will, free to love any woman in the world *except me*.

Rath. : Judy—why ?

Judy : No, not me, not her friend, her confidant who rejoiced with her in her fancied happiness, who heard day by day—yes, I own to it now—who heard of every word you said, of every sign you gave of caring for her. Not her friend, her one friend.

Rath. : Then my freedom is of no value, for if I lose you I don't care what becomes of me. I may just as well marry her as not. Judy, think again, I will make you so happy.

Judy : Could you, do you think, could anyone make me happy after I had betrayed my friend.

Rath. : But by no fault of yours. I am sure you never asked for her confidence. Why should you suffer because she can't keep from talking about herself. Listen to me, Judy. I love you. I believe on my soul that you love me. We meant to do no wrong, we have done no wrong, only circumstances have been very cruel to us. Is it just that we should suffer because of circumstances which we could not help ? Will it make her any happier to know we are miserable ?

Judy : It will make her much more miserable to know that her friend has stolen her happiness. I tell you I will not do it.

Rath. : Judith, this is madness. (*Approaching her.*)

Judy : No. It is honour. (*He recoils.*) What would you say of a man who betrayed his friend as you would have me betray mine ?

Rath. (half-overcome) : But you are not a man, you are a woman. No one expects this tragic honour from you, no one dreams of expecting it.

Judy: Oh, yes, I am a woman. With all a woman's faults and weakness, but I am not a coward, I am not a traitor, nor I will not become one for your sake.

(A pause, he breaks down and turns away from her. She softens at the sight of his grief.)

Judy: I cannot bear to see you suffer.

Rath.: You shall not, I will go. Good-bye, my dear, you have broken my heart, I think you have broken your own, but I suppose we must bear it, for you have chosen the right.

Judy: Good-bye.

Rath.: Good-bye. You know what those words mean. God be with you. I will try not to be sorry, that you would not be less than yourself. I don't know what I shall make of it, but I will try.

Judy: Good-bye, good-bye. *(Holds out her hand without looking at him.)*

Rath.: Is this all. It is a very cold parting considering how we love each other, and that we shall never meet again, surely for the last time—for the first and last time. *(Approaching.)*

Judy *(covering her face with her hands)*: No, no, I couldn't bear it.

(A pause, he leans over her and kisses her sleeve and exit. She gives way to a storm of grief; a clock strikes, she notices the time, collects herself, dries her eyes, settles her hair, and taking up her book begins to study. Enter Miss Syke who flings off her hat and mantle, goes to the glass and contemplates her reflection complacently. Judith looks up.)

Judy: You are soon back, are you not?

Miss S.: Yes, were you dull without me, dear? Something very interesting has happened.

Judy *(languidly)*: What is it?

Miss S. *(with great satisfaction)*: You don't know why I have been so quick.

Judy: No, were your pupils out.

Miss S.: I haven't been near them. I have been shopping—see *Judy*. *(Pulls off her glove, showing a handsome diamond ring.)*

Judy *(puzzled)*: An engagement ring. Did you get it yourself? Isn't that a little unusual—

Miss S.: Get it myself, of course not, how absurd you are. It was given to me, and by the right person too.

Judy: What do you mean?

Miss S.: It is not to be expected that I should waste my time waiting while an obscure musician makes up his mind whether he can afford to marry me or not.

Judy: Do you mean that you are not going to think any more about Mr. Rathlin after raving about him all this time.

Miss S. *(with dignity)*: I have not been doing anything of the sort. I have wondered now and again if he cared for me, that is all.

Judy : Oh !

(*Miss S. fidgets about humming an air. Judith watches her.*)

Judy : And who is it who gave you the ring ?

Miss S. : You know my pupils have an uncle.

Judy : Yes, the prosy old man they call "Molly Darling."

Miss S. : He is not old, nor prosy, they ought not to call him anything of the sort, rude little wretches, why he is heir to a baronetcy.

Judy : Well, what has "Sir Molly" to do with it ?

Miss S. : Everything. He has asked me to marry him. You see, dear—(*giggling*)—some people think me attractive if you don't.

Judy (*still bewildered*) : And Charles Rathlin ?

Miss S. : Ah, well, Judy, you can't expect me to consider him. I must show a proper regard for my own future, I am not fitted to be the wife of a struggling artist. I was born for society and luxury. I left a note at Mr. Rathlin's rooms as I passed, telling him I should not require any more lessons, as I was going to be married. I do hope he won't feel it very much. I am sorry, but what can I do, dear, if people will admire me. Why what is the matter, Judy ? Are you laughing or crying. Why don't you answer ?

(*The door is flung open. Rathlin rushes in, an open letter in his hand.*)

Rath. : Judy, it's all right, I found this when I got home. She doesn't want me. She is going to marry someone else. Judy ! Judy !

(*Judith runs straight into his arms without speaking. Miss S. contemplates the two in amazement.*)

Miss S. : Well, this is very surprising.

Rath. (*to Judy*) : My darling, my darling, how brave you were, and how true. How we tortured ourselves, but it is all over now, and it is worth all we lose to get this honestly—this—and this. (*Kissing her.*)

Miss S. (*in severe disapproval*) : I think you have both utterly forgotten that I am present.

(*The two look up and laugh pleasantly.*)

CURTAIN.

NORA VYNNE.



At the Haymarket.



WITH old-world ease and courtly grace,
And eyes on partner's motions set,
They never pause for breathing space
These folk who dance the minuet.

Upon the gleaming oaken floor
The gaily-slipped ladies stand ;
Brocaded gallants range before,
And Madame takes his Lordship's hand.

In John O'Connor's silent halls
They mope and curtsy, mime and bow,
While flickering candles on the walls
Suffuse the room with mellow glow.

Of histrionic battles fought
How they—with silver speech indued—
Could whisper, they that White once wrought
To charm us in the interlude !

Through palmy days of Bancroft reign
To last success of Beerbohm Tree
Their daintinesses ne'er complain
But foot their measure merrily.

The restless crowds may come and go
To pass from smiles maybe to tears,
They ply the light fantastic toe
Night after night through changing years.

Their cheeks may pale, their colour fade,
'Twas long ago the paint was wet ;
But still in time-soiled dress arrayed,
The figures trip their minuet !

E. J. ENTHOVEN.



Plays of the Month.

"CORIOLANUS."

Tragedy, in five acts, by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Revived at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, on Thursday evening, August 17th, 1893.

Caius Marcius	Mr. F. R. BENSON.	1st Volscian Guard ..	Mr. ARTHUR WHITBY.
Titus Lartius	Mr. G. FITZGERALD.	2nd Volscian Guard ..	Mr. GORDON ASHE.
Cominius	Mr. ALFRED BRYDONE.	1st Roman Citizen ..	Mr. G. R. WEIR.
Menenius Agrippa ..	Mr. E. LYALL SWETE.	2nd Roman Citizen ..	Mr. G. L. LAWRENCE.
Sicinius Velutus ..	Mr. W. E. ASHCROFT.	3rd Roman Citizen ..	Mr. O. B. CLARENCE.
Junius Brutus	Mr. A. GRENVILLE.	4th Roman Citizen ..	Mr. SHERARD.
Tullius Aufidius ..	Mr. OTHO STUART.	Volumnia	Miss ALICE CHAPIN.
1st Conspirator ..	Mr. SINGER LEES.	Virgilia	Mrs. F. R. BENSON.
2nd Conspirator ..	Mr. R. POTTS.	Valeria	Miss C. ROBERTSON.

John Philip Kemble, Edmund Kean, Charles Young, Macready, Phelps, Edwin Booth, these were the men who with greater or less majesty "alone did it ! Boy !" and fluttered the gods, as well as the Volscians in Corioli. Great names these—names to bear a budding reputation to the ground. But Mr. Benson has no cause to quail before them. As *Caius Marcius*, he does almost all that can be done with the part—than which I doubt if the noblest Roman among these early gods did more. There are several reasons why he should as this arch-aristocrat make a deeper mark than usual. Those fine Dantesque features of his, too grave and set for that puff-ball of gusty passion, *Hamlet*; the long steel-knit frame, too slight and boyish for the noble *Moor*; the measured style, unsuited to the supple usurer of Venice; the transparent honest nature, out of keeping with mole-ish Crookback Richard—all, face, manner, bearing, lend the tint of life to this rank one-ideal oligarch. Coleridge and Schlegel see wonderful complexities in the man; but, as great critics will, whether they deal with English poets or with Scandinavian, they read far more into the character than ever was meant to be there. *Coriolanus* is in modern phrase merely a hard shell Reactionist. He moves along one narrow path, and with now and then a moment of relapse into dramatically effective inconsistency, he pursues his way with never a look behind. The quality which endues him with heroic grandeur is a superb independence, a lofty disdain of consequence. Fighting the Volscians single-handed, scorning the plebs, menacing their tribunes, thrusting himself between his wolfish allies and their prey, what he does is always done because it is his humour, let what may come of it. If his voice loses for once its haughty tone, and a tear trembles on his cheek as he is thrust in exile from the capital, it is from self-pity at his own defeat. Like *Lady Clara* and Doll's House *Nora*, he holds his course without remorse, and goes out and slams the door without a thought for the countrymen on the other side of it. A straightforward fellow like this is not difficult to play if the actor be not too unlike his model to begin with. Given the stateliness of "John Philip," the graceful limbs, the studied poses, the sonorous utterance, and *Coriolanus* is already three parts played. Now Mr. Benson has all this and something more. There is a natural note of aristocratic exclusiveness in him which supplies exactly what is wanted to round off his picture of the man. The ordinary effusive romantic

actor, handsome faced, shapely framed, and what not, would never do, for he has a touch of commonness which would play havoc with his best intentions. But Mr. Benson is by nature set upon a higher plane, and he acts the noble that he looks. He fights perhaps with too little regard for the classic style, and needlessly sacrifices dignity to the joy of really getting his man to the ground; but for the most part he presents a figure of splendid picturesqueness, and his exile and death are deftly touched with a soft gleam of pathos. It was hardly a case of *Dux et præterea nihil* in the lordly pleasure dome by Avon; but the support was not very good. Mr. Weir was wasted upon a *First Citizen*, and Mr. Brydone found but poor use for his resonant voice and impressive elocution as *Cominius*; and there were the two best men accounted for. A Mr. Lyall Swete, the Willardian *Menenius*, will do something some day—despite his difficulty with the letter R. He arrests attention, if as yet he cannot hold it. Mr. Otho Stuart looked martial as *Aufidius*—*Aufijus*, the great John Philip called him—but he made but a dandy warrior. Looks again were all, or nearly all, with Miss Chapin, an ideal Roman matron (of tenderer years, however, than Mr. Barrett's *Hamlet's* mother) to gaze upon, but far too Madonna-like in spirit for the proud *Volumnia*. Mrs. Benson, on the other hand, was very winning, soft, caressing, and, in short, *Virgilian* as her daughter. Scenery and stage-management were of surprising elaborateness and excellence. The latter, indeed, recalled the best achievements at the Lyceum and Drury Lane, and the name of Mr. Benson's manager, Mr. Merridew, should be blazoned in big letters for his exciting handling of these Roman crowds.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL IN "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

First produced in the provinces at the Royal Opera House, Leicester, on Thursday evening, August 30th, 1893.

Aubrey Tanqueray ..	Mr. KENDAL.	Gordon Jayne, M.D. . .	Mr. GEORGE GRAY.
Sir George Orreyed ..	Mr. G. P. HUNTLEY.	Morse	Mr. H. DEANE.
Captain Hugh Ardale ..	Mr. OSCAR ADYE.	Lady Orreyed .. .	Miss N. CAMPBELL.
Cayley Drummie ..	Mr. J. E. DODSON.	Mrs. Cortelyon .. .	Miss TALBOT.
Frank Misquith, Q.C.,	{ Mr. JAMES EAST.	Ellean	Miss ANNIE IRISH.
M.P.		Paula	Mrs. KENDAL

What short memories people have! At the first mention of Mrs. Kendal's resolve to play *Paula the Unclassed* the compact majority shoots a forest of arms into the air, and keeps them there quivering with mingled horror and amazement, for all the world like Satan's host on the Lyceum Brocken. Why? Because someone rashly has affirmed that this will be Mrs. Kendal's first plunge into the glittering waters of stage vice! Has no one then a remembrance of certain shady society females in "Mayfair" and "Antoinette Rigaud"? Does no one recall a very, very dubious person, by name *Coralie*? She was French and of uncertain age; further, she was penitent and crowned with venerable white hair; but her shameful past was undeniable, and so far as my memory serves me she was emphatically *not* one of the hateful myriad "more sinned against than sinning." The plain fact is that Mrs. Kendal has often, with a bold hand, torn the veil from seamy-sided women, and the effects she has got at these times should have fully prepared one for her effort at the Opera House, Leicester, where she appeared as *Paula* with a success that not even a fanatical adherent of the Clan Campbell could for one moment have presumed to question. When all is said, Mrs. Kendal is still a grand actress. She may have forgotten out in Choctawville and other centres of Transatlantic

culture the motto, "Summa Ars Artem Celare," or be perversely moved to so mis-read it that the hidden art is hidden with such thoroughness that it lies beyond anyone's power to find it. But the art at her command when she chooses to employ it, is still supreme. And as *Paula* she does so choose. The conscious rolling of the r's, ceaseless and distracting as Niagara, the one-sided, hooked-up smile, and a dozen other tricks of movement and expression do undoubtedly detract from the naturalness of her work, but behind all this surface-staginess lie an unerring perception, a wonderful insight, which carry her triumphantly to her goal, through countless barriers she is always busy setting up against herself. One has only to recall Mrs. Patrick Campbell's very startling, infinitely touching picture of *Paula* to realise the immense cleverness of Mrs. Kendal. The character is the same, the tragedy is the same, but the woman herself is a totally different being. Gone are the childishness, the pettish passion, the utter irresponsibility which at the St. James's exercised a fascination and impelled compassion. Mrs. Kendal's *Paula* is a woman always, with strong reasoning powers, strong feelings, and always a reason for her feelings. And whereas the original *Paula* exacted pity because her plight was so terrible and sad, her successor compels sympathy because the battle for respectability is so stern and her face is kept to the foe with such desperate determination. One striking difference Mrs. Kendal makes. Unlike Mrs. Campbell, she shows *Paula* as a common woman only in the first scene, and from that point on refines and refines until in the last act she wears a fine nobility and distinction. The growth of mind and soul, through companionship with *Aubrey* and *Ellean*, appears not alone in words, but is disclosed in bearing, manner, voice, and look. This is a notable subtlety worthy of remark. It suggests a *Paula* over whom her coarse associates and wretched life have merely had power to form a crust of vulgarity and viciousness—a *Paula* who reverts under genial influences to inherent refinement and purity. And this new reading lends the woman a humanity and a charm which go some way towards excusing, if not explaining, *Aubrey's* course of action. Mrs. Campbell's *Paula* was torn every way at once—a creature of hopelessly conflicting moods and passions, the sport of destiny. Mrs. Kendal, on the other hand, never permits one to lose sight of the woman of heart and reason struggling to free herself from the fetters of habit and outlawry, the woman who is purely the victim of her own folly and sin. Mrs. Campbell fought against fate. Mrs. Kendal struggles against her evil self and the consequences of her own acts. A deeper note is struck with this conception, and in consequence the tragedy was more profound at Leicester than in London. Not, however, with the *Paula* did the distinction of this new rendering end. Mr. Kendal, an actor who grows in stage stature, in weight and dignity, each week that flies, proved a very sincere and impressive *Tanqueray*, his later scenes being full of power. Miss Annie Irish, too, was an interesting and not too cold and cloistral "Saint" *Ellean*, and Mr. Dodson bared the very heart of *Cayley Drummle*, improving even upon Mr. Cyril Maude's popular performance. Several of the minor players, grotesquely unlike the gentlemen they were set to represent, were however quite unworthy to stand in the presence of their leaders.

"THE FALL OF THE LEAF."

A new and original play, in two acts, by R. C. CARTON.

First produced at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on Thursday evening, September 4, 1893.

Sir John Frosdyke .. Mr. KENDAL.

Tarbucks Mr. G. P. HUNTLEY.

Nina L'Estrange .. Miss A. DAIROLLES.

Miriam Chisholm .. Mrs. KENDAL.

Those remarkable publications known as *The Family Herald* and *The London Journal* undoubtedly "supply a want" in the world, and are a source of innocent happiness to thousands of those sentimental persons who like to be, what Mr. Henry Arthur Jones would call, "taken out of their lives" and to refresh their souls with the contemplation of things as they are not. This being so, there is no reason why Mr. Carton's "The Fall of the Leaf" should not be exceedingly popular, though to many the sentiment of the piece will seem mawkish and insipid, the plot and situations the *ne plus ultra* of conventionality and artificiality, and the characters—the maundering old yokel, the lovers parted for years, the scrapegrace roving hero, the cast-off mistress—one and all of the stage, stagey. In the dialogue there is a painful, elaborate straining after smartness, which is extremely wearisome and irritating. Two samples will suffice. *Sir John Frosdyke*, having mentioned that the doctors gave him up after he was wounded in a duel, adds, with the air of a man firing off a brilliant epigram, "It's surprising how many people have given me up." But he can do better than that, can *Sir John*. "A love once grown cold," he says, "is like an extinguished cigar; you may rekindle it, but the flavour is gone"—or words to that effect. And then, by way of suiting the action to the word, the word to the action, he carefully drops his cigar on a specially-prepared bald place on the leaf-strewn stage, where he can find it again and relight it when he has changed his mind about his love affairs, and wants to say "I was wrong, the flavour is excellent." Oh, he has a pretty wit! The story of the piece, such as it is, is this. An elderly agricultural labourer, armed with a vote and a formidable pair of shears, is having his tea in a picturesque rural spot underneath an old tree which, of course, was in years gone by the lovers' trysting-place—obviously, or it wouldn't be there—and which is to be cut down shortly. Meantime, this estimable *Mr. Tarbucks* soliloquises over his frugal meal anent "three acres and a cow," and sundry other ancient matters which would lead one to suppose that *Mr. Carton's* play was written some eight or nine years ago, and has not been brought up-to-date. Presently enter *Sir John Frosdyke*, who was wont to meet the heroine, *Miriam*, under the old tree aforesaid, but has been parted from her for ten years. He proceeds to pump the worthy yokel for information, and on hearing that his old sweetheart is now *Mrs. Chisholm*, he at first resolves upon an entirely new and original line of action. He has the local timetable at his finger-ends, and says he will just be able to "catch the last train to town." However, this novel idea is not carried out, as *Mrs. Chisholm* puts in an appearance. Her first impulse on seeing *Sir John* is to faint, but she recovers in a moment and remarks, like *Mr. Toole* in "Walker, London," "Oh, it's nothin'!" Then we have pretty sentimental scenes, with reminiscences of the past, and finally *Sir John's* ponderous cigar-simile above-mentioned. After an interval of three weeks, during which *Mrs. Chisholm's* husband has been away from home, we find *Sir John* endeavouring to persuade *Mrs. Chisholm* to "fly with him." What though she shrinks from facing public opinion in moral England? *Sir John* has picked up a little geography during his ten years of roving, and is able to assure

her that "there are lands beyond the sea." Against such an argument as this, virtue can hold out no longer, and *Mrs. Chisholm* consents. Exit *Sir John*, ostensibly to make preparations for catching "the night train to town," but really to enable the lady to fall down in a faint, in order that she may be picked up by a French lady who left her husband for *Sir John*, and was afterwards deserted by him. She just happens to be passing. Presently, re-enter *Sir John*. "AND SO, we meet at last!" Slow music, three minutes superfluous dialogue, and curtain. As may be supposed this sort of thing did not give either Mr. or Mrs. Kendal the opportunity of appearing at their best. Both played their respective characters for all they were worth, or more. They were perfect, and there is nothing more to be said. Miss Adrienne Dairolles was excellent as the deserted *Nina L'Estrange*—a most finished and artistic piece of acting. The old yokel was played with delightful quaintness and naturalness by that admirable character-actor, Mr. G. P. Huntley, whose "bomb manufacturer" will be remembered as the one redeeming point in that very bad melodrama, "The Silver Shell."

"THE OTHER FELLOW."

An English version, in three acts, of M. FEYDEAU and DESVALLIERE'S farce, "Champignol Malgré Lui," by FRED HORNER.

First produced in London at the Court Theatre, on Saturday evening, September 9th, 1893.

Robert Champignol ..	Mr. CHARLES GROVES.	Joseph	Mr. SIDNEY WARDEN.
Vicomte de St. Fontaine	Mr. W. GROSSMITH.	Jerome .. : ..	Mr. E. BERTRAM.
Captain Camaret ..	Mr. C. H. BROOKFIELD.	Barber	Mr. SIDNEY.
M. Camel	Mr. W. WYES.	Prince of Valence ..	Mr. KELLY.
M. Singleton	Mr. C. BURLEIGH.	Georges	Mr. J. ANNING.
Arthur	Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS.	Moville	Mr. FARLEY.
Colonel Fourrageot ..	Mr. H. DE LANGE.	Samson	Mr. HOWARD FINNY.
Lieutenant Marbey ..	Mr. W. DRAYCOTT.	Martin	Mr. W. HACK.
Sergeant	Mr. COMPTON COUTTS.	Agnes	Miss AIDA JENOURE.
Corporal	Mr. R. NAINBY.	Louise	Miss E. TERRISS.
Sergeant of Gendarmes	Mr. W. H. QUINTON.	Adrienne	Miss M. MCINTOSH.
		Charlotte	Miss PATTIE BROWNE.

When, in *Sir Peter's* terms, a young bachelor dangles after his married sweetheart, what can he expect? That it is the object of "Champignol Malgré Lui," or as the translator, Mr. Fred Horner, re-christens it, "The Other Fellow," to disclose. And what he must expect, according to this warning and example, involves loss of liberty, loss of rank, loss of clothes, loss of comfort, and finally loss of identity itself. Which series of disasters is thus brought about. In the absence of her husband, *Madame Champignol* grants her jilted lover, the *Vicomte de St. Fontaine*, a *tête-à-tête*. Before it is over the harmless dalliers are brought into collision with some relations of *Madame*—the *Camels* of Geneva—clumsy blunderers scarce defter than Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Camels*—the "lumpy 'umpy Oonts." These simple natives jump to the conclusion that *St. Fontaine* is *Champignol*, and sooner than face the difficulty and explain the trivial breach of decorum, *Madame* and her titled Moth allow them to remain of that opinion. The conviction takes deeper root when, unexpectedly turning up in Paris, they discover him at *Champignol's* house, where everything combines to cut off any possible retreat of the entangled pair. A new maid catches them kissing—an innocent kiss of farewell. Unknown visitors arriving on the top of the *Camels* are introduced to the distracted *Vicomte* as to *Champignol*, the famous portrait painter. And eventually when the real Simon Pure fails to turn up in camp at Clermont for his month's drill with the Reserves, the incensed authorities arrest at his house as the deserter the man whom visitors and maid proclaim as *Champignol*.

To make matters worse, the artist himself comes late into camp, having misunderstood the date or place of assembly, and there are consequently two deserters in the ranks bearing the name of *Champignol*, each, however, known but to a few of the officers in command. Out of this state of things it is easy to see how any amount of humour can be made. One *Champignol*, for example, is in disgrace; the other, of course, must suffer for it. Thus—A fussy, fidgetty little martinet of a Colonel bounces into camp, spies *Champignol* the False—let us call him *Sham-pignol*—and objects to the length of his hair. “*Captain Camaret! Private Champignol’s hair is too long. See to it. At once.*” The *Captain* takes up the word. “*Adjutant! Private Champignol’s hair is too long. See to it. At once.*” *Champignol* himself strolls in. The *Adjutant*, knowing him alone by that name, repeats the order to the *Corporal*, the *Corporal* to the barber, and the wrong man’s head is mown. Again the comedy of errors, and the wrong man’s head is shaved. And so it goes on, till the laugh dies down, and the business is seen to be what it is, merely a playwright’s trick. Finally, the truth comes out, and to punish the gilded Moth for fluttering round Madame the Candle, *Champignol* claims to be *St. Fontaine* (who is exempt from military service), and the poor little *Vicomte* is left to undergo the balance of his twenty-eight days’ wretchedness. The play might be brisker and run less awkwardly, but there are many funny moments, and it is worth many a whole farce to see Mr. Weedon Grossmith, the self-sufficient, perky *Champignol*, assume *Champignol’s* artistic virtue, and under fear of punishment sketch *Captain Camaret*. Mr. Grossmith is at his quaintest and most despondent throughout, and in Mr. Charles Groves, who plays the husband with great comicality and vigour, finds a perfect foil. Much of the minor playing is sadly over-coloured, even for farce, and a funny caricature of military self-importance by Mr. Brookfield is spoiled by a semi-articulate delivery, in which respect Mr. Seymour Hicks might serve as a model for Mr. Brookfield and one or two more; but there must be more than a word of praise for the miniature martinet of Mr. De Lange, as one of those strutting fire-eaters who may be seen any day in the Place Chateaubriand at St. Mali. Miss Jenoure, as charming in farce as in comic opera, is the entangled wife: Miss Madge McIntosh, a pretty new comer, the *ingénue de convenance*: clever Miss Pattie Browne, a stage maid from stage Normandy; and Miss Ellaline Terriss, the sweet-faced, flute-voiced posy of feminine dainties that she always is.

“DOLLARS AND SENSE.”

An eccentric comedy, in three acts, from the German of L’Arronge, by AUGUSTIN DALY.
 Revived at Daly’s Theatre on Tuesday evening, September 19th, 1893.

Mr. Pierce Tremont ..	Mr. WM. OWEN.
Elphalest Lamb ..	Mr. JAMES LEWIS.
Col. Jefferson Quincy ..	Mr. CHAS. LECLERCQ.
Briggs	
Jack Hemmarsly ..	Mr. GEORGE CLARKE.
Harry Latimer ..	Mr. A. BOURCHIER.
Griggles	Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT.
Roberts	Mr. EDWARD WILKS.

Mrs. Tremont ..	Miss FRANCES ROSS.
Hope Hemmarsly ..	Miss F. C. SROX.
Sybilla Briggs ..	Miss LUCIE CELESTE.
Mrs. Saphira Lamb ..	Mrs. G. H. GILBERT.
Jane	Miss A. STERLING.
Laddy	Miss SOPHIA HOFFMANN.
Phronie	Miss ADA REHAN.

What is really wrong with Mr. Daly’s adaptations, what rubs so much critical fur the wrong way, is their want of proportion. The labour is unequally distributed. We never get a chance of seeing the several leaders, Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Clarke, Miss Celeste, and these Captains’ Captain, the incomparable Miss Rehan, pitted

fairly against one another. The stage is never a battle-field upon which we can watch in action a series of spirited encounters, blow matching blow, each foot of ground stubbornly contested, every artistic muscle brought into play, and a laurel leaf apiece awarded at the end. Rather does it resemble the Olympian circus ring, in which the "thrilling chariot races" and "astounding gladiatorial combats" are pre-determined, and the fight is—like fights in the other sort of ring—lost and won before ever it's begun. In "The Last Word," for example, it will be a walk over for Miss Rehan. The others might just as well be sitting in the front for all the pleasure they have the opportunity of giving us. Then back swings the pendulum in "Dollars and Sense," and Miss Rehan fades to nothingness, while Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis loom gigantic in the foreground. The old plot we could put up with: the transparent swindlers, the busybody hero officiously putting everybody's business right, the lovers at cross-purposes, the young married people ditto, and the old folk from Pennsylvania, like another Adam and Eve, plumped down dazzled and dazed in the Eden of New York. This we could endure if only something fresh and lively happened in the course of these aged characters' meanderings across the stage. But nothing fresh and lively does occur, unless it be Miss Rehan in a blazingly audacious romp utterly foreign to the practical girl she is playing and not in the least necessary to the piece. Miss Rehan is (literally) a tow-headed fairy—in a very wiggy wig—in danger of betrothal to a German baron of an unpronounceable name. To ensure the failure of this step-maternal match she dances before the baron's father, and her dancing not being of the Herodias' daughter type, involving indeed the grotesque antics and a liberal display of limbs uncouthly posed, the parental favour she does not desire is not won. The scene is carried through with irresistible *abandon*, but the whole thing is pitifully unworthy of an actress like Miss Rehan, and in lamenting the waste of her genius regret may be expressed also at the poor use to which Mr. Clark's broad hearty style is put. Mr. Lewis comes off very well as an elderly Darby of Lotharian proclivities; and Mrs. Gilbert enjoys one of her rare opportunities as his shrewd old Joan. Miss Celeste plays with vigour and plenty of colour the warm-blooded adventuress, and Mr. Bouchier, though still slipshod in style, advances several steps as an unobjectionable light comedy lover who looks and plays, as well as dresses, like a gentleman.



Some Amateur Performances.

THE OLD STAGERS AT CANTERBURY.

The Old Stagers are to be congratulated upon many counts : first and foremost upon fifty-two years of existence in which, like Wolsey, they have "sounded all the depths and shoals of honour" ; secondly, for enjoying all the advantages of old age, including troops of friends, whilst remaining exempt from its disadvantages. No sign of decrepitude is visible. Their friends have not the least occasion to fear that they are tottering to their fall, "*sans* eyes, *sans* teeth, *sans* taste, *sans* everything." Unlike the *Oberon* and *Titania* of Mr. Courtley's epilogue, they are anything but played-out, and if appearances are to be trusted, they will be found "going strong" whilst cricket lasts—a synonym for all eternity, so Mr. Courtley tells us—holding their sway for a sounder reason than that merely of "auld lang syne." Upon these and many another point the Stagers call, and not in vain, for our warmest congratulations, but there is one respect in which, for the moment, I hold them especially fortunate, and that is that they have not Mr. George Moore set over them in the judicial chair. One can picture how a brief survey of their programme would be followed by a ruthless verdict from the critic who recently laid down the infallible principle that the universal lover may exist, but only as an artistic nonentity. Away into outer darkness with him who, calling himself the lover of art, presumes to bend his knee alike to the worthy and the unworthy ! The sentence might be harsh, but, in the case of the Stagers, not undeserved—and there's the sting. To-day they give in their allegiance to Mr. Pinero and reveal their delicate appreciation of his work, and to-morrow they turn to such second-rate farce as Mr. Gilbert's adaptation "On Bail," and revel in it as though plot and humour and work that was worth the doing were altogether outside their experience. Look at it as we will, it is one of those acts, though not so specified by *Aubrey Tanqueray*, which are hard to explain and harder still to defend. Nevertheless, I am disposed to think that it is not their artistic taste which is at fault. It is not so much that they halt between two opinions as that they hesitate to plant their feet firmly on the onward path. Last year they were marching abreast of their rivals, the backsliding this year is, I fancy, a concession to the conservative spirit still strong in their ranks. It is the Rosmer spirit—wavering, irresolute. Or perhaps I am at fault, and the selection was prompted by another motive. Perhaps the actors, the flower of the amateur flock, were bent upon showing that, like "Kent's brave cricket sons," they too were equal to a splendid uphill fight and could snatch from defeat a well-nigh hopeless cause. Well, if that was their object, they achieved it, though to one member, at least, of their audience, it was heart-breaking work seeing a gallant band wedged in with scarce a chance to strike a blow that would tell. Not that they felt the pity of it. The harder their task the more untiring their energy, and the more persistent their resolution to demonstrate that in inventive genius they are as fertile as Necessity herself. They padded out the skeletons provided by the author and fairly galvanised them into activity. "Follow my leader" was the order of the day, and with The MacFingon as the *Lovibond* and the most indefatigable of leaders, and the order followed out to the letter by Mr. Alington Barchester, in demand alike as actor and stage-manager ; by Mr. Benjamin Banjo, fitted to a nicety with the *Duke* ; by The McUsquebaugh, making the most of the theatrical manager's limited opportunities ; and by Mr. Gerald de Guernsey, less successful with the amorous *Alfred*, but still racing gallantly in the wake of the rest. There, too, were to be found Herr Scrobbs and Mr. Oliver Twist filling inconsiderable parts, but resolved that the battle should not be lost for want of a nail. And the actresses, headed by clever Miss May Whitty, were in yet sadder plight. There lay their talents, as in the case of *Mrs. Solness*, unused

and unusable. All that was permitted them they did, Miss Laura Linden, Miss Ethel Norton, Miss Marie Linden, and Miss Sarah Smith lending liveliness and beauty to the irrelevant supper-scene. Preceding the farce came Mr. Jerome's "Barbara," affording all concerned plenty of opportunity for distinction, Miss Marie Linden finding in the heroine a fitting outlet for the tenderness and sympathy she possesses in such rich measure, Miss Ethel Norton making a charmingly piquante *Lilie*, Mr. Benjamin Banjo getting any amount of humour out of the nervous lover, and The McUsquebaugh a kindly if somewhat formal *Finnicum*. With "The Hobby Horse," which occupied the place of honour in their bill during the remainder of their week, the Stagers "burst out into sudden blaze" and fairly dazzled their audiences. If, as Mr. Tree tells us in his lecture on the Imaginative Faculty, the test of the greatness of a work lies in the fact that it is not only great in itself, but that it is the cause of greatness in others—that it shall provide the artist with ample opportunity to weave round it the embroidery of his own imagination, then Mr. Pinero's comedy has every claim to the distinction. It has not been the cause of greatness in all those who have taken it in hand, but neither, for that matter, has "Hamlet." To more than one set of amateurs—lacking the actors to fit the parts—the comedy has proved a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence. But there was no such fear in the case of the Stagers. With so varied an assortment of capable actors, it was only to be expected that the round holes would be fitted with round pegs with the least possible difficulty. Where, for instance, in amateur ranks would be found the actor more peculiarly adapted for *Spencer Jermyn* than Mr. Oliver Twist. Where else should we find the quaint, dry humour and the inexhaustible wealth of detail with which he enriches the part? The weighty style, too, of Mr. Dodson Fogg stood him in good stead with *Noel Brice*, and The MacFingon entered heart and soul into the breezy spirits of *Tom Clark*. The Pinching of Mr. Benjamin Banjo lacked nothing to ensure its complete success, whilst the jockeys of Herr Scrobbs and The McUsquebaugh were portraits as vigorous and highly-coloured as could possibly be desired. The actresses, of course, were what the Stagers are always careful they shall be—the absolutely invulnerable portion of their armour. Amongst our younger actresses there is none whose comedy is daintier or more sparkling than Miss May Whitty's. Her *Mrs. Jermyn* was a very finished piece of acting. Miss Marie Linden was genuinely amusing as *Miss Moxon*, and Miss Ethel Norton bright and winsome as *Bertha*, whilst in portraying vinegary *Mrs. Porcher*, Mrs. Copleston was wholly in her element. A dainty introduction to Mr. Pinero's comedy was supplied by "The Dancing Master," in which Mr. Dodson Fogg and The MacFingon reproduced to perfection the polished airs of a hundred years ago, and Miss Laura Linden stood security for the pretty graces of the heroine. Friday night brought the epilogue, once again from the pen of Mr. Courtley, treating humourously of the great drought, and affording the Stagers an opportunity to express their sense of well being—as Professor Blackie would have the pious express their piety—in song and dance.

"ESMOND" BY THE IRVING CLUB.

Managerial dicta are not always as infallible as the utterances of the Pope, notably that one which lays down that Shakespeare spells ruin. Some articles of the manager's belief, however, might with profit be heard, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by the dramatist. Foremost among those articles should be the one which states once and for all that Thackeray is not meat for dramatic purposes. Let the dramatist strive as he may, the novelist is too much for him. It is immaterial whether he slices out one episode and stages it, or whether, as Mr. Wills has preferred to do, he toilsfully lays out the story in a series of scenes. It is equally baffling, equally unmanageable. The body may be there. The incidents are unfolded before us, we may recognise the very language, but the spirit, alas! is missing, and without the spirit the rest is of none effect. Just as there are some scenes which baffle the artist, forcing him to lay aside his brush and pronounce them unpaintable, so Thackeray's figures defy the dramatist. They decline to be bound down within the narrow limits of the stage. Above all else they must have room to grow and develop. Compressed within a prologue and three acts, all grace and symmetry are lost, and they come forth from the process dwarfed and distorted. And, naturally, the

figures most perfectly developed suffer the most severely. Thus the *Lady Castlewood* of the play, shorn of her fair proportions, has scarcely anything in common with the *Rachel Esmond* we know—the woman whose heart the novelist has bared for us. This stage-figure we do not understand. Just as Mr. George Moore can see nothing in *Mrs. Tanqueray* but a woman with a bad temper, so we (but with greater reason) can see in this *Rachel* nothing more than a woman variable as the shade, who doesn't know her own mind for two moments together, and, especially as depicted by Miss Mabel Harrison, is disposed to be distinctly hysterical. That this result was not solely due to the dramatist cannot be denied. We can fancy what the part might have been in the hands, say, of the actress who was, doubtless, in the author's mind as he wrote it. We can picture what she who had breathed the breath of life into his *Olivia*, and painted the breaking heart of *Charles's Queen* would have made of it. She might not have realised *Lady Castlewood* for us—the part would scarce have allowed of her doing that—but what gleams we should have caught of her matchless tenderness and beauty. How infinitely touching would have been that parting scene with poor, reckless *Frank Castlewood*. Upon what an exquisite picture of maternal love we should have feasted our eyes. With what indescribable charm her scenes with *Esmond* would have been informed. We can fancy how her yearning pity for the fallen pride of poor, beautiful *Beatrice* would have saved even that feeble third act from complete collapse. Miss Harrison struggled bravely against heavy odds, scoring most in the lighter scenes—her emotional moments were repeatedly spoiled by a tendency towards exaggeration. Miss Harrison had a difficult task, but Mr. Mead's rivalled it, and if for him, too, circumstances proved too strong, he must not be dismissed without an acknowledgment of the manly presence, the earnestness, and the fervour that he lent the erratic hero. For the rest of the actors—a sound and reliable cast—the path was smoother, and the majority of them covered the ground in good style. Mr. St. Cuffin put plenty of spirit into *Lord Castlewood*; and Mr. Rupert Lister was bright and unconstrained as the boy *Frank*. Mr. Dawson Milward's reading of *Mohun* lacked any suggestion of villainy, but given his conception, it was plausible enough. The *Dr. Tusher* of Mr. Marsh was a capital bit of work, full of rich humour: whilst Mr. Arthur Jones supplied a sufficiently firm and effective rendering of *Father Holt*. Mr. Fry, in addition to the onerous duties of stage-manager, filled a gap at a moment's notice, and played the *Pretender* with considerable discretion; and Mr. Winthrop made a genial *Dick Steele*. Inexperience seriously hampered the efforts of Miss Louise Lister, who might otherwise have been not unsuccessful as *Beatrice*; and smaller parts were most efficiently played by Miss Rees and Miss Morton. Altogether, like the water-chute, an interesting experience, though not, perhaps, one that everybody would care to repeat.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT AT THE BIJOU THEATRE.

"Middlin' ord' nar"—"middlin' ord' nar"—was the verdict passed by *Tammas Haggart* upon *Jamie* the mole-catcher, and "middlin' ord' nar" is perhaps the most correct term to apply to "A Ministering Angel," the one-act drama which supplied the novelty at Miss Kate Gordon's entertainment. The ground over which we are taken by the authors, Messrs. Neville Doone and Horace Newte, is not new—nay, there is not a step that we do not know—but the tedium of, at least some portion of, the way is relieved by one of their stage-creatures. The benevolent lawyer with an inveterate dislike to having his bill paid is as familiar a figure in stage-land as he is unfamiliar off the boards, but this particular one has developed another inveterate prejudice. A red coat has the same effect upon him that a red rag has on a bull. The private is anathema. One *Herbert Ridgway*, a ne'er-do-well, and the brother of the heroine, serves to point his theory of the general good-for-nothingness of the British Army. Having deserted, he turns up to demand her assistance and, of course, is taken for her lover by her blind husband. Matters promise well for the unhappiness of everyone concerned, when the old lawyer takes the entire business into his own hands and, always free of cost, sets it straight. The old man is amusingly drawn and Mr. Colley Salter did full justice to the store of good things which fell to his share. The hero and heroine did not arouse any lively sympathy

though Mr. Rex Aston made a manly fellow of the blind husband and Miss Gordon was gentle and winning as the misjudged wife. The staple fare of the evening was supplied by Richard Henry's "First Mate," in which Miss Gordon played with liveliness and charm as *Deborah*. Mr. Harry Levitt was hearty and unconstrained as the nautical farmer; Mr. Akhurst proved effective as the lawyer's clerk; and Miss Bennett played prettily as a rustic maiden.



Musical Notes.

"LA MASCOTTE."

An original opera comique, in three acts, by AUDRAN. English version by Messrs. H. B. FARNIE and R. REECE.

First produced in London at the Comedy Theatre (under the management of the late Mr. Alexander Henderson), October 15th, 1881; and revived at the Gaiety Theatre, Saturday, September 9th, 1893.

	1881.	1893.
Laurent XVII.	Mr. LIONEL BROUGH	Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN.
Pippo.	Mons. GAILLARD	Mr. WALLACE BROWNLOW.
Prince Fritellini	Mr. HENRY BRACY	Mr. CHARLES CONYERS.
Rocco.	Mr. T. P. HAYNES.	Mr. GEORGE MUDIE.
Matheo	Mr. W. BUNCH	Mr. FREDERICK STANLEY.
Parafante	Mr. GORDON	Mr. E. ROSSE.
Bianca	Miss ADA WILSON	Miss KATIE SEYMOUR.
Tito	Miss KATE ABRAHAMS	Miss VIOLET MONCKTON.
Princess Flammetta	Miss A. MITCHELL	Miss PHYLLIS BROUGHTON.
Angelo	Miss CLARA GRAHAM	Miss LILY HAROLD.
Bettina	Miss VIOLET CAMERON	Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

Another proof of the superiority of the old-style *opera comique* to many of the modern comic operas has been forthcoming by the revival at the Gaiety Theatre of Audran's charming opera, "La Mascotte," which was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The reasons for the marked popularity of a work of this kind are not far to seek. In the first place, the "book" of "La Mascotte" is really funny, and not comic only in name, while the music is perfection for comic opera, being bright and tuneful throughout, and thoroughly good into the bargain. In other words, the whole score teems with the purest melody. "La Mascotte" has always been successful both in London, the provinces, and abroad. For reference sake I append the full cast of the original production, as well as that of the present revival, the latter, taken altogether, being fully up to the high standard of excellence established by the former. The title-*rôle* of the work has, perhaps, been chiefly associated with the name of Miss Florence St. John, who played it in most of the revivals, notably the first one at the same theatre. The part has always suited this talented lady to perfection, but it may be doubted if she has ever played it so well as at the Gaiety Theatre on September 9th. Miss St. John has for many years held the leading position on the comic opera stage, but her voice has lost none of its old charm and sweetness, while her acting only shows ripened power. The present revival of "La Mascotte" is bound to be a success, if only as a means of enabling playgoers to renew acquaintance with Miss St. John's performance in the title-*rôle*. Considerable interest was felt as to how Mr. Robert

Pateman, an admirable actor, who has chiefly been associated with more serious work, would succeed in this his first appearance at the Gaiety as a low comedian. I must confess that, to me, his performance of the part of the King (so splendidly played in the old days by both Lionel Brough and poor Harry Ashley) was a little disappointing—it lacked the unctuous humour so necessary to the character. Next to Miss St. John, the greatest success was won by Mr. George Mudie, a quaint comedian who has for years been extremely popular in the provinces, but has had no good chance in London. His style is original and extremely funny, in fact Mr. Mudie bids fair to be a very popular member of the Gaiety company. Mr. Charles Conyers sang "Love is Blind" very well indeed, but I was not very favourably impressed with his acting. Mr. Wallace Brownlow was excellent in both capacities, while Miss Katie Seymour created great enthusiasm by her clever dancing. It is quite needless to say that Mr. George Edwardes has mounted the opera in the most lavish manner, though the management originally only intended to run it for about a month. The great success of the revival has, however, tempted Mr. Edwardes to negotiate for another theatre to which "La Mascotte" can be removed *en bloc* when the time comes for the production of the new burlesque.

A VERY large audience assembled at Covent Garden Theatre on Monday night, September 11th, to welcome the *ventrée* of Mr. Sims Reeves, the greatest English tenor of his day. A shout of applause arose from all parts of the house as the veteran artist appeared on the platform, and it was some minutes before quiet could be obtained for the ever-popular "Tom Bowling." It is needless to describe how Mr. Sims Reeves sang both this song and "Come into the Garden, Maud," though he was visibly affected by the warmth of the greeting. An apology was made for him on account of a slight cold, but it was almost superfluous. The glorious voice has naturally lost a good deal of its old power, but the same charm of method and inimitable style—which made the great tenor's name ring throughout the length and breadth of the land—remain perfect as ever. Each song was, of course, greeted with the utmost enthusiasm, and in the last solo the cheering and hat-waving was so great that Mr. Sims Reeves, in spite of his cold, responded with "The Jolly Young Waterman," to the great delight of the audience.

SENOR SARASATE and Mdme. Bertha Marx arrived in London on September 29th, Senor Sarasate having to fulfil an engagement at the Norwich Festival. They commence their tour of the provinces, under the direction of Mr. N. Vert, at Derby on October 9th, and will not complete it until the new year, though they return to London to give the customary autumn series of Concerts on October 14th, November, 13th, and December 4th. Sir Charles and Lady Hallé commenced a short tour (also under the direction of Mr. N. Vert) at Buxton on September 11th. Mr. Albert McGuckin and his wife, Miss Lucille Saunders, have accepted an engagement for forty weeks offered them by the Bostonians, and have already sailed for New York.

THE eight series of London Symphony Concerts will take place at St. James's Hall (under the direction of Mr. Daniel Mayer), the first

three concerts being fixed for the following Wednesday evenings—November 8th, November 22nd, and December 6th. The remaining five will be given on Thursday evenings—January 11th, February 8th, February 22nd, March 8th, and April 5th. Among the soloists engaged is Mr. Paderewski, who will appear on November 22nd, and perform his new Polish fantasia. Mr. Paderewski will also give a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on the afternoon of October 31st.

THE thirty-eighth annual series of the famous Crystal Palace Concerts commence on October 14th, when the Directors have decided to make a new departure by abolishing the 2s. 6d admission fee. Among the pianists who will appear before Christmas are Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Slivinski, Mdlle. Janotha, Mons. Siloti, and Madame Bloomfield-Zeisler. The other instrumentalists include Herr Julius Klengel, the eminent violoncellist, and Miss Frida Scotta. Engagements have also been entered into with nearly all the leading vocalists. The new compositions Mr. Manns proposes to produce at the concerts before Christmas are Mr. F. H. Cowen's romantic legend, "The Water Lily," and Mr. Edward German's new symphony.

SPEAKING of Mr. Edward German, I must just add a word of very warm praise to this talented composer for his really beautiful music to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Tempter," at the Haymarket Theatre. Besides thoroughly appropriate incidental music, Mr. German has prepared four important compositions for this remarkable production, namely—An Overture, Bacchanalian Dance, Berceuse, and a Dramatic Interlude. Want of time prevents me doing justice to this music, which is at times powerfully dramatic, and at others exquisitely melodious, being indeed most excellent throughout.

PERCY NOTCUTT.



Notes of the Month.

THE all-absorbing topic of the month has of course been Mr. Clement Scott's "Der Schatten" find, which seems likely to create a far larger stir than its author could possibly have desired. To the "Strange Coincidence" article, reprinted in last month's "Notes," and to some comments on it in the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Pinero replied in a letter to that journal as follows:—

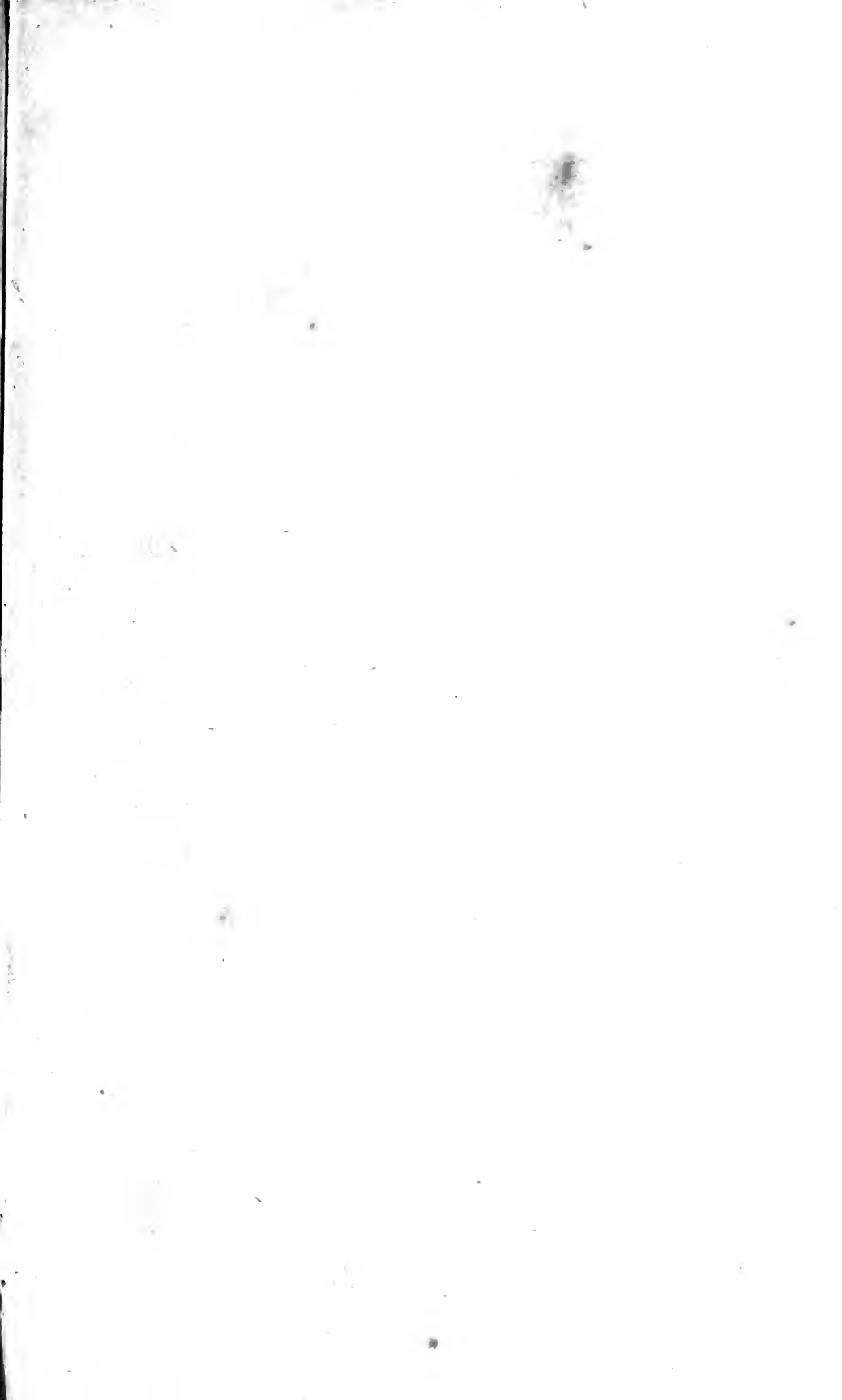
"In your issue of this morning there is a paragraph drawing attention to a resemblance which, it has been stated, 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' bears to a German piece, written by Paul Lindau, called 'Der Schatten.' Until within the last few days I had never heard of the existence of such a play, nor has its story been communicated to me by anyone who has seen or read it. The plot of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' a very simple one, is entirely of my own invention. From inquiries I am now making, it would appear that Herr Lindau's play is not published, and I have not yet even succeeded in ascertaining the date or place of its production. As to the amount of resemblance between the two plays I can express no opinion. However like or unlike they may be, the fact remains that until a few days ago no knowledge of the German play had ever reached me, directly or indirectly."

APPARENTLY, however, this was not his only rejoinder. The lawyers must hereabouts have begun to take a hand in the game, for Mr. Scott, in the *Illustrated London News* of September 16th, published the following statement of the case as, in his view, it stood between Mr. Pinero and himself:—

"I sincerely regret to find that I have given my excellent friend Mr. Pinero 'cause for very great uneasiness.' There is no writer for the stage for whom I have a more profound admiration than for Pinero. If he will turn to the reviews of his plays that I have written, from the early days of 'Daisy's Escape' to the polished and mature period of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' I do not honestly think he can charge me with any want of appreciation of his distinguished talent. If I could not always conscientiously maintain that some of his plays were perfect, I do not think I have ever failed to admire his brilliance of effect, his attitude of daring, or his perfection of workmanship. The honest praise and care that I have bestowed on such plays of his as 'Sweet Lavender,' 'The Profligate,' 'The Magistrate,' 'Dandy Dick,' and innumerable other works should surely acquit me of 'prejudice, spite, contempt, and ridicule' when I differ from his doubtless earnest policy in connection with such disputed works as 'Lady Bountiful' and 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.' But it has been the experience of a long critical life to find that the praise earnestly bestowed on a struggling man is never allowed to out-weigh the difference conscientiously expressed concerning a successful man."

"HAVING accidentally discovered the other day that Paul Lindau, the German dramatist, and Arthur Pinero, the English dramatic author, had based two valuable plays on the same 'root-idea,' I proceeded—and I maintain that I had every right so to do—to discuss what appeared to me to be a 'strange coincidence.' I proceeded at first to allude to this 'coincidence' in a spirit of pure banter and chaff, and I regret that my apparently heavy-handed humour did not commend itself to Mr. Pinero's delicate sense of fun. I contended that the two plays were accidentally so alike that the German version of the story was necessarily shut out from English consideration. I had no intention, nor have I any intention, nor had I ever any remote intention, of charging Mr. Pinero with plagiarism, and I will prove it. Directly a writer in the *Evening News and Post* suggested faintly that I had charged Mr. Pinero with plagiarism I wrote off to the editor of the paper by the next post, and assured him that no such idea was in my mind, and that I had the highest respect for Mr. Pinero's talent and sense of honour. This I did unasked and unthreatened. Anxious to show how innocent I was of such a charge, I took the trouble, within a few hours, to send to France for a copy of Emile Augier's 'Mariage d'Olympe,' which was said to have a remote resemblance to the disputed plays, and I proved, as I thought, conclusively that the plays had nothing whatever in common. This I did out of respect for Mr. Pinero—one of the few dramatic authors who has been from first to last on a consistently amiable and cordial footing with me—and this, again, I did unasked and unthreatened. In the very last number of the *Illustrated London News*, again unasked and unthreatened, after analysing to the best of my ability the German and English plays, I made use of these words:—'*Mr. Pinero has, in the frankest and most cordial manner, declared that neither directly nor indirectly has he ever heard of Lindau's play or its story. If he had done so he would have acknowledged it. No one doubts it.*'"

"BUT, notwithstanding these three distinct and emphatic disclaimers, I receive a letter from Mr. Pinero's solicitors—who happen to be my own solicitors, though they have apparently forgotten the brave and successful battles they have fought for me—who say 'It is clear that by that article the writer held Mr. Pinero up to public ridicule and contempt as a plagiarist who has stolen the plot of his play, 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' from the play of 'Der Schatten.' I am then called upon in the curtest fashion, as if mere journalists were utterly beneath the dignity of dramatists, to publish under my name a complete retraction of this charge, together with an expression of regret for having made it. Failing this, I and my proprietors also are threatened with an action for libel. I have already three times in the most public manner possible denied that I ever made such a charge or intended to make such a charge. This I did without any threat of actions or question of damages. I do so again for the fourth time. But I do not see how I can retract a charge I have never made, or regret doing what I have never done. But I, at the same time, extremely regret that I have caused Mr. Pinero any annoyance in the matter, and I regret also, unfeignedly, what is no doubt the head and front of my offending, that I cannot conscientiously hold that 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' however brilliant, is of good augury for the future of the English stage. I





Photographed by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker St., N.W.

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MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

"Shalt show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made."

WORDSWORTH (TO A YOUNG LADY).

am in a minority. I cannot help it. But my opinions, such as they are, must be classed as honest opinions, and not to be apologised for, or changed, when I am threatened with the law for the expression of such honest opinions. Further than this I do not see how I can go, for I have my own profession to fight for equally with Mr. Pinero, who quite as sensitively and quite as honourably fights for his. This is not the first time in my career of thirty-three years as a journalist that my conscientious opinions conscientiously expressed have been threatened with the power of the law by managers, actors, and dramatists, who first court my comments and then combat them under the plea of 'contempt and ridicule.' On this plea every conscientious criticism is technically a libel in the eyes of the law. I would respectfully remind Mr. Pinero that there was a time, some twenty-five years ago, when the 'old school' was the 'new school' of dramatic thought. I resisted threats then at great personal cost and mental annoyance. Actuated by the same motives, I resist threats now, when I feel that I have been misinterpreted and misunderstood, and when, after fighting the battles of the stage for a lifetime, I am lectured by a young dramatist as if I were a naughty boy. I am perfectly certain that the new school, whose members are as conscientious as the old, would not applaud me for encouraging any system that would coerce and alarm writers who are young at their work, who are powerless to resist oppression, and who have not weathered so many storms as I have."

MATTERS, however, are not wholly and solely in the hands of the dramatist, his lawyers, and his critic, for Mr. William Archer has taken pains to supply a little independent evidence. He has read "*Der Schatten*"—which presumably therefore is published—and with characteristic outspokenness declares that "no rational and candid critic" could possibly suppose that "*Mrs. Tanqueray*" was derived from Paul Lindau's play. The fundamental resemblance implied in Mr. Scott's sub-title "*The Second Mrs. Wife*," he disposes of in a sentence, asserting that Lindau's hero is repeatedly described as a bachelor! Other points he examines and sums up by expressing his conviction that as an accusation of plagiarism—an accusation of which, be it noted, Mr. Scott avers his complete innocence—this "has scarcely a precedent in point of sheer stupidity—if, indeed, stupidity alone be sufficient to account for it."

THE interesting thing about Mr. Archer's examination of the play is that he appears to have read it in the German version used by its discoverer, and yet to have arrived at conclusions diametrically opposed to Mr. Scott's. Surely there is something more in this, "if philosophy could but find it out." One or other of these readers in a foreign tongue must have sadly misinterpreted their author. Small wonder that the parodist is going about reciting—

"A little German is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pinerian spring."

THE early history of Miss Winifred Emery, whose portrait appears in this number, is written in the pages of *THE THEATRE* for March, 1883, and all that she has done in recent years must be scored deep

in the memory of every playgoer. But familiar as her chief assumptions are, it will not be amiss to record that it was at the Vaudeville that—like Miss Kate Rorke—she stepped from comedy to emotional parts and began to win her way with unusual speed to a wide and honest popularity. As *Miss Tomboy*, *Lady Teazle*, and above all the lily-fair *Clarissa* of Mr. Buchanan's version of Richardson's novel, Miss Emery paved the way at the unfashionable little theatre in the Strand, for the exquisite *Ophelia* which lent distinction to Mr. Wilson Barrett's brief revival of "Hamlet" at the New Olympic; for the *Cynthia Greenblade* of Mr. H. A. Jones's anti-actor-managerial Crusade at the Avenue; and, finally, for the queenly *Lady Windermere* at the St. James's. The actress who began as the vulgar mercenary *Mrs. Brown* in "The Old Love and the New" now strikes her highest note in delicately drawn parts attuned to poetry, and if ever Mr. Forbes-Robertson becomes a manager the one leading lady to materially help him towards a revival of the poetic drama will assuredly be Miss Winifred Emery.

VERY limited has been the stage career of Mr. W. T. Lovell, the subject of the companion photograph, but not too brief for the attainment of a place of prominence among the coming *jeunes premiers*, the potential William Terrisses and Kyrle Bellews. He attracted attention first as the young aristocrat in Mr. Pinero's "The Times," and deepened the favourable impression then made by an interesting sketch of a blind—a purblind—philanthropic peer who came to the rescue of *Agatha Tylden*, *Merchant and Shipowner*. But his first real chance, and one of which he availed himself to the full, came with the big scene in "Man and Woman" at the Opera Comique. There his spirited playing of a very showy part revealed that he possessed the impulse and the fire requisite for the "smartest young officers in Her Majesty's Service," and such-like favourites of those impressionable gods, who sit alike in gallery and stalls. Mr. Lovell has everything in his favour, everything that is which a bountiful Nature could shower upon him, and it cannot be long now before he reaches his pre-destined goal, the St. James's, or the Garrick, or Mr. Comyns Carr's Comedy, at any of which theatres he would be a distinct acquisition.

THE end of the close season for reciters brings crowds of these, as yet, unemployed peering into this dark corner and that in search of something funny which is also something new. Unto all such be it known that if they consider Mr. Toole's "Trying a Magistrate" comical, and it would be worth while looking upon such a curiosity as someone who did not, they should hasten to get a little book by Mr. Francis Moore entitled "Humorous Pieces," published a week or two ago by Dean & Son. Mr. Toole's sketch, written for him by Charles Dickens, is property strictly preserved, so it is not the identical "Trying a Magistrate" which they will find, but three police-court scenes constructed on similar lines, written with great gusto, crammed with broad lusty humour, and certain to win a laugh with every line. The book is full of telling pieces, fresh and good, but these are the best, being the most dramatic and offering the greatest variety. Like their "Pickwick," etc., "They will come as a boon and a blessing to (reciting) men."



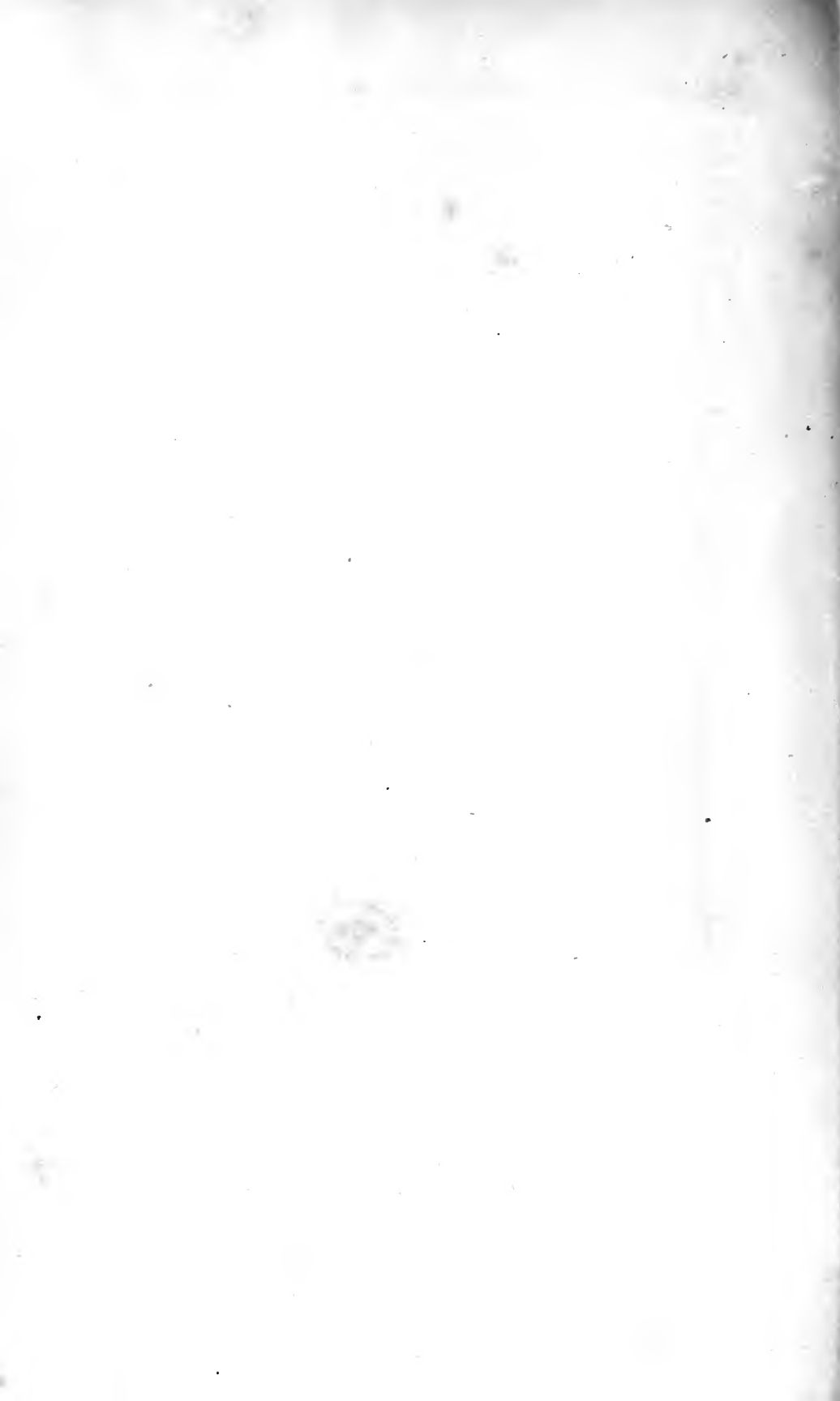
Photographed by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker St., N.W.

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MR. W. T. LOVELL.

"'Villain (s)' and he are many miles asunder."

ROMEO & JULIET, ACT III., SC. 5.



OF the making of Shakespeare's books there is no end, and the very last edition, the "Warwick," is in many respects the most valuable we have had. Issued in a charming binding of olive green, beautifully printed on satiny paper, it is a delight to touch. The little volumes are a miracle of cheapness and taste, but that is their least virtue. In them, to quote the preface, "an attempt is made to present the greater plays of the dramatist in their literary aspect . . . and to suggest points of view from which the analysis of dramatic motive and dramatic character may be profitably undertaken : while . . . it has been thought important to consider the dramatic value of each scene, and the part which it plays in relation to the whole." The names of the various editors inspire belief that the attempt, ambitious though it be, will be made with success, such ripe scholars and ardent enthusiasts as Dr. C. H. Herford, Mr. George Macdonald, Mr. Walter Worrall, Mr. Arthur D. Innes, and Mr. Edmund R. Chambers being numbered among the Shakespearians whom Messrs. Blackie and Son have gathered around them. But three volumes have yet appeared, "Richard II.," "Macbeth," and "Julius Cæsar," but if the promise, and performance, contained in these be continued through the remaining plays, then emphatically here is not only the Students' but the Actors' Shakespeare *par excellence*.

A DAINY parchment-covered book, tastefully lettered "Songs of a Strolling Player" (A. D. Innes & Co.) is not a thrilling contribution to receive among books for review. The contents of course one knows, from bitter experience of the amateur poet and poet amateur. Fifty pages of hand-made paper, disfigured by scanty pepperings of quaint and pretty type, mis-called sonnets, rondeaus, triolets, and so forth : shambling lines, shaky English, dead-lame metre, borrowed sentiments, and stolen humour ; that is more or less what these minimus poets' offerings amount to. So it is with a groan that the dainty booklet is opened up. One may, however, be wrong, it seems. To upset calculation there may be a poet, a minor poet it is true, but still in the broad sense a poet, among strolling players who "print," and Mr. R. G. Legge is the exception who proves the rule. He shall speak for himself with a "Ballad of the Low Comedian"—

MANAGER *loquitur*.

"What is the matter with Jones to-night ?
 (The low comedian gets his laugh ;)
 His manner is odd, and his face is white,
 And his words aren't coming exactly right ;
 (How funny the people think him !)

"Hark to the gags he's putting in !
 (The low comedian gets his laugh ;)
 He's simply clowning away like sin—
 Is it a wager, or is it gin ?
 (How funny the people think him !)

"Jones is really a great disgrace
 (The low comedian gets his laugh ;)
 Look at the paint all over the place,
 He's just been "sloshing" it on to his face !
 (How funny the people think him !)

"Listen ! They're in a perfect roar !
 (The low comedian gets his laugh ;)
 Shouting, and clapping, and wanting more—
 There's a laugh he never has got before !
 (How funny the people think him !)

"Jones must take care—he's on the brink ;
 (The low comedian gets his laugh ;)
 I'm not a hard man, I say what I think ;
 And one thing I cannot forgive—that's drink ;
 (How funny the people think him !)

"What's that ? a paper !—'Notice,' eh ?
 (The low comedian gets his laugh ;)
 'Death of a child—run over to-day—
 Father an actor ?' *Go on with the play !*
 (How funny the people think him !)"

Now this is conventional and rough. The subject is old and so is the treatment. But it gets the effect the writer seeks : there is something in it. And there is something in nearly all of Mr. Legge's twenty unpretentious "songs." He is an assiduous student of Mr. Kipling, but that is nothing to his discredit, and from the manner in which he handles the scandalous and humble sides of stage life, the "Might-have-been Marchioness"—

"Good-bye, old Jack, when I turn my back
 There's a year between at least ;
 I'm writing for digs in all the 'Bigs,'
 And my screw has been increased ;
 A twelvemonth take without a break,
 And a crowd the Fates must bless—
 For I'm off on tour with a coach and four
 And a might-have-been marchioness.

"Do you call to mind we were left behind
 When the 'ghost' went lame in Ryde ?
 Oh, they played it hard on the dear old Bard,
 And the 'dibs' were all outside ;
 Bare benches stood in their shameless wood,
 Though the show was starred in the press—
 But the 'oof' will pour on a coach and four
 And a might-have-been marchioness.

"'Twas a splendid stroke, when the match was 'broke,'
 To fake up a virtuous rage,
 Which was soon cut short by a cynical court
 On the word of a childlike page ;
 She at once became quite a household name,
 When Society couldn't do less
 Than shut the door to the coach and four
 Of a might-have-been marchioness.

"For she's what the pub-lic purefully dub,
 With a sniffing, snuffling ring,
 'That horrible, bold . . . '—and the house is sold
 For a look at the 'shameless thing ;'
 When the evening comes how the gallery drums !
 What the play's about you guess,
 Till a perfect roar greets the coach-and-four
 And the might-have-been marchioness."

and the "Star"-slanged Limelight Man with his "ower true" rejoinder—

"Where would yer bally old 'Amlet be
Without any bloomin' lines?"—

perhaps his pen may some day compass a scathing, scorching collection of Green-Room Ballads, as eloquent for right as those Barrack-Room ditties from which he has seemingly drawn inspiration.



New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from August 6th to September 11th, 1893 :—

(*Revivals are marked thus °*)

- Aug. 10 "Devil-May-Care," musical melodrama, by Henry Bisley. Lyric Hall, Ealing.
 „ 14 "The Black Cat," burlesque, in three acts, by C. M. Rodney; music by C. E. Howells. Elephant and Castle.
 Sept. 2 "A Woman's Revenge," drama, in four acts, by Henry Pettitt. Adelphi.
 „ 4 "Peterkin," comedy, in three acts, by Will Ladislav; music by L. Camerana. Royalty.
 „ 9 "The Other Fellow," farce, in three acts, adapted by Fred Horner from "Champagnol Malgré Lui." Court.
 „ 9* "La Mascotte," comic opera, in three acts, adapted by H. B. Farnie and R. Reece; music by Audran. Gaiety.
 „ 11 "Sons of Erin," drama, in four acts, by W. G. Patmore. Surrey.
 „ 11 "Wep-ton-no-Mah, the Indian Mail Carrier," play, in five acts, by Go-Won-Go-Mohawk. Elephant and Castle.

In the Provinces, from August 8th to September 11th, 1893 :—

- Aug. 11 "The Milliner," a farcical comedy, in three acts, by A. C. Fraser Wood. Grand Theatre, Walsall.
 „ 18 "The Sculptor," comedy, adapted from the German, by T. G. Warren and Joseph Craft. Leinster Hall, Dublin.
 „ 21 "Romeo and Juliet Up-to-Larks," burlesque, in two acts, by Claude Cane; music by Hugh A. Douglas. (Performed by amateurs.) Queen's Royal Theatre, Dublin.
 „ 24 "Tom, Dick, and Harry," farcical comedy, by Mrs. R. Pacheco. T.R., Manchester.
 „ 31 "The Jewels," play, in four acts, by Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs. Institute, Shanklin.
 Sept. 4 "The Lady Slavey," musical piece, by Geo. Dance; music by John Crook. Opera House, Northampton.
 „ 7 "The Fall of the Leaf," play, in two acts, R. C. Carton. T.R., Manchester.
 „ 7 "The King's Command," operetta, by Knight Summers. Pier Concert Room, Lowestoft.

- Sept. 8 "The Blacksmith's Daughter ; or, the Deserted Mine," drama, in four acts, by Thos. Haden. T.R., Bilston.
,, 11 "A Royal Roundhead," musical comedietta, in one act, by Hugh Seton ; composed by E. Denham Harrison.

In Paris, from August 5th to September 11th, 1893 :—

- Aug. 19 "Une Nuit de Noel," drama, in five acts, by MM. Camille de Roddaz and Maurice Lefèvre ; music by M. Emile Pessard. Ambigu.
,, 30° "Pierre Vaux L'Instituteur," drama, in five acts, by M. Léon Jonathan. Chateau d'Eau.
Sept. 1° "Bonbouroche," comedy, in two acts, by M. Georges Courteline. Théâtre-Cluny.
,, 1° "La Poudre D'Escampette," vaudeville, in three acts, by M. Henry Bocage and the late Alfred Hennequin. Théâtre-Cluny.
,, 11 "Bas Bleu," vaudeville in three acts, by M. Albin Valabrégue. Vaudeville.



THE THEATRE.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

The Elizabethan Stage.*

THERE is a dangerous breach in this country between the study of Shakespeare and the study of the conventions of the Elizabethan Stage. The ordinary reader and the every-day critic have no historic knowledge of the Elizabethan Theatre; and however full the Elizabethan dramas may be of allusions to the contemporary Stage, the bias of modern dramatic students is so opposed to any belief in the superiority of past methods of acting Shakespeare over modern ones, as to effectually bar any serious enquiry. A few sceptics have recognized dimly that a conjoint study of Shakespeare and the Stage for which he wrote is possible; but they have not conducted their researches either seriously or impartially, and their conclusions have proved disputable and disappointing. With a very hazy notion of the interdependence of Elizabethan histrionic art and its literature, they have approached a comparison of the Elizabethan drama with the Elizabethan Stage as they would a Chinese puzzle. They have read the plays, they have heard something said about old tapestry, rushes, and boards, and they have at once become convinced how "thoroughly handicapped" were our greatest dramatists by the methods of representation then in vogue.

But the first, and perhaps the strongest, evidence that can be adduced to disfavor this theory is the extreme difficulty—it might almost be said—the impossibility of discovering a single point of likeness between the modern idea of an Elizabethan representation of one of Shakespeare's plays and the actual light in which it presented itself in the eyes of the Elizabethan spectators. It is wasted labour to try to account for the perversities of the

* Part of a paper read before the Elizabethan Society, November 1, 1893.

human intellect, but displays of unblushing ignorance have undoubtedly discouraged sober persons from pursuing an independent line of investigation, and have led many to deny the possibility of satisfactorily showing any intelligible connection between the Elizabethan drama and its contemporary exponents. Nowhere has a little knowledge proved more dangerous or more liable to misapplication, and nowhere has sure knowledge seemed more difficult of acquisition. But it is obvious that investigators of the relations between the two subjects cannot command success unless they allow their facts to form their theories.

To those dilettante writers who believe that a poet's greatness consists in his power of emancipating himself from the limitations of time and space, it must sound something like impiety to describe Shakespeare's dramatic works as in most cases compositions hastily written to fulfil the requirements of the moment and adapted to the wants of his theatre and the capabilities of his actors. But persons of Mr. Ruskin's opinion, that "it is a constant law that the greatest poets and historians live entirely in their own age, and the greatest fruits of their work are gathered out of their own age," will see in it nothing either astonishing or distressing. Shakespeare and his companions wrote about what they knew, and about nothing else. Their material was their own and their neighbours' experiences; and their plays were shaped to suit the theatre of the day and no other. It is therefore reasonable for the serious critic and historian to anticipate some increase of knowledge from a thorough examination of the Elizabethan Theatre in close conjunction with the Elizabethan drama. Students who reject this method will always fail to realize the essential characteristic of one of the greatest ages of English dramatic poetry, while he who adopts it may confidently expect revelations of interest, not only to the playgoer, but to all who devote attention to dramatic literature. Above all things should it be borne in mind that the more the conditions of the Elizabethan Theatre are studied, the better will it be perceived how workman-like and business-like a thing theatrical representations then were, and that they had nothing amateurish about them.

One of the chief fallacies in connection with the modern notion of the Elizabethan stage is that of its poverty in colour and setting through the absence of scenery—a notion that is at variance with every contemporary record of the theatre and of its puritanical opponents, whose incessant taunts were, "Behold the sumptuous theatre houses, a continual monument of London's prodigality and folly." The interior of an Elizabethan playhouse must have presented an unusually picturesque scene, with its mass of

colouring in the costume of the spectators; while the actors, moving, as it were, on the same plane as the audience, and having attention so closely and exclusively directed to them, were forced to be appropriately and brilliantly attired. We hear much, too, from the superficial student about the "board being hung up chalked with the words, 'This is a wood,' when the action of the play took place in a forest." But this is an entirely erroneous impression, apparently founded upon Sir Philip Sidney's words in his "Apology of Poetry," written about 1583, "What child is there that, coming to a play and seeing Thebes written in great letters on an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes?" But whether these words were "chalked" upon the outside door of the building admitting to the auditorium, as they most probably were, or whether they appeared exhibited to the eye of the audience on the stage door of the tiring-room, which was generally hidden from view by tapestry curtains, is not made clear; but one thing is certain, that although there are many references in the old plays to the actors announcing the scene of the action, there are none as to the exposing of a board naming a change of scene, while there is distinct evidence of the name of the play being shown in writing, either by the prologue, or hung up on one of the posts of the auditorium. It was the business of the dramatist to describe the scene, and to call the attention of the audience to each changed locality, and moreover it was his business to do this so skilfully as to make his scenic descriptions appear as part of the natural dialogue of the play. The naked action had to be assisted by the playwright's poetry; and much that now seems superfluous in the descriptive passages of the Elizabethan tragedies was needed to excite imagination. With reference to this question, Halliwell Phillipps very justly remarks: "There can be no doubt that Shakespeare, in the composition of most of his plays, could not have contemplated the introduction of scenic accessories. It is fortunate that this should have been one of the conditions of his work, for otherwise many a speech of power and beauty, many an effective situation, would have been lost. All kinds of elaborate attempts at stage illusion tend, moreover, to divert a careful observance of the acting, while they are of no real service to the imagination of the spectator, unless the author renders them necessary for the full elucidation of his meaning. That Shakespeare himself ridiculed the idea of a power to meet such a necessity, when he was writing for theatres like the Curtain or Globe, is apparent from the opening chorus to 'Henry V.'; and his words equally apply to the most perfect theatrical representations that could be given of 'the vasty fields of France' or

of the combat 'that did affright the air at Agincourt.' It is obvious that he wished attention to be concentrated on the players and their utterances, and that all surroundings, excepting those which could be indicated by the rude properties of the day, should be idealistic." The dramatist's disregard of place and time was justified by the conditions of the stage, which left all to the intellect; a complete intellectual representation being in fact a necessity, in the absence of meretricious support. "The mind," says John Addington Symonds, "can contemplate the furthest just as easily as more familiar objects, nor need it dread to traverse the longest tract of years, the widest expanse of space, in following the sequence of an action." In fact, the question of the advantage or disadvantage of scenery is well summed up by Collier, whose words are all the more impressive when it is borne in mind that his reasons are supported by an indisputable fact in the history of our dramatic literature. "Our old dramatists luxuriated in passages descriptive of natural or artificial beauty, because they knew their auditors would have nothing before their eyes to contradict the poetry; the hangings of the stage made little pretension to be anything but covering for the walls, and the notion of the plays represented was taken from what was written by the poet, not from what was attempted by the painter. We owe to the absence of painted canvas many of the finest descriptive passages in Shakespeare, his contemporaries and immediate followers. The introduction, we apprehend, gives the date to the commencement of the decline of our dramatic poetry." Shakespeare cannot have failed to realize that by the conventions of the stage that were existing in his time, he could the more readily raise his public up to his point of view, as their thoughts were not constantly diverted and distracted by the outward decorations and subordinate details which in our day so greatly obliterate the main object of the dramatic work.

As the absence of theatrical machinery helped playwrights to be poets, so the capacity of actors stimulated literary genius to the creation of characters which the authors knew beforehand would be finely and intelligently rendered. Nor were the audiences in Shakespeare's time uncritical of the actor's art, and frequent allusions in the old plays show that they understood what "a clean action and good delivery" meant. To quote again from Mr. Addington Symonds, "attention was concentrated on the actors, with whose movements, boldly defined against a simple background, nothing interfered. The stage on which they played, was narrow, projecting into the yard, surrounded on all sides by spectators. Their action was thus brought into prominent relief,

placed close before the eye, deprived of all perspective. It acquired a special kind of realism which the vast distances and manifold artifices of our modern theatres have rendered unattainable. This was the realism of an actual event, at which the audience assisted; not the realism of a scene to which the actor plays a somewhat subordinate part."

Noblemen used to maintain a musical establishment for the service of their chapels, and to this department of their household the actors belonged. When not required by their masters, these players strolled the country, calling themselves servants of the magnate whose pay they took and whose badge they wore. Thus Shakespeare's company first became known as "Lord Pembroke's Servants," then as the Lord Chamberlain's, afterwards as "Her Queen's Majesty's poor players," and finally, in the reign of King James, as "The King's Servants." From the connection between the Stage and the Chapel we are led to note how the musical ability of choristers, accustomed to sing anthems and madrigals, would form an invaluable training school for the rhythmical and musical modulation so indispensable to the delivery of blank verse. With regard to the boys who performed the female characters, it is specially to be noted that they were paid more than the ordinary actors, in consequence of the superior physical and vocal qualifications that were needed. That the boys were thoroughly successful in the delineation of women's parts we learn from the Puritans, who complained that these youths put on "not only the apparel, but the gait, the gestures, the voice, the passions of a woman." Moreover, the requisition that the boys impressed for Queen Elizabeth's chapel should not only be skilled in the art of minstrelsy, but handsome and elegantly shaped, seems to point to the theatrical use that would be made of them. To this end, power was given to the Queen's Choirmaster to impress boys from any chapel in the United Kingdom, St. Paul's only excepted. In an old play, the following allusion to the boy actors occurs. "Afore Heaven it is a sweet-faced child. Methinks he would show well in woman's attire. I'll help thee to three crowns a week for him, an she can act well."

Referring once more to the construction of the theatres, it is important to note that they differed most from modern playhouses in their size; not so much, perhaps, in the size of the stage as in the dimensions of the auditorium. The building was so made that the remotest spectator could hardly have been distant more than a dozen yards, or thereabouts, from the front of the stage. The whole auditory were thus within a hearing distance that conveyed the faintest modulation of the performer's

voice, and at the same time demanded no inartistic effort in the more sonorous utterances. Especially would such a building be well adapted for the skilled and rapid delivery for which Elizabethan players were famous. Added to this, every lineament of the actor's countenance would have been visible without telescopic aid. It was for such a theatre that Shakespeare wrote, says Mr. Halliwell Phillips, "one wherein an actor of genius could satisfactorily develop to every one of the audience not merely the written, but the unwritten words of the drama, those latter which are expressed by gesture or by the subtle language of the face and eye. There is much of the unrecorded belonging to the pages of Shakespeare that requires to be elicited in action, and no little of that much which can only be effectively rendered under conditions similar to those which prevailed at the opening of the Globe."

Suitable to the construction of the Elizabethan theatre was the construction of the Elizabethan play, the most noticeable feature of which was the absence of division into scenes and acts. For even when a new act and scene are marked in the old quartos and folios, they are probably only printer's divisions, and we find the text often continuing the subject as though the characters had not left the stage. Not that it is to be inferred that no pauses were made during the representation of the play, especially at the cheaper and more popular houses, where jigs and musical interludes were one of the staple attractions. But judging from the following words put into *Burbage's* mouth by Webster in his induction to "The Malcontent" (a play that originally had been written for the Fortune Theatre), we may gather that at the Globe it was not usual to have musical intervals.

"*W. Sly*: What are your additions?

"*D. Burb.*: Sooth, not greatly needful, only as your sallet to your great feast, to entertain a little more time, and to abridge the not received custom of music in our theatre."

It may reasonably be presumed that Shakespeare greatly disliked to interrupt the dramatic movement of his plays after it had once begun. He made very sparing use of the chorus, and avoided both prologue and epilogue when possible.

There is, in this same induction by Webster, some dialogue that throws light also upon the estimation in which Shakespeare and his fellow actors regarded their calling and its duties and responsibilities, and is worth quoting:

"*W. Sly*: And I say again, the play is bitter.

"*D. Burb.*: Sir, you are like a patron that, presenting a poor scholar to a benefice, enjoins him not to rail against anything that stands within compass of his patron's folly. Why should

we not enjoy the antient freedom of poesy? Shall we protest to the ladies that their painting makes them angels? or to my young gallant, that his expence in the brothel shall gain him reputation? No, sir; such vices as stand not accountable to law should be cured as men heal tetter, by casting ink upon them."

Above all things, may it be acknowledged that if the Fortune Theatre, the great rival playhouse to the Globe, was the most successful and prosperous financially, the Lord Chamberlain's troupe appealed, through Shakespeare, to the highest faculties of the audience, and showed in their performances a certain unity of moral and artistic tone.

WILLIAM POEL.



Actors of the Age :

RECOLLECTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS.

VI.—THE NEW GENERATION.

I COME now to the last stage of my task. I have had something to say about certain players of the past generation, and about most of the leading members of the profession at the present time. I propose, in conclusion, to make a few remarks upon the younger actors and actresses, with whom, so far as we can see in the meantime, will rest the less immediate future of our stage. The more immediate future is in the hands of the Willards, Trees, and Alexanders, the Kate Rorkes, Maud Milletts, and the like. It is natural, however, to look forward, and to wonder, for instance, whether we shall ever see another Irving, another Ellen Terry, another Mrs. Kendal; to wonder, in fact, what in the way of histrionics Time has in store for us or for our children.

To begin with the ladies, I must confess that I do not see for certain whence we are to derive our players of great parts. Take, for example, the Shakespearean repertory. We have had in Miss Winifred Emery a very charming *Ophelia*, in Mrs. Patrick Campbell a picturesque *Rosalind*, in Miss Grace Warner a

graceful *Juliet*, in Mrs. Benson an attractive *Titania*. Miss Laura Johnson, I believe, has essayed *Lady Macbeth*; but I should suppose that her apparently fragile physique would hardly adapt her for the robust rôles. Miss Emery and Mrs. Campbell are probably quite capable of understanding the old tragic characters, but in their case, too, the lack of physical force and stamina is felt. Miss Ivanova has attempted the heroine of "Fazio," and Miss Annie Rose has attacked *Cynisca* in Mr. Gilbert's play. In neither case, however, has the actress been endowed by Nature with "the grand manner." Miss Fortescue, I understand, has earned applause in the country in the "legitimate," but her style is wanting in the essential breadth, and I find it difficult to conceive that we have in her a *tragédienne* of the future. Of all our young artists, Miss Julia Neilson perhaps is the best fitted, physically, to cope with the conventionally tragic; her performance in "The Tempter," though undisciplined, has unquestionable power, and her *Clarice* in "Comedy and Tragedy" gave hopes of even better things. If Miss Neilson should acquire, in time, more of the art which conceals art, I should expect her to shine, if called upon, in the more vigorous and passionate styles of acting. Much, too, is to be expected from Miss May Harvey, who made so marked an impression the other day in "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon." Her impersonation of Browning's heroine was so full of reticence and conviction, so free from mannerism and self-consciousness, that there is no knowing what this young actress, now almost a novice, may not yet achieve. For the rest, both Miss Ada Ferrar and Miss Davies-Webster have shown some capacity for the higher rôles in drama, and it is to be hoped that they may have opportunities of displaying that capacity still farther. Just now the public taste does not run in the direction of classic work; but it is not likely to remain aloof from such work for ever, and, in any case, it would be a thousand pities if, when there came a demand for the "legitimate," there was no one left to respond to it.

In the meantime, the chief feminine rôles of purely modern drama seem safe enough. They are likely to have adequate exponents for some time to come. I have already named some of the more prominent of our youthful "leading ladies." Let us see how they look in groups. And before I go farther, let me say that, in pronouncing on the special adaptability of lady artists, it is impossible not to be swayed, in the first place, by their external qualifications. The subject is a delicate one, but must be dealt with. In the histrionic art personality is everything, and most notably so is it in the case of female players, who have so few opportunities for disguising either figure or features.

A lady with dark hair and eyes may feel quite at home in "sympathetic" rôles, and burn to play them; but if Nature has said that she is most likely to charm the public in what may be called sinister characters, of what use is it to rebel against the decrees of fate? Some of the kindest of women have been doomed in this way to represent on the stage the most repulsive of their sex. That is hard, of course; but the conditions of the stage must be observed.

That being so, it is obvious that the "sympathetic" heroines must be played by such artists as Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Norreys, Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss May Whitty, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Annie Hill, Miss Lizzie Webster, Miss Grace Warner; while, for the "unsympathetic," one would as naturally choose Miss Olga Brandon, Miss Olga Nethersole, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Estelle Burney, Miss Florence West, Miss Laura Johnson, Miss Gertrude Kingston. Miss Julia Neilson stands rather by herself—her stature, her bearing, and her beauty suggesting her for a special kind of rôle. It is rather difficult, too, to place Miss Evelyn Millard, who, so far, has had no means of showing what she can do outside the range of colourless Adelphi heroines. Miss Beatrice Lamb, again, who has played with credit both in "Moths" and in "Niobe,"—who shall say, dogmatically, into what groove she may ultimately run? It would be best, perhaps, to make a group of the young actresses of whom at present it would be dangerous to prophesy; and in that case I should associate with Miss Millard and Miss Lamb, not only Miss Janette Steer and Miss Dorothy Dene, but Miss Hall Caine, whose full capabilities are as yet undeveloped. Possibly Miss Caine may join Miss Harvey, Miss Davies-Webster, and Miss Ferrar in a devotion to the stronger rôles of classic drama. For the lighter (serious) rôles of contemporary drama there are many candidates—as, for example, Miss Agnes Verity, Miss Ethel Herbert, Miss Marion Grey, Miss Laura Hansen, Mrs. H. Nye Chart, Miss Emilie Grattan, Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Nellie Campbell, the two Misses De Winton, and Miss Jessie Lee.

So much for the more youthful of our "leading ladies" and *ingénues*. Now for the coming *comédiennes*. This is a class to which, by reason of their versatility, Miss Emery, Miss Hanbury, Miss Whitty, and Miss Lamb likewise belong; but I have to do here with the ladies whose ability is mainly, if not wholly, for comedy work. Miss Annie Webster, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and Miss Ellaline Terriss have succeeded before now in sentimental characters; but I cannot help thinking that comedy is their *forte*, and that practice in it will carry them farthest and highest.

Miss Webster's bright manner and genial voice, Miss Vanbrugh's keen sense of the ludicrous (as seen in "The Jerry Builder"), and Miss Terriss's equally keen sense of fun, should be invaluable to our stage. Miss Irene Vanbrugh's skill in burlesque was happily demonstrated in Mr. Barrie's Ibsen travestie; that she is capable of more serious work is made manifest by her performance in "The Tempter." Miss Decima Moore belongs at present to the lyric boards, but her clever impersonation in Mr. Melford's "Maelstrom" showed that she could, if necessary, safely desert the musical for the comic drama. Her sister, Miss Eva Moore, is one of the sprightliest of our younger players. Certain of our juvenile *comédiennes* have an agreeable individuality, which, let us hope, will deepen and broaden as time goes on. There is, for example, Miss Nina Boucicault, in whose voice and manner on the boards I seem to detect a pleasant *souçon* of cynicism. There is Miss Georgie Esmond, who has a demure style of her own; Miss Alice Kingsley, the very picture of genuine jollity; Miss Kate Bealby, who appears to have the reversion of Miss Annie Hughes' old *ingénue* parts; and Miss Hetty Dene, who has so strong a feeling for character. Miss Mary Ansell started as a player of serious parts; but she was at her best, I should say, in "Brighton" at the Criterion, and, more recently, in "Walker, London," at Toole's. Miss Mary Keegan was so excellent in "Shakespeare," in a duologue at the Royalty, and in a small part at the Adelphi, that I shall be surprised if she does not come still farther to the front. Miss Rose Dearing, as a soubrette; Miss Beatrice Ferrar, in juvenile rôles; Miss Esmé Beringer, Miss Emilie Calhaem, and Miss Lalor Shiel—these also are among the most promising of the comic actresses that are "on the way."

The *comédiennes* of the lyric stage are, of course, a class by themselves. We are not rich in them. Whom have we that can aspire to take the place of Miss Florence St. John or Miss Violet Cameron? Only Miss Decima Moore and Miss Amy Augarde—unless, indeed, Miss Marie Tempest should return to our shores and abide there. She is Miss St. John's only rival. Vocally and histrionically she runs her close. Miss Augarde is a well-trained singer, but, as an actress, a little conventional. Miss Moore seems to be hardly robust enough for the hard work of opera. She is dainty and refined, but slight, both as singer and as actress. As I have already hinted, she would be well suited in comedy. Miss Ellis Jeffreys is another of those who cannot yet be placed, for, in the meantime, she hovers between comedy and opera. In my opinion, she is one of the most sparkling of our rising artists—mannered, to be sure, but decidedly clever and

vivacious. Savoy opera has given us a recruit in Miss Saumarez, and at present rejoices in Miss Florence Perry, Miss Emmie Owen, and Miss Howell-Hersee, all of whom are likely to "go far." In musical farce an unpretending reputation has been made of late by Miss Emmeline Orford and Miss Yata Whynier. Miss May Yohé is not yet to be regarded as a permanent accessory to our stage; but that she is full of verve and quaintness will certainly not be denied. For the moment, musical burlesque does not flourish greatly. The best in it just now is represented by Miss Ada Blanche, Miss Millie Hylton, Miss Kitty Loftus, Miss Millie Marion, Miss Jenny Dawson. Up to the time of writing, Miss Cissy Loftus has "scored" as a mimic, and as nothing more. Miss Dawson has a genuine gift of humour, Miss Kitty Loftus has dash in plenty, and in Miss Blanche I seem to see the only legitimate successor of Miss Ellen Farren. Why Miss Blanche has not taken Miss Farren's place on the boards at the Gaiety is a source of wonder to me.

Finally, the young lady dancers. Of these only three appear to me to have a future—Miss Mabel Love, Miss Topsy Sinden, and Miss Ruggles. These are growing day by day in ease and in enjoyment of their work. Dancing which is palpably distressing and apparently uncongenial to its votaries can never please. To succeed, a dancer must create the conviction that she delights in her art and is a perfect mistress of it.

Reviewing what I have said, I come to the conclusion that though, in the matter of "coming" actresses, we are weak both in the higher and in the lower reaches of endeavour, we are fairly strong in the region midway; fairly strong, that is, in the "leading ladies," the *ingénues*, and the legitimate *comédiennes* of the more or less immediate future. As regards the first class, most curiosity, no doubt, is felt about the careers of Miss Lily Hanbury, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Estelle Burney, Miss Laura Johnson, Miss Steer, Miss Hall Caine, and Miss Harvey, of whose capabilities we know less than we know of those possessed by others. Miss Hanbury has the charm of beauty, which is always irresistible; her histrionic powers, I should say, are limited to the portrayal of the every-day emotions, falling short of the intensity of passion. But she is always a gracious and sympathetic figure, and is sure to be acceptable when called upon to represent the womanhood of England at its best. After making no great mark at the Adelphi, Mrs. Campbell has suddenly achieved a triumph at the St. James's. Her *Mrs. Tanqueray* is undoubtedly a *tour de force*, and, although it may owe something to the tuition of Mr. Pinero and Mr. Alexander, has scarcely been too highly praised. It is a courageous piece of acting, bold and unconventional. We must

not assume from it that Mrs. Campbell is a great artist: one swallow does not make a summer; and Mrs. Campbell must do more than this, and in other directions, before her claim to stand in the front rank of our actresses—if any such claim be made—is allowed.

The other players I have named are also all on trial. Miss Burney improves steadily, but she has had only a brief experience of the boards. What she needs is practice in a variety of parts. Her manner as an actress is, so far, rather aggressively defiant. Something with more repose in it—more “sweet reasonableness”—would, I think, “take” the public better. In “Thérèse Raquin” Miss Johnson displayed the virtue both of repose and of reticence. She has hardly had a chance yet in the West-end of London, and it is too early to pronounce upon her possibilities. I can only hope that she has not begun at the wrong end of the ladder. Apparently she stepped into leading parts at once. Miss Steer has slowly worked her way up to the metropolitan level, and is likely to reap the reward of her prudence and patience. She has character, and that is much. Miss Hall Caine seems anxious to work, and that also is a thing greatly in a player’s favour. Alas! it is difficult to find room for all the aspirants for histrionic glory. Not everybody is so fortunate as Miss Harvey, who has been engaged for the Garrick by Mr. Hare. Miss Harvey should be careful about her next rôle; her performance will necessarily be compared closely with that which she gave at the Opera Comique. She may learn that one has no more dangerous rival than one’s self, and that it is less difficult to make a reputation than to maintain it. In these days of fierce competition, the latest success elbows out its predecessors, and the performer who would not be forgotten must be always to the fore.


In my next, and concluding paper, I shall take for subject the young male artists from whom something notable is to be expected in the days to come.

W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.



"Juliet."

(A RETROSPECT.)

 HIS faded playbill, brown with age,
Records a name upon its page That stirs me yet.
And gazing back to distant days,
I see thro' memory's misty haze Fair Juliet!

It must be twenty years ago,
I nightly hated Romeo With hate that grew.
What bliss to love for three long hours
A Juliet fresh as morning flow'rs All pearl'd with dew!

I sometimes wonder if she guessed
My admiration unconfess'd For witching eyes
And dulcet voice that, like a spell,
Drew me so constantly to dwell In Paradise!

And did she marvel much to see
This ardent Thespian devotee Night after night
Intent, until the final scene
Vanish'd behind the veil of green, In mystic light!

To see her pass I oft delay'd,
To breathe the air she breath'd I made A frequent task.
Stood sentry near the dark stage door
To catch a glimpse; one look was more Than I dare ask.

Ah! Juliet, you were seventeen,
Sweet idol of my dreams, my queen Of that fair day.
Since then you've acted countless parts,
And played, I ween, with many hearts; 'Tis woman's way!

You're famous now on every stage,
Your name looms large on drama's page, A shining star.
I wonder if you ever cast
A look behind to that bright past Fading afar?

I close my eyes and see you yet,
In maiden beauty, Juliet; 'Tis long since then.
Accept these lines for old times' sake—
Those dear lost days of old that wake My silent pen!

OTWAY THORPE.

The Theatrical Revolution :

AN ACCOUNT OF THE REFORMATION OF THE ENGLISH STAGE IN THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY.

1st Player : I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Hamlet : O, reform it altogether.

II.



FEW days after that conversation in the garden between the veteran actor of the Nineteenth Century, Roscius Daggerwood, and his son Kenneth, the farmer of the Twentieth, the "young people," Aubrey and Camma, arrived from London together. They had come home for a brief holiday, they explained, as they sat at table with their father and grandsire—a few days of home-life and rural recreation.

"We can take as long a holiday as we please," explained Camma ; "but since we have to be certified for the full course before we become eligible for a higher grade, it is to our interest to get through it as promptly as possible."

"What do you mean by a 'full course'?"

"I have to serve a whole year in the Dumb-Show Theatre, to which I've only just been admitted. Aubrey has been through it. The doctors have only just passed me."

"You had better explain, child," said her father smiling, "how you were examined by the 'doctors,' what was their diagnosis, and how they are curing you."

Camma pushed her plate away and polished her pretty lips. There was a happy flush upon her sweetly-moulded cheek ; and although her eyes wore a thoughtful expression, there was no trace of illness in her face. It was startling to hear her declare :

"I've had fever, Grandfather, I've got it now. It's going to last me all my days—at least, I hope it will."

"Fever!" exclaimed old Roscius aghast.

"Stage fever," she explained. "I felt it coming on years and years ago, and didn't know what was the matter with me. My self seemed so insignificant, and people in books talked so much better and were so much more interesting. Great things happened to them, and they had the privilege of obeying all their impulses, good and bad ; they could speak what was in their minds, and lay bare what was in their hearts. All this seemed spiritual liberty to me, and I craved for it as Eve craved for the forbidden fruit ; not because I wanted to sin, but from a desire to realise the sufferings of those who transgressed—to be in peril with

assurance that I should escape from it. On the other hand there was in me a sort of yearning to be something better, more lovable, nobler, than poor little Camma Daggerwood. Well, I saw how this craving could be gratified, when at last I visited a theatre and witnessed the performance of a play. Aubrey and I went together, and when we returned home we both went to father and begged him to let us go upon the stage."

"Poor silly moths!" ejaculated old Roscius. "Many wings have been singed in precisely the same way."

"Father insisted that Aubrey should try the experiment first."

"And I suppose Master Aubrey surrendered himself to this devil-may-care, idle life as a duck takes to water."

"Idle, Grandfather?" broke in the young man in a tone of surprise, not unminged with indignation. "You were an actor yourself, and must know what one has to go through."

"There was certainly plenty of work in my time, in the old stock days. My average was thirteen parts in the week. That was what they called the 'School,' and a pernicious system it was, breeding slovenliness, noise, and impudence! It had almost died out thirty years ago, but what succeeded to it was as bad in the opposite direction. We had pieces running for *years* in town or on tour, and the actors would play month after month, perhaps even year after year, just that one part they had created. The West-end player became a mere marionette, and the provincial a soulless imitation of him. They had no rehearsals, nothing to study. The day was given up to pleasure, and the mill-horse character of the nightly spell of 'work' robbed it speedily of all interest, so that the miserable automata took to alcohol to stimulate their enthusiasm and imagination, and soon could not play at all unless they were intoxicated."

"I don't think even the principals play in a piece more than four weeks now-a-days," said Camma. "I know the utility parts are changed *every week* to give the minor people the advantage of extending their practice."

"And what do the principals say to that?" asked Grandfather Roscius with raised eyebrows.

"Do you fancy they would object?"

"Object"? Most certainly! What, upset the cast every week with nervous, insufficiently-rehearsed novices!"

"The inconvenience is not so great as you imagine," said Aubrey. "During the run of a piece a rehearsal is held every Monday, the object of which is to embellish the play with such improvements as may have been suggested to the director, the author, or the actors by the past six days' trial, or by the comments of the critics."

"Bless my soul! It was a matter of pride in the old time with managers, authors, and actors alike to hold themselves above advice and criticism. Our West-end dictators assumed the infallibility of a god. Actors who took the trouble to offer suggestions were boycotted from future engagements. Authors printed their plays before they were produced, and insisted upon the immaculateness of their text as if it were Holy Writ. It was their boast that not a word or an action had been altered in deference to the severest criticism."

"It is now a contention for credit among the company as to who will do most for the piece in the way of acceptable suggestion, and the authors and managers welcome such service and even give prizes for it. At these Monday rehearsals the new utility people are put through their scenes with the principals, having already watched the piece from the front and been rehearsed by the prompter in the words and business. When they play at night they are quite reliable, and almost always afford better support than their predecessors. They can scarcely be termed 'novices,' for, as you know, every man or woman entrusted with a speaking part is a thoroughly trained and accomplished actor."

"I know nothing of the kind," objected the grandfather. "I suppose such duffers as you and Camma play utility. Have you the impudence to call yourselves 'thoroughly trained and accomplished'?"

"No indeed, sir," replied Aubrey modestly. "Such as I are only qualified to appear in the crowds that form the background of the stage-picture. I shall have to go up for examination and take my degree as 'member' of the Academy before I am allowed to play the smallest utility part."

"And I," put in Camma, not to be outdone in humility, "have only just learned the use of my face and limbs. For a year to come I shall not be allowed to utter a sound before the public."

"Promising pupils, I must say!" cried the old man sarcastically. "Aubrey is a brilliant—*super!* and Camma proposes to take a whole year learning to be that. I hope you admire your children's industry, Kenneth. You ought to be proud of such progress as this."

"I *am* proud of it—heartily proud," rejoined Kenneth Daggerwood with warmth, seeing Aubrey flush crimson and Camma's blue eyes fill with tears. "They have done the utmost that could be expected of them."

"Then expectation now-a-days does not run very high," retorted Roscius. "Such work as Aubrey's was performed thirty years ago by any illiterate, drunken, diseased loafer—any refuse of humanity flung from the prison into the street, and gravitating to the theatre as the only place where employment could be got without a character from last place."

"Is it possible that such was the source of the profession?"

"It was the source of the supernumeraries. How could you expect a better class to give their time for such a paltry remuneration? Say you give six hours' rehearsal for ninepence, and impersonate nobility for eighteenpence!"

"We get no remuneration at all," said Aubrey. "Not until we pass our examination and become members do we draw a maintenance from the theatres. A comfortable income is secured when we become 'fellows;' and affluence comes to us only when we attain the rank of 'master.' Supernumeraries are made up of students—young men and women who aspire to become actors. Was not this necessary in your time, Grandfather?"

"Some West-end managers began to think it was, and they let

in butterflies, who made the theatre a lounge, and the business of acting a mask for wantonness. As an education, the plan was a failure. Those who were earnestly inclined could indeed observe the methods of the actors; but they only caught their mannerisms. Our gentlemen and lady supers were awkward sticks, almost as painful in their self-consciousness as the roughs were in their grotesque perversion of the characters they represented."

"Perhaps they had not been through their course in the Dumb-Show Theatre," suggested Camma. "Our crowds are all drawn from that company, that is to say, from those members of it who can so depict emotion and character solely by gesture, pose, and facial expression that they fill leading parts in the dumb-show plays."

"Bless my soul!" protested old Roscius, "this is topsy-turveydom with a vengeance! In 1891, dumb-show performances were looked upon as the highest form of dramatic art. A French company came to London and set all the connoisseurs crazy. Even actors of high rank in the West-end went again and again to study those silent mummers; though for my part I failed to see what advantage they had over our best English comedians."

"They must have been at a great disadvantage if they did not speak," said Kenneth. "The 'Pantomime' theatre in London and in the chief cities gives now a very perfect and admirable representation, but it ranks only as a training school. I have seen Aubrey repeatedly in elaborate delineations, and I cannot conceive the French players you speak of excelling him in any respect; nevertheless, as you hear, his utmost achievement is but a preliminary to standing in a crowd and joining a chorus of laughs, and shouts, and murmurs."

"All this strikes me as being very much as it should be," admitted the veteran. "Tell me your course from the beginning, Camma. It seems as if my utopian dreams of fifty years ago were being realized."

"I applied at the Academy of Art to be admitted as a student of the drama in the department of Histrions," Camma told him. "An interview was granted me with two doctors—a lady and a gentleman—who deliberated whether I should be admitted to the profession, or rejected as unsuitable."

"I'm sure you look a strong, healthy girl," interposed her grandfather. "What made them think that a medical examination was necessary?"

"It would never do for people to go upon the stage who were constitutionally unfit for the work they have to do."

"Oh, wouldn't it!" cried old Roscius. "In the nineteenth century we had players with half the proper quantity of lungs and twice the right amount of liver, weak hearts, and deformed limbs—anything was good enough to represent ideal men and women!"

"Is it possible! What! exhibit infirmities as the mendicants do in the East? How revolting!"

"It was not quite so bad as that, although instances have come somewhat near it, and newspapers were mulcted in damages for condemning such scandals; but indeed it lent a ghastly interest in the olden time to

know that an actress was spitting blood between the acts, or to see her fall senseless in the middle of a scene. At least, it was believed so, for such matters were made to furnish puff-paragraphs from the box-office; and I have seen players take their calls before the curtain in an apparently exhausted state, exaggerating rather than concealing their physical prostration."

"Oh, I should not like to be an object of pity—I would leave the profession sooner," cried Camma emphatically. "But this first examination of mine was not a medical one. I was sent to the physician afterwards. The doctors I mentioned were doctors of learning—teachers of dramatic art. The 'Doctors' are retired actors and actresses who have obtained a certificate of qualification to instruct novices in the elements and technique of acting. They talked to me a little while, asking me what made me wish to go upon the stage, and testing me to see if I were really in earnest and had a proper notion of what a very serious thing it was to become an actress. They took me into the great theatre and made me recite from the stage while they stood at the back of the circle watching and listening.

They agreed that I had a face which could be made to express ideas, when under proper control; and that my voice had some sweetness, and, when rightly used, would probably be rich in resource. They thought my temperament *susceptible* of emotion, and after I had read to them a passage from a book I had never seen before, the male examiner condescended to admit that I had a mind capable of true conceptions. Then he left me to a searching—and, as it seemed to me, impertinent—physical and moral investigation by the lady doctor. She found fault with my teeth, my limbs, my manner of smiling, the carriage of my head, my gait, the stiffness of my joints—in fact, left me quite ashamed of myself as a product of the twentieth century. After this she told me one or two specious stories, designed to make a confusion in one's mind between right and wrong, and asked me what the course should be of the persons she spoke of in the situations she described. My answers appeared to please her, for she gave me quite a motherly kiss and signed my certificate. This is what she said to me at parting:

"You are about to enter upon a very arduous and exacting life-work. Do not make the mistake of regarding it too lightly. To succeed in it you must be earnest, faithful, and resolute. Your courage must not fail. Your energy must be untiring. You must apply yourself unremittingly to the study of men and women, gauging their thoughts and impulses, as well as observing their manners. You must keep your mind sweet and true and your body vigorous. All your powers must be developed to their utmost, and sustained at their best. Bear in mind that you are taking upon yourself a god-like power of creating human beings, and that the mission of your art is to instruct humanity in the all-important knowledge of itself. Your aim must be to beautify and to idealize Nature, and you must begin with your own mind, your own soul."

Old Roscius shrugged his shoulders.

"The lady must have graduated as a preacher," said he. "That

lecture would have been very different had she retired from the stage as you suppose—something like this, I should say: ‘My dear, you are about to enter a profession in which there is an equal chance of starving, or living like a princess. Your policy must insure the latter. Dismiss from your mind all that nonsense about artistic achievement and succeeding on your merits. Talent and beauty are of little avail without the opportunity for displaying them; therefore make friends—one at least, whose influence will foist you into a position that will secure popularity. Your prosperity as an actress will depend upon your becoming a favourite with the unthinking crowd who squander money in the theatre, not from love of the drama, but from a morbid enthusiasm for some novel sensation. The heroine of a divorce suit or a breach of promise case is a better ‘draw’ than your ‘true artist’; and all London will flock to hear an idiotic song with a ‘catchy’ refrain, while your virtuous, earnest student and hard worker rots in neglect. Delude not yourself with any fancy that a pure domestic life as wife and mother would be other than a stumbling-block in your professional career. Married women have been known to prosper—one even had the audacity to bid for public favour with the specialty of being faithful to her husband; but it is an up-hill course, and only real artistic ability, tact, and a peculiar ‘business’ facility will give strength for it. A shorter way is to surround yourself with a contending crowd of wealthy admirers, and get the utmost service from each without allowing your heart to influence you in according favours. Your fleeting celebrity should sustain you in luxury when in the Court of Bankruptcy your assets are tersely quoted ‘nil.’”

Kenneth here interposed with a protest that all this cynicism had become pointless now. A firm, impassable line was now drawn between actor and mountebank, the poseur, voluptuary, or profligate and the honest worker.

To this assurance Aubrey gave ready confirmation. It had been once contended, he said, that the public had no right to concern themselves with an actress’s private life, but the discovery had since been made that moral obliquity impaired conceptions of beauty, and a private reputation at variance with the sentiments she professionally uttered gave the lie to those sentiments and made a mockery of their loveliness. A notoriously evil liver would come under the scrutiny of the associates, and she would be cast for a line of parts to which she had become more fitted.

Grandfather Roscius started.

“Am I to understand,” he asked, “that parts may now be regarded as an index to the private character of the players?”

“No,” answered Aubrey, smiling. “To be familiar with evil in practice is to become inured to its poison. A man or woman whose sensibility is thus blunted would cease to play convincingly, and when that power is gone they have outlived their usefulness upon the stage. There is, however, an intermediary state wherein the perceptions are abnormally acute. Such is the case with the thief in his first offence, and with the seduced maiden: the former looks back with yearning upon the peace that was his

while he was honest, and shudders beneath the shadow of his crime as he 'fears each bush an officer'; the latter lifts her eyes to her unspotted sisters in a despair she had failed to conceive while she was innocent, and sickens over the dregs of the pleasure-cup which has intoxicated and cloyed her. These vivid moments may cast a more revealing light upon the workings of the soul than study or imagination. Our grand aim being truth to nature, the connoisseurs value such manifestations with the ardour of a surgeon who studies a death agony."

"You disclose to me, Aubrey," said the old man, "one of the many causes of dissatisfaction which tended to alienate the sympathies of the nineteenth-century playgoer. There was indeed something disgusting—almost horrible and profane—in the utterance of pure sentiments by those who inwardly scoffed at them, and in the impersonation of noble characters by men and women who were vile. I remember seeing a leading actor, whose wrongs to his wife were a public scandal, play a hero whose theme of action was conjugal love, and I felt how loathsome was this mockery of domestic virtue. I have listened many a time to the affected tones of dishonoured women as they made random struggles to imitate purity. How could they play convincingly when their hearts were callous and their imaginations foul? But it has been a work of wonder if you have reformed this anomaly. Tell me now, Camma, what were the next steps you took to fit yourself for this, as it now seems, very exacting profession."

"I underwent the medical examination—had my lungs and heart tested to see if I possessed the necessary strength to follow the calling of an actress. The physician who examined me admitted that I was sound of wind and limb, but all the same he gave me a serious talking to about my habits and diet, supplemented by written instructions which he declared it necessary for me to comply with in order to maintain and strengthen my nerves, my voice, and my brain. He told me that it was customary in the nineteenth century for actors who were healthy enough at first so to abuse their strength that their minds and bodies were not under control. Is that true, Grandfather?"

"Too true, my child! I have seen actors of eminence who could scarcely remember a line of their part. Their voices failed them, and their features and limbs 'played such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as made the angels weep.' Friendly indulgence, rather than criticism, was all that could be bestowed upon their performances. The finest actors were among the most nervous. The ordeal of coming before the public with a full sense of one's responsibilities is quite as severe, I fancy, as going into battle."

"At the Academy they regard that weakness of the heart and nerves as wholly unfitting actors to appear in public," said Aubrey. "The soldier whom the terror of battle paralyzed, if he escaped death at the hands of the foe, would be shot by his friends as a demoralizing coward. The stage has no use for trembling idiots. It would be impossible for such afflicted ones to attain any rank in the profession. From the very first we go into bodily training as an athlete would do.

The painful exhibitions you described are not now permitted. If an infirmity shows itself in one who has achieved a position it is treated as any other disease, and the victim recovers until he is well again. We must have the power to put into execution all we know. Without that power we should be mere theorists, not actors."

"And have you acquired this marvellous self-control?" old Daggerwood asked his grand-daughter with his face full of incredulity.

"Oh, yes!" she replied with confidence. "I practise daily calisthenic exercises, and games of skill which give suppleness, alertness, and grace, and a thorough command of nerves and muscles. Have you not noticed the change in me—and in Aubrey too?"

"Yes, yes—it has delighted me. You both seem stronger, handsomer; you move as God meant men and women to move."

"We have been trying to fit ourselves for the theatres. To appear before the public we should be models of what men and women ought to be."

"Then it is no longer sufficient to put on the dress and make up the face. An intrinsic resemblance is called for."

"Exactly."

"I suppose you did your roughing off in the provincial theatres?"

"Oh, no, Grandfather! Why should the provincial public be insulted? In the country the acting is as good in every detail as in town. When I was admitted as a student I was instructed privately, and also in class, in the significance of movement and pose. The lessons were given in a mirrored chamber, so that I could see myself at every possible disadvantage, and know by my own demonstration the errors I made, and how to correct them. We girl-students watched each other's failures and successes in the art of speechless expression, competing ardently for an early admission to the Pantomime Theatre."

"Camma is about to commence that course," said Aubrey. "I have been through mine, and am now to be a super in the speaking theatres. You must see that it is not by idleness one can qualify for the higher grades of the profession. A certain standard must be reached, and our abilities are fully tested."

"You are still in the doctor's hands, then?"

"Assuredly. He has to cure me of ignorance and maladroitness. Camma and I have to study expression, elocution, ornament, the manners and circumstances of the various times and peoples. Acting embraces so many arts that our researches will have to be very far-reaching indeed to fit us for the severe examinations we shall have to pass later on. We go slowly but surely, now-a-days."

"I begin to see," confessed the veteran actor, as they rose from the table, "that by some happy combination of managers, or by some legislation in the interests of Art, of which I must hear by-and-by, the actor's vocation now shares the dignity of labour and the worthiness of that which can only be got with difficulty. I wish I could live my time over again!"

PERSUS.

(To be continued.)

Light at Last!

"I should not have gone to it neither," said Sir Roger, "had I not been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy."—*Spectator*.



H! peace be with you, Paula's woes,
And Illingworth's disdain;
For we our lesson-book may close
To laugh or weep again
At simpler plays, and rest our eyes
On scenes that nothing teach,
Where heroines do not moralize,
And heroes do not preach.

We see the end of hours of gloom,
Wherein the student pores
In some Mayfair dissecting-room
On stale old social sores.
Ulcers that either feign to hide,
In cloaks of polished wit,
Or stand in all their festering pride
Before a gaping pit.

That errant female, always styled
The Helpless Toy of Fate—
A glib excuse, which, like her child,
Is not legitimate—
No more will spin her tedious yarn
Of innocence and shame,
Of bliss in rustic holt or barn,
Until the villain came.

At last the dismal shadows lift,
And slowly glitters out
A ray that cleaves a silver rift
In dreary clouds of doubt;
Our tinsel pedants prose no more,
But turn to history's page,
And let a fairer England's lore
Delight us on the stage.

Again the cold-eyed Queen will smile,
Or chide her recreant squire,
Dan Chaucer's pilgrims pause awhile
About the "Tabard" fire ;
Again we stand where Pistol stood,
To hear Dame Quickly's jokes,
Or chase the deer with Robin Hood
Among the clumber oaks.

Our threshed-out problems even then
Ran riot through the land—
Those problems which the subtlest pen
Still fails to understand.
Yet then in Life's mysterious ways
None dared to probe or thrust,
But left to later brains to raise
These clouds of futile dust.

Take heart, for Pan is not yet dumb,
Though far afield he hides,
And in the lonely midnight some
May find where he abides :
Where, by the prattling moonlit spring,
His jocund wood-nymphs dance,
And swing, to light their cowslip ring,
The lanthorn of Romance.

A. COCHRANE.



Condensed Dramas.

No. IV.—“THE TEMPTER ;

or, Faust up to Date ; and Harlequin the Devil, the Maid, and the Door-Key.”

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On board the good ship “Washing-Tub,” in Soap-suds Bay.

A storm is raging, and the saucy craft, securely fastened to the bottom of the sea, is rocked gently to and fro by the force of the mighty waves, which rise mole-hills high. Sailors rush about doing nothing excitedly.

Master (shouting) : Make taut the main mast mizen poop, ye varlets !

Box all the compasses below the gangway,
And lay the heaving-lead six points to the wind !
Avast, abaft, belay, jibe, yare and go about !

Prince Leon (enters from below) : I prithee, Master Steward,
bring a basin,

For I am sick to death. Yet, ere I die,
‘Tis meet I should explain the plot.

Sir Steward : Say on !

Meanwhile—I know these tempests—‘twill abate a
bit

When dialogue important’s going on.

Prince : I am a noble of fair France, engaged to Lady Avis,
An English maiden whom I have not seen
Since she and I rode a-cock-horse together.
But I have seen her portrait, and I worship her.
(For, being the romantic hero of the play,
Of course that’s just the kind of man I am.)
Moreover, for some reason unexplained,
Known only to the author of the play,
My marriage with this lady will cement
A lasting peace ‘tween our respective countries.
(Gasps.)

Steward! (*Steward obliges.*) Ah! thank you.
*Storm begins to rage again, and the Devil appears
 at the tiller, which is placed conveniently at
 the masthead.*

Sailors: We've sprung a leak! Help! Help!

Devil (laughs sardonically): You've sprung a leak! Ay, more—
 a strong spring onion,

Which shall extract the tears of dying anguish.
 Let loose the lightning! let the limelight flash!
 Round with the handle of the wind machine!
 Roll through the thunder-gall'ry shot stupendous!
 This stand-still bark I'll steer upon a rock,
 And drown ye all, Pigs! Bacon! Porkers! Swine!

Prince: I drown; I die.

Devil: Fear not; retain thy locks; thou shalt not die.

Thou art the hero of the piece, and so
 Thou wilt be wanted in succeeding acts.

*Alarums, excursions, cries, groans, shouts, and
 a great hubbub generally; the gallant bark ceases
 to oscillate, and is slowly sucked beneath the
 waves as if by an irresistible windlass. Scene
 changes.*

SCENE II.—Courtyard of an Inn.

Drogo (enters): What ho! Within there!

Host (enters): What ho thyself! What wouldst thou?

Drogo: I am a humorous pilgrim; so's my master.

We are, in fact, the comedy relief

Of this poetic play.

I've just run on ahead t' explain the plot.

(*Proceeds to do so, and then leaves.*)

*The Devil, clothed in a banjo of the period, enters,
 accompanied by the Prince, who is dressed in a
 shirt of mail which has not been sent to the wash
 for some time.*

Prince: Clothed in chain armour, I have walked for miles;
 Therefore I am a-weary. Oh, I die!

Devil: Methinks thou art the most despondent Johnny
 I e'er have looked upon. Rouse, rouse, my hearty!
 Come, let's liquor up!

(*They do so.*)

Prince: I'm better now,
 And ready to discuss my love affairs
 With thee, unprepossessing stranger!

Devil (aside) : His marriage would bring peace, where I want war,
 Therefore I must prevent it. True, I might
 Have let him drown with his companions,
 And that would very probably have hindered
 His marrying anyone. But if you drown
 Your hero prematurely, where's your plot?
(To Prince) You love the Lady Avis?

Prince : To distraction.

Devil : Then as a gentleman disguise yourself,
 And make love to her cousin.

Prince : The thought's a happy one. I will.

(Retires to disguise himself.)

Comic Pilgrims enter, and, with the aid of Comic Beggars, afford comic relief illustrative of the manners of the period.

Enter Lady Isobel and Lady Avis.

Lady Avis (a lachrymose lady with tears in her top notes) :
 My father dear has ta'en from you your goid,
 And in a convent would immure you. I myself
 Am ever flaunting in your face my own
 Superior happiness, and yet you do
 Not love us. This is hard.

Devil (aside) : Methinks 'tis time that I began to tempt.
 Oh for a likely sinner! Happy thought!
 I'll practise on the Lady Isobel.
 To kiss one's cousin is a deadly sin;
 I'll tempt her to't. *(Does so. The ladies embrace.)*

Devil (chuckles to himself) : Oh what a devil I am!

Lady Isobel : I am a high-born, haughty maiden, therefore prone
 To chum up readily with chance pedestrians.
(To Devil) Give thee good day, fair sir;
 I prithee tell me who thou art.

Devil : Merely a gentleman, fallen but banjo-clad;
 Let that content thee. Meantime talk apart,
 While I assure the audience that I am
 The Devil, and not Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

(The ladies retire.)

(To audience) I am in truth the latest thing in Tempters,
 All piping hot from the Great Brain of Jones.
 Though slightly reminiscent of past poets,
 Of Goethe, Shakespeare, Marlowe, and the like,
 Yet a most showy part—the kind of rôle
 Beloved of Actor-Managers. In turn
 I rant, thrill, joke, shock, fright and fascinate.
 'Tis true it irks me that I cannot be

All scarlet clad as Mr. Irving was
 When personating Mephistopheles.
 But Henry Author says I'd better not,
 Or men might mark the strange coincidence ;
 And so I'm sacrificed to save great Goethe
 From charge of plagiarism. But no matter,
 I take it out in frequent change of dress
 And limes of varying hue. But come,
 Enough of explanation ! Now to business—
 To tempt two human souls to mortal sin ;
 In other words, to fall in love ! (*Chuckles.*)
 Egad, I am a most egregious devil !

Lady Isobel re-enters, followed by Sir Gilbert, who woos her in true mediæval manner.

Lady Isobel : Varlet, thou has insulted me ; I hate thee.

Sir Gilbert : Minx, vixen, pussy-cat, hussy and Jezebel !

Lady Isobel : Yah !

Sir Gilbert : Bah ! (*Protrudes his tongue, and exit.*)

Devil (to Lady Isobel) : Why not ensnare the Prince, thy cousin's sweetheart ?

Lady Isobel (delighted) : A happy thought, methinks ! But tell me first

If he be nice.

Devil : Nice as a nod from one of Royal blood ;
 Sweet as misfortune to the friends we love ;
 His glance a jujube, and his flashing eye
 As full of colour as a Naples ice ;
 His smile like Sandown on an April day ;
 His kiss like fourteen waltzes at a ball,
 With a most eligible Marquis.

Lady Isobel : Ah ! that seems the kind of man for me.
 Produce him !

[*(Prince appears)*]

Devil (to him) : Of Avis the Anæmic void thy heart,
 And fall in love with buxom Isobel.

Prince (gazes admiringly at Lady Isobel) : Ah !

Lady Isobel (gazes admiringly at the Prince) : Oh !

They wait for an introduction, and meanwhile stare rudely at each other across a sundial. The Devil, preening himself on another deadly sin committed, chuckles at the back.

Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE.—Tavern Department of St. Werbergh's Abbey, near Canterbury.

The tables are laid for a mediæval beanfeast. Pilgrims and other characters enter, and, expressing in dumb show their appetite for supper, approach the tables.

The Prior (who loves his little joke, waves them back) :

Not yet, my friends, you first must sing a psalm ;

“ No song, no supper,” is our motto here.

(Pilgrims troop disconsolately into chapel.)

Prince : I will not wrong the Lady Isobel ;

No, I'll magnanimously spare her.

(Lady Isobel appears.)

And just to show how firm is my resolve,
Forthwith I'll make most passionate love to her.

Oh, Isobel, thou art my ownest own,

My lode-star, gas-jet, moon, electric light,

My sweetmeat, lollipop, and raspberry puff ;

To me thou'rt dearer than to gutter brats

The strains of “ Mr. Porter ” or of “ Daisy Bell.”

And now avoid me, for I fain would spare thee.

Lady Isobel (emphatically) : But I would not be spared.

Prince (joyfully) : Then to my arms, close, close !

Lady Isobel : I will.

(She does.)

Devil (aside, watching them) : Methinks they take but parlous
little tempting.

(Lady Isobel is going.)

Devil : What ! no supper ?

Lady Isobel : I thank thee, no. I fain an egg would take

Unto my tea. My maid will bring it me

Upon a tray, in Early English style.

(Exit.)

Pilgrims enter and proceed with the Beanfeast. The eating and drinking give rise to much comic relief, and afford the Devil many chances for sarcastic comment. After a few moments of feasting the Devil unslings his banjo and mounts a table in the centre of the stage.

Devil : Now for a Sing-Song ! Order ! order, please !

(Raps on table.)

What time the chairman doth oblige the company !

The Great Banjoist Satan will appear

In his remarkable impersonation.

The Song of the Devil; or, a Devil of a Song:

Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub,
 Tara-ra-boom-de-ay !
 Tom, Dick, and Harry, all drunk in a pub,
 Tol-de-rol-iddle-de-ray !

With a hey diddle-diddle
 The cat and the fiddle,
 The mouse down the middle,
 While asking a riddle,
 Over the hills and away.

How they run
 For a ton
 Of plum bun,
 With the son
 Of a gun,
 Making fun, fun, fun,
 Irresistible fun
 Of tol-de-rol-iddle-de-ray.

Ye bilious boozers !
 Ye cynical snoozers !
 Ye butchers, ye bakers !
 Ye candlestick makers !

Hi ! Ho ! Ha ! Hum ! Fe ! Fi ! Fo ! Fum !
 Houp la ! Tolliety !
 Down with all piety !
 Yoicks ! Tally ho ! and away !

Prior (who has been listening outside, enters in a state of great agitation) :

Gents all, I prithee peace; we have no music
 license,

Besides, 'tis closing time; outside, outside !

(Pilgrims melt away.)

Lady Avis (enters musing) :

Devil : Why muse you here, O fair Anæmia ?
 Thou hast but slight concern with this our plot.

Lady Avis (sadly) : Alas, too true ! I know I am superfluous.
 But to content the management's fair spouse,
 To my lot falls the usual Jonesian Dream—
 No play's complete without it.

Devil (rather bored) : Then stop the action of the piece, and fire

Lady Avis : I dreamt I was at Rosherville upon it off.
 The glorious Monday in fair Whitsun week ;
 A whelk untasted lay upon my plate ;
 Across my face was fixed a pasteboard nose,
 My 'Arry's 'at encircled my fair brow,
 And we did warble forth a coster lay.
 But, as we sang, all suddenly the whelk

Leapt from my plate and dived into the deep.
 Madly I plunged in after it,
 Down, down, to where the broken bottles lie,
 Down, down, to brickbats, empty lobster tins,
 That glared and jeered and mocked me as I flew.
 Yet still th' elusive whelk I did pursue
 Until I overtook it at blithe Barking creek.
 I seized it in my hands ; but, horror on horrors !
 It grinned, it winked its eye, and straightway turned
 Into a safety cycle built for two.
 I sprang into the saddle, rode, and rode, and rode—
 And then I woke. That's all.

Devil : Thank you.

Lady Avis : Good night ! (Exit.)

Devil : Now for a tempt, a grand, stupendous tempt !

Lady Isobel enters.

Ah ! the Lady Isobel ! she'll do.

Lady Isobel : I fain would find excuse t' accept the Prince's suit.

Devil (insinuatingly) : He is a catch, and on thee fairly mashed.

Let that content thee.

Lady Isobel : And will he make an honest woman of me ?

Devil : Of course ; they always do.

Lady Isobel : Then am I satisfied. (Exit.)

Devil (aside, disgusted) : Call that tempting ! Bah !

Prince : I will spare her.

Devil : Certainly ; but first get drunk.

Prince : I will. *(They carouse.)*

Devil (producing key) : Here is the door-key of the room of Lady Isobel.

Her maid has locked her in—I know not why,
 Unless it be to help the plot along—
 And handed this to me. Take it.

Prince : Thanks ! *(Pockets the key.)* Good evening !

Devil : Temptation ! Bah ! It's child's play !
 And yet they blame *me*—why not H. A. Jones ?

Curtain.

ACT III.

SCENE.—A Tropical Forest near Canterbury.

Prince (enters) : She's bright as Bass, in bottle or on draught ;
 And fresh as Piccadilly newly sprinkled
 By early watering-cart.

Lady Isobel (enters) : Dost love me still ?

Prince : The bond that binds us ne'er shall be dissolved

Till Crosse shall part from Blackwell, Swears
from Wells.

Lady Isobel : But will thou marry me ?

Prince (hesitating) : Marry thee ? Hum ! We'll talk of that anon.
(*Estatically*) Still, I love thee as the clerk his
midday chop—

Lady Isobel : Oh, yes ! I know all about that. (*Aside.*) I must get
something in writing that I can produce in Court.
(*Aloud.*) Come and talk it over.

(*They stroll off.*)

Devil : Now will I make mischief between them by spreading
scandalous reports. (*Proceeds to do so.*)

Lady Isobel re-enters in a state of great agitation.

Devil : Your Prince is one of those who kiss and tell.

Lady Isobel : I reck not ; all I want is documentary evidence.

Devil (annoyed) : Then has my breath been wasted. Foiled again !
Prince re-enters.

Devil (to him) : She tried to trap you, 'cause you were a catch.

Prince : I thank thee much ; 'tis just th' excuse I want
For breaking off the match.

(*To Isobel*) Woman, away ! I spurn thee.

Lady Isobel : Spurn me no spurning, sirrah. Right soon I'll
hale thee.

Before a jury of thy countrymen

Prince (scornfully) : What ! Breach of Promise ? I defy thee,
Thou hast no evidence.

Lady Isobel (crushed) : 'Tis true. (*Draws a dagger which she
always has by her for such emergencies.*) Then
take it out of that ! (*Stabs him, he falls.*) Oh !
what have I done, My gem, my gillyflower !
(*Bursts into tears.*)

Devil (disgusted) : They do it all without my help.
I cannot get a tempt in anywhere.

Curtain.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—A Waterspout on Canterbury Cathedral.

Devil (discovered sitting on it) : Hullo ! there's Canterbury !
Jones says they have put up a statue to Marlowe
there, but none to him ; so he wants me to make
offensive remarks about the city. I will.
(*Does so.*)

Prince (enters on a bier, accompanied by Lady Isobel) :
There's nought so telling in a hero's part
As dying on the stage. This time I've got

A whole long act to do't in. Good old Jones!
 Now for the dear familiar dying words!
(Gasps.) I die, I die. I prithee bring me water.
 O Isobel, my sweet, I love but thee.

Lady Isobel (weeping) : My *marron glacé* !

But put those words in writing, I entreat thee !

Prince : Ay, ay, anon, when I am well and strong.
 Kiss me, sweet martingale !

Lady Avis enters.

Lady Isobel (sternly) : What do you here ?

Lady Avis (sadly) : I know I'm never wanted ;
 I only just dropped in to give you my forgiveness.

Prince : }
Lady Isobel : } Then cut it short and go.

Lady Avis : I will. *(She does.)*

Prince (still dying) : I am in pain ! athirst !

Lady Isobel (soothingly) : You'll soon get better when the
 doctor comes.

Devil (aside) : Now for my chance *(Comes forward.)*

(aloud) Never ! Thou'rt doomed. Long as the piece
 doth run,

Shalt thou die nightly ere the curtain fall.

I've got thee in my clutches ; come with me !

Lady Isobel (starts back affrighted) : Ah ! who art thou, whose
 eyeballs fiercely glare

With artificial brightness, on whose face

Flash multicoloured limelights ?

A man who takes the centre of the stage,

And uses limes with such extravagance,

Is either manager or dev——.

Devil (bowing politely) : Just so, the Devil, at your service,
 At one time penny plain, now twopence coloured.

Lady Isobel : Then will I kill myself. *(Does so, neatly and tidily,
 without in any way damaging her charming
 confection.)*

Prince (annoyed) : Oh, I say, two dying leads ! This settles it.
 I die, I die.

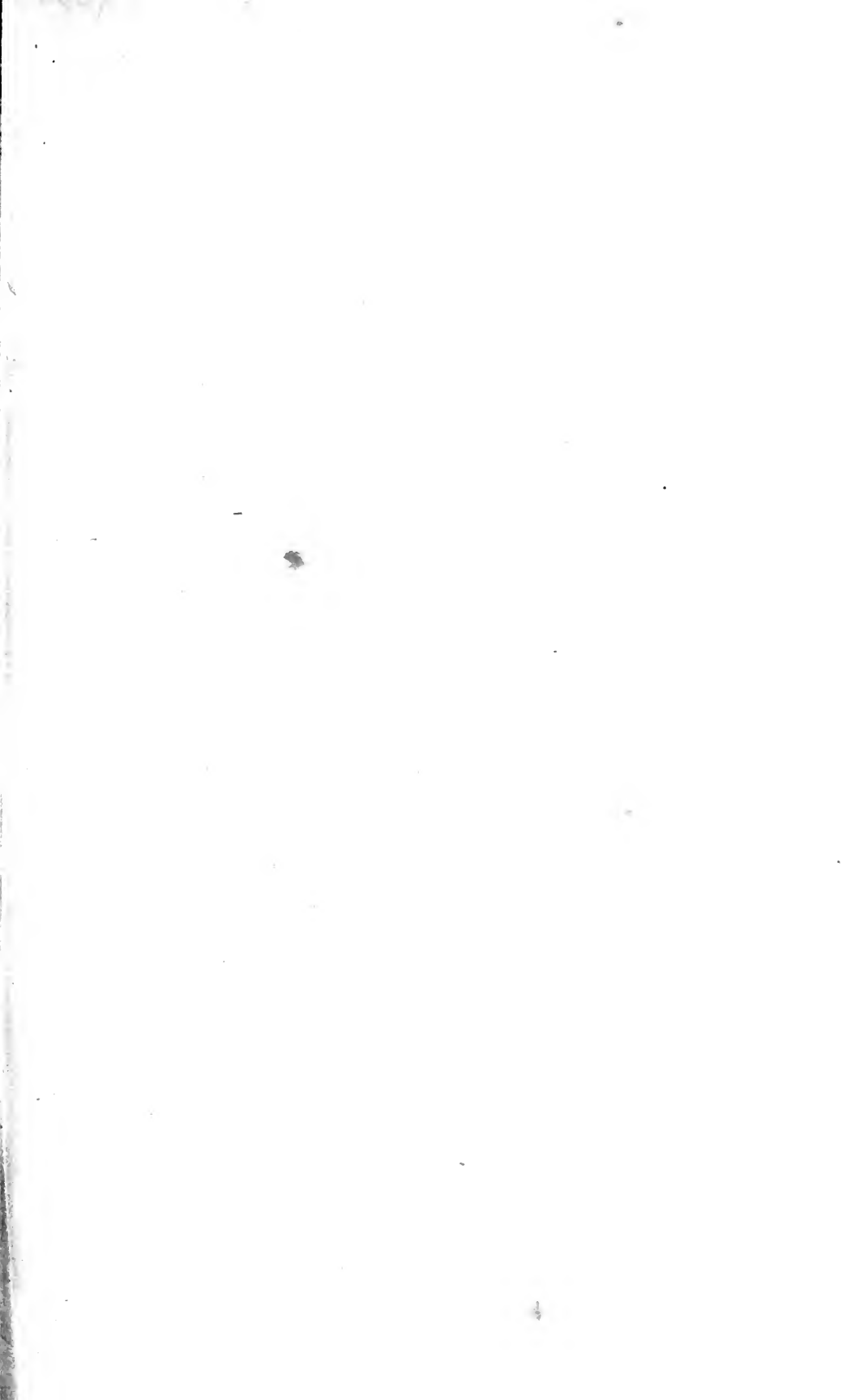
Lady Isobel : And I. And I. *(They die.)*

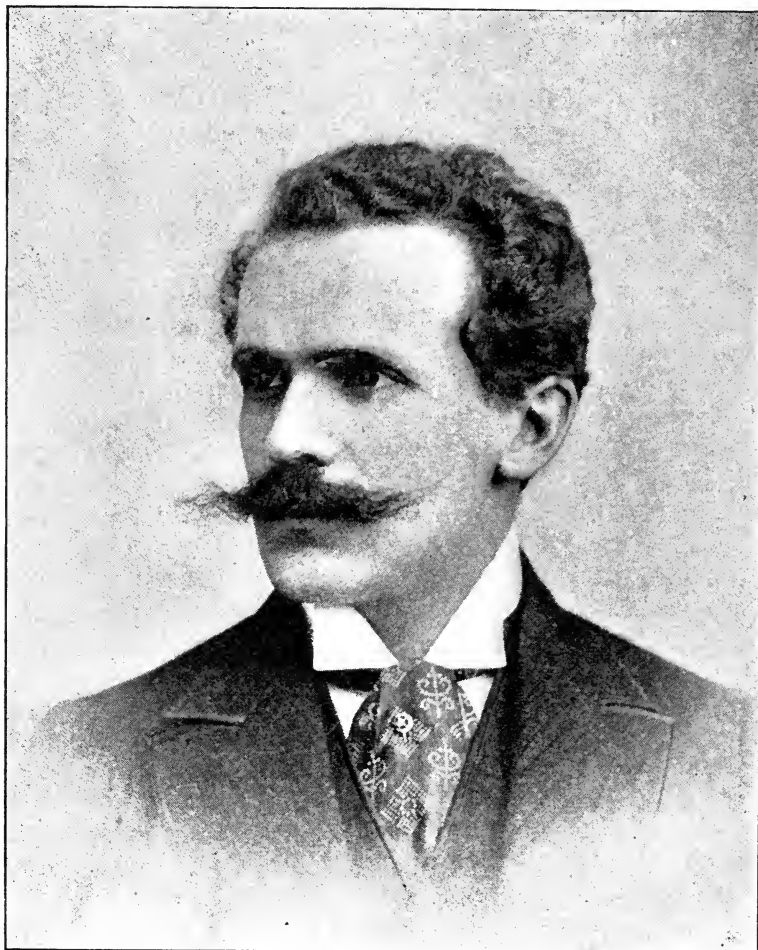
Audience : At last ! Thank goodness !

Devil : Ha ! Ha ! I've got the stage unto myself.
 Turn on more limes, and I will shock the audience
 By much irreverent soliloquy.

*(Does so, and then disappears in a flash of lightning.)
 (Monks, chants, sunrise, and Curtain.)*

W. R. W.





From a photograph by A. Denculain.

MR. CARL HENTSCHEL,

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB.

The Playgoers' Club.



AT the conclusion of its financial year, that is to say, at the end of last September, the Playgoers' Club consisted of five hundred and twenty members. Of these something more than three hundred have been elected during the past twelve months. In the opinion of the majority of these gentlemen, the Club owes perhaps its very existence, and certainly its continued prosperity, to the labours and devotion of Mr. Carl Hentschel, its late president and perpetual honorary treasurer, and his aide-de-camp, Mr. Percy House. And to a very great extent this majority is justified in its belief. The work involved in the management of the Club on its present lines is enormous. Lecturers have to be found, subjects discovered for discussion, concerts organized, entertainments conducted, and every member advised of every function that is to take place; and in addition to this there are all the needs of an ordinary social club to receive attention. The correspondence entailed is incredible; and the various ramifications into which it leads not to be believed except by those who have actually had experience of them. Messrs. Hentschel and House are, of course, assisted by a committee which is diligent in its fortnightly consultations, and from time to time by sub-committees specially appointed. But the burden of the toil, the onus of the responsibility, remains, when all is said and done, on their shoulders; and labour of love though it be, no inconsiderable portion of their lives must be devoted to the service of the Club.

In the minds and memories of the older members there is a third name held in great reverence. It is that of the late Mr. Mandell. With him originated the idea of the Club; he was its founder. Heneage Mandell—he chose to drop his surname, and be known only by his two Christian names—was the son of a clergyman who held, and still holds, a cure of souls at Notting Hill. He was a young man engaged in the conduct of a publisher's business, of sympathetic nature, literary tastes, and wide education; but of delicate health. The great pleasure of his life was theatre-going. One of that little knot of Londoners who make it a duty to attend every first night, some of them waiting outside pit or gallery doors from early morning on great occasions,

though others have more cunning, and know how to secure front seats with a greater economy of time, he was also a very earnest student of the drama.

At the early part of 1884, some very discreditable first-night disturbances took place, notably on the production of "*Camaralzaman*," at the Gaiety; and the Press commented with considerable severity on the "habitual first-nighters," the little knot to whom reference has already been made, and accused them of organised opposition. The charge was felt by those attacked to be cruelly unjust. But they were not an articulate race, and could make no defence. Indeed, as a corporate body they had no existence. They consisted mainly of individual playgoers, ignorant of each other's names, and hardly on speaking terms; though a common pursuit had made their faces familiar to each other. Perhaps it may be as well to say "right here," as the Americans have it, that with all the "original" Playgoers right of free expression of approval or disapproval on a first night is held sacred. They believe not only that they are committing no wrong in hissing or applauding, but maintain that they are merely doing their duty, and an act of kindness to the author and manager, in letting them know at once how the general public feel with regard to the production, that they may have a line by which to judge the probable fate of their piece without having recourse to the more expensive test of running it to see. I am not taking sides on the matter, but merely stating what is actually felt. The same argument, of course, would justify severity on the part of the literary critics.

First representation audiences it must be remembered are not normal audiences. The critics sit mute and unemotional in their stalls, surrounded by the friends of the management and authors who have the debt of free tickets imposed on the candid expression of their feelings. Moreover, it is very rarely that pit and gallery are quite guiltless of those who have earned their entry by the promise of a frequent "hand." The "first-nighters," who are an absolutely impartial body, trained in judgment, catholic in taste, and very representative of the general public, act as a leaven to this curious mass; and it certainly cannot be denied that when they are pleased they are a great deal more demonstrative in approval than they are in disapproval when dissatisfied.

But this is a little discursive. The point is that Mr. Heneage Mandell made himself the spokesman of the first-nighters against the charge of organised opposition. In March, 1884, in the columns of this very magazine, a letter from his pen appeared, of which the gist was that the first night disturbances arose, not from organization, but from the want of it. As a remedy, Mr.

Mandell proposed the formation of a Playgoers' or First-Nighters' Club. The letter received an amazing amount of attention. The idea was ridiculed as presumptuous and grotesque; it was praised as worthy and desirable, as making for the best interests and more serious consideration of the drama. Here we have the germ of the Playgoers' Club. It was a quick germ. That very month the Club was formed, and Mr. Mandell became its honorary secretary; and so continued until the time of his sudden death, June 5th, 1890, when Mr. J. T. Grein succeeded him. This is the Mr. Heneage Mandell whose portrait occupies the place of honour in the Club room, and name in the hearts of the Club founders. Amongst those who acted with him almost from the first were Mr. H. A. Jones, Mr. Addison Bright, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Hentschel, and Miss Hogg.

Rooms were found for the nascent club at 226, Strand, over a restaurant. The subscription was as nominal as the accommodation. The members met every Tuesday evening and discussed the merits of the latest theatrical production. In debate they followed on the lines of Parliamentary procedure. A resolution praising or condemning a new production was moved, seconded, opposed or amended, and fully discussed, a division always terminating the proceedings. As time passed objections arose to this singularly direct method of procedure, and it dropped into disuse. What was possible to a handful of men in a weekly hired room became impossible to some hundreds of members in well-appointed permanent premises. Last session an attempt was made to revive the old custom; and about forty members foregathered to discuss the production of "King Lear" at the Lyceum. The debate resulted in the passing of a resolution congratulatory to Mr. Irving; but the experiment did not recommend itself for repetition, although the 1893-94 committee have determined to give the old custom another chance. The usual course now adopted is for someone of recognized credentials to read a seriously compiled 40-minute paper on a subject germane to the stage, which is subsequently freely discussed, the proceedings closing with a reply from the lecturer on the objections raised.

Glancing back over certain printed records of the Club, we find such motions as the following carried, "That 'Nitouche' was a weak and ineffective piece in its English form, and only saved from total failure by the energy and hard work of the principal artists." The welcome accorded to Mr. Irving on his return from America was characterised as "overdone." "Casting the Boomerang" was unanimously condemned; and though the Daly combination was as a whole voted the most artistic that had visited our shores from the other side, a decided objection

was lodged against Miss Ada Rehan, who, "whether unsuited to her present part, or from a somewhat affected conception, is a great disappointment."

"Called Back" was pronounced a fairly good play, though the intensity of the novel was entirely lost; while the dramatization should have been accomplished in five scenes instead of seven. The Siberian scene was unconditionally condemned, Miss Lingard and Mr. Tree enthusiastically praised, and Mr. Kyrle Bellew declared to be "weak, stagey and affected." Later on in its existence the Club ventured to address a remonstrance to Mr. Irving against his experiment of numbering and reserving pit seats, paying at the same time every compliment to his generous intentions. The innovation at the Lyceum was speedily abandoned, whether *post hoc* or *propter hoc* I would not dare to say. Probably a little of both. Diffidence, you see, has never been a leading attribute at the Playgoers' Club.

Great success attended the little society at the outset, and before the autumn was reached it grew ambitious. A spacious old-fashioned room was taken for it in Newman Street, Oxford Street, and furnished at the expense of its members. Subscriptions of a guinea for town members, half a guinea for country members, and five shillings for lady associates, were charged. Rules were officially drawn up, approved, and printed. Mr. Addison Bright was elected first president, while Miss Mary Dickens was a leader amongst the ladies of the Club. As motto the newly constituted body chose the line, "A convocation of politic worms." The Club room was opened every night and furnished with games and papers. Frequent musical evenings were given, the late Fred Leslie and John Maclean, and Misses Rose Norreys and Kate Rorke, being particularly generous of their services. The system of lectures to be delivered by men of light and leading in stage-land now came into vogue; and the Playgoers' Club, numbering in its new home about a century of members, a score of whom were ladies, did not languish for want of official encouragement.

The first address delivered in Newman Street was by Mr. H. A. Jones on "The Modern Drama." It is a little curious, in looking over the Club minute-books, to find the committee decreeing that no discussion shall be allowed to follow Mr. Jones's paper. A request for a similar ruling is often addressed to it at the present time. Big-wigs accustomed to speak *ex cathedra* greatly dread the free and irreverent debate of their finely-phrased opinions. But since those days the P.G.C. has grown in self-assurance—a quality, as I have said, in which it was never deficient. No man who objects to free debate may address it to-day. Were the

spirit of Shakespeare, Moliere, or Goëthe reincarnated for the express purpose of lecturing on the essentials of the drama at 410, Strand, the Playgoers would follow up his dissertation by a series of speechlets disputing his premises with a confidence that has no parallel, and in terms sufficiently acrimonious. They are men who strongly say their say, or think they do so; and Miss Annie Oppenheim, a frequent visitor and occasional speaker, confesses that she has never yet discovered a bump of reverence on a talking Playgoer's head.

Mr. H. A. Jones is a man of many phases. He was, at the time of which I write, luminous with the glory of "The Silver King" and other such pieces, somewhere between the melodramatic and psychological quarter, and far from his present poetic full. His address was an able one. The drift of it was that though theatre-going had become a great and engrossing national pastime, the British drama fell asleep with Sheridan; and now for eight years the leading West-end houses had only produced two new and native comedies, and those of indifferent merit. It was the age of slumber, adaptation, and revival. But the hour of the awakening had come; success would not for the future depend solely on "blind chance and zealous bill-posting." And events have been on the side of Mr. Jones's prophecy. The lecture appeared in a magazine after delivery; and it certainly signalized a new point of departure.

Amongst others who lectured at this time were Mr. John Coleman, who spoke on Charles Dillon as "A Forgotten Genius;" and Mr. Clement Scott, who read his now famous paper, "The Age and the Stage," in which he charged the stalls with that "deadly curse which is the poison of all art—irreverence." An American lady, Miss Annie Wakeman, the brilliant correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, moved a vote of thanks. Mr. Comyns Carr delivered an address which was greatly a eulogium on the Bancrofts, and mourned that English audiences were so intolerant of "talk," which often meant literature. Mr. A. W. Pinero came forward with "The Actor of the Future; or, Art without Science," and declared his entire sympathy with the free expression of approval and disapproval by the pit. Mr. Sydney Grundy appeared as one of the lecturer's leading opponents. Lastly, Mr. William Archer, apropos of the Lyceum productions, gave the Club his brilliant analysis of "Romeo and Juliet," one of the most searching pieces of purely literary criticism that distinguished critic has ever produced. It was about this time also Mr. Jerome K. Jerome appeared on the horizon, and by his witty attack on the old-fashioned farce called public attention to the now famous "Idler." He was fighting,

of course, for his own hand when he protested that farces of the "Turn Him Out" order, having amused a generation and rewarded those who wrote them, should now give place to cleaner and better work.

The success of Newman Street was that of novelty. Geographically, it was a mistake—too far from the centre of stage-land, the Strand. Moreover, a single room in which no refreshments of any sort were obtainable proved unattractive. There was a falling off of members; and finally the whole affair had to be placed in liquidation. But the P.G.C. did not die. It adjourned to the Kemble's Head, where nourishment for body as well as mind was obtainable. But in so doing, entering upon licensed premises, it shed its lady associates. Frantic efforts have since been made to reinstate the ladies; and a pitched battle was fought on their behalf last session at a specially-called meeting. It looked for a time as if a mighty schism was about to take place; and the united Playgoers to be shattered by angry factions. But the division against the ladies was overwhelming, and since then the matter has been dropped. Ladies, though possessing no rights in the Club, may be and are, introduced at all lectures, and are invited to take part, and do take part, in the debates. Indeed, the two most delightful papers of 1892-93 were read by Mrs. Eleanor Aveling and Miss Fanny Brough. From the Kemble's Head the Club moved on to the Albion; from the Albion to the Mona in Henrietta Street. Whilst the Club was at the Albion a little paper called *The Playgoer* was published; but it was merely the organ of two of the officers of the Club, and no more connected with that body officially than was the later organ of Messrs. Grein and Alison, *Dramatic Opinions*. Its creed was candour and its life limited; but none of its staff visited Holloway.

The permanent Club room at the Mona was small; but meetings were held in a larger room, the headquarters of some piscatorial society, the walls of which were lined with glass cases, whereout, as though in blank amazement at the audacities that fell from the lips of members, glared goggle-eyed prize monsters of the stream and pond. It was whilst at the Mona that what is known in the Club as the "Ibsen Boom" took place. The great Norwegian had for some time enjoyed the cult of the more learned students of the drama; but to the general playgoer he was very little more than a name, though public interest was beginning to be very curiously agitated concerning him. Dr. Aveling made him the subject of a paper. The news that we were at last to hear, and without trouble, something about this strange power spread like wildfire. The press seized on it;

and nearly every important paper sent a representative to the lecture. The room was crowded to suffocation, and an extremely novel and instructive debate took place. It had to be adjourned by reason of the multiplicity of speakers; and the concluding discussion roused even more interest and excitement. Meanwhile the newspapers teemed with comments on the Playgoers' Club, which after its first volcanic youth had dropped a good deal out of public notice. The immediate result was a storm of applications for memberships. A very famous Mona Hotel debate was that in which Mr. Oscar Wilde took the chair for the lecturer, his fastidious young friends the Poet John Gray, and declared that players were puppets.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree was a little later asked by the committee to give them an address. He chose a Sunday night, and applications for tickets raining in on the authorities, it was determined to take St. James's Hall for the occasion. A brilliant lecture, a crowded house, and an animated debate were the results; and this, it may perhaps be pointed out in passing, was the Club's first big full-dress function. The lecture dealt with Maeterlinck *inter alios*, and the press attention paid to it augmented the run on the Club, and it became evident that its quarters were going to become much too small for it. The committee were, however, spared the trouble of making up their minds to a move by the action of events. The Mona Hotel closed its doors, and the hammer of the auctioneer, instead of that of the President, controlled the proceedings at a public meeting. For the nonce, the Playgoers had a name but no local habitation. At this crisis Mr. Cecil Raleigh came forward, and at a general urgency meeting held at the Caledonia Hotel early in 1892, laid before the Club the result of certain negotiations he had been conducting with Messrs. Gatti, of the Adelphi Galleries. The issue was that the Club entered at once into the tenancy of the second floor of 410, Strand, where it somewhat changed its complexion and constitution, being possessed, for the first time in its existence, of spacious and wholly desirable premises, and able to offer its members all the advantages of an ordinary West-end social club; a room in which to meet, talk, write, read, dine, sup, and play cards, the only limitation being that, situated as these admirable and central rooms are, over licensed premises, the hours of Bruce determine their nightly closure. The subscription, which had varied with the fortunes of the Club, was raised again to a guinea, and a slight and varying, according to the time of year, entrance fee imposed. And that is how matters stand at present.

A few words remain to be added about the government of the

Club. Private reasons induced Mr. Addison Bright to resign the Presidency; and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome was elected and reigned in his stead. He in his turn, after a sovereignty of some seasons, was succeeded by Mr. Grein, whom the Independent Theatre had made a man of fame. The new office of Vice-President was instituted, and Mr. Cecil Raleigh chosen for it. Mr. Percy House, to whom the Club owes so very much more than to its ornamental officers, became Hon. Secretary and so continues. In October, 1892, a resolution, the result of one of those curious cabals common to all self-governing bodies, was passed disqualifying President and Vice-President for re-election at the end of their twelve months of office; and Mr. Carl Hentschel and Mr. Guy Repton became President and Vice-President respectively. A weak point about the Playgoers' is its library. This should be the best place of dramatic reference in London; but we regret to say hardly the shadow of a nucleus has been cast on its walls. It is a defect we hope to see mended by the generosity of members and prudent grants in aid from the Committee.

The great field day of the Club is its annual dinner. At the beginning it was held at the Bodega in Oxford Street, then at the Holborn Restaurant; but for the last two years at the Criterion. Last January, when Mr. Irving was the special guest, 420 sat down to welcome him, and a record of success was established which it will be difficult to break. The Club programme last year covered ten lectures and debates, papers being read by Mr. H. A. Jones, Mr. Zangwill, Mrs. Aveling, Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, Mr. Charles Coborn, and others; one discussion on a play—"King Lear," numerous ladies' concerts—one being all of classical music—and smoking concerts, Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mr. John Shine being the most especial favourites at the latter; two informal suppers, two large launch parties to Henley, a ball at the Portman Rooms, and the annual dinner. There is a tacit understanding that all candidates for the Club should be lovers of the drama; but their only qualification is that they shall possess a guinea, know two members of the Club, and satisfy the committee as to being fit and proper persons. The Club consists, as regards its greater bulk, of men who pay for their seats at the playhouse in stalls, circles, pit and gallery, a certain percentage being inveterate first-nighters; but also of dramatists, most of the leading playwrights of the day being members; of actors, who are generously represented; and of critics. Its headquarters, which are comfortable and pleasant, are situated in the dead centre of the metropolis of the English-speaking stage-land, the Strand. The catering and service are guaranteed by the proprietors of the restaurant beneath. It

offers a valuable *pied à terre* in the West to provincials and City men concerned and unconcerned with stage affairs. It is probably the most democratic little body in London—no class is unrepresented in its singularly homogeneous composition.

R. JOPE SLADE.



Plays of the Month.

"A LIFE OF PLEASURE."

A Spectacular Drama of Modern Life, in five acts, by SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS and HENRY PETTITT.

First produced at Drury Lane Theatre, on Thursday evening, September 21st, 1893.

Norah Hanlan ..	Mrs. BERNARD BEERE.	Michael Hanlan ..	Mr. STEPHEN CAFFREY.
Lady Mary Clifford ..	Miss LILY HANBURY.	Sergeant Perkins ..	Mr. CLARENCE HOLT.
Phyllis De Belleville ..	Miss LAURA LINDEN.	Sir John Berkley ..	Mr. ROBERT SOUTAR.
Lady Nellborough ..	Miss LE THIÈRE.	Captain Danby ..	Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS.
Desmond O'Brien ..	Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.	Doctor Delamere ..	Mr. STANDLEY WADE.
Captain Chandos ..	Mr. ARTHUR DACRE.	Dennis O'Rourke ..	Mr. STANISLAUS CALHAEN.
Lord Avondale ..	Mr. FRANK H. FENTON.	Larry Doolan ..	Mr. MAURICE DREW.
Isidore Scasi ..	Mr. WILLIAM ELTON.	Private Smithers ..	Mr. JOSEPH CAVE.

Sir Augustus aspires to make his National Theatre the National Valhalla. None but national heroes admitted, and no admittance except on business. The heroes of the Armada and the Restoration have fought their battles o'er again within its hallowed walls, and now it is the turn of our Tommy Atkinses in Burmah. Drury Lane supersedes the Victoria Gallery at the Crystal Palace; and in lieu of mere painted gallantry there is the real thing, the coveted Cross earned before our very eyes. This in fact is what may be seen, clouds of gunpowder smoke and haze of drama notwithstanding.

Out in Burmese wilds a handful of English, weary with harassing skirmishes, learn that the enemy is in force to cut them off from the main body. Exhausted, famished, desperate, the gallant fellows in grim silence stand to arms. Quietly but with lightning speed the camp is struck. The word "March!" is given, and with faint hope of ultimate success the troops make for the jungle. Just one ray of hope there is—if news can be carried to their comrades of the sore straits they are in. But the task is one of deadly peril; the messenger must run the gauntlet of death a dozen times before he can hope to win the distant force. Terrible as the danger is, however, the hour brings the man. A young officer, downy and soft enough in piping times of peace, but hard as nails in war, claims, badly wounded as he is, the post of honour. Roughly

bandaged up, he is set upon his horse, and with a cheer away he rides, for dear life—his brother officers', his men's, his own. The Dacoits are in his path, but with a rush, a leap, and a scramble, he clears a yawning chasm and is off. Then comes the tug of war. The Burmese press on; with unbroken front the Englishmen retire. In the pitchy gloom, a rushing river and noisy cataract are reached. Nothing is heard but the Captain's cheery voice, the roar of the water, rifles cracking, and ever and anon a cry as a bullet hits its mark. Stubbornly the redcoats hold their own while a bridge is thrown across, and the horses and guns, with a clatter and crash, sweep into position on the farther bank. The battle is over then. Tongues of flame dart from the Gatlings and the Nordenfelts. A storm of bullets is poured across the stream. Sheets of devastating fire light up the black ravine with fitful glare. The huddled masses of Dacoits, mown down by an awful hail of lead, break and flee, and the hard-fought fight is won.

The curious will want to know what all this battle, and murder, and sudden death has to do with "A Life of Pleasure" and the frail colleen whose gilded infamy gives the play its name; but Drury Lane is not for the curious, but the simple, who will treat it as the fly in amber—just wonder "how the devil it got there," and pass on to other things. As a fact, the reason for the Burmese episode is that Sir Augustus and his partner are, like James Hinton, believers in the "Philosophy of Change." After the pity and the pain of an eviction in the wilds of county Clare, and the joy of Mr. Henry Neville's providential arrival from the States to down with the dust and send the emergency men skipping; after a lounge upon the velvet lawn at Skindle's with the vociferous Irish blacksmith's giddy girl, and a laze in her Cleopatrician barge under Cliefden Woods; after the Empire Theatre promenade, with its curled darlings and Daughters of Joy, and a very rousing—and sousing—encounter between this betrayed and deserted lady (in alliance with a bottle or champagne) and the villainous head of her gallant "protector," what better relief could be devised than a plunge into a gloomy defile and a hand-to-hand struggle with Dacoits. Obviously none. Therefore, Sir Augustus giving us always of his best, we get it, and that is all that need be said. Mighty pretty is the ingenuity Mr. Pettitt displays in dovetailing the pieces of his puzzle, and it is fairly easy to follow how and why the blameless hero is saddled with a seduction he never even contemplated; *Norah*, the colleen, is dazzled by a specious scoundrel, and scorns the honest son of the soil; and, in the absence of a shred of evidence, innocent men are held guilty, and *vice versa*, till the moment before the curtain falls. This how and why, nevertheless, depends to a large extent upon the actors. They revel in their work, and, what is more, excel in it. Mrs. Bernard Beere, happily rid of *Toscas*, *Lenas*, *Fedoras*, and the rest of the morbid tribe, sweeps everything before her as the passionate, impulsive Irish girl. Her Empire scene—a fiery *Camille* at bay—leaves the triumphs of melodrama far behind, and wakes her audience to enthusiasm. Mr. Neville is her loyal lover—how fervent and how manly may be known by giving a thought to the sturdy fellows

he has often pictured, the *Clancartys*, *Browdies*, *St. Cyrs*, *Bob Brierleys*, and who shall say how many more. Mr. Arthur Dacre is a smooth villain, with a tongue as silky as his hat; and he has the pluck, thanks be, to suicide without an *apologia pro sua morte* for the columns of the *Chronicle*. Miss Linden and Mr. Nicholls are the laughter-makers, excellently fitted as a music-hall singer and a dandy soldier; but Mr. Nicholls at one moment gets clear of his low comedy, and, as the hero of the struggle in the ravine, plays with a sobriety and a genuine feeling which suggest that too many years have been wasted in putting an antic disposition on. Nor must Mr. Elton's return pass unrecorded, though the Conventional comic Jew is utterly beneath so clever and versatile a player. But many good, sound actors are wasted on "A Life of Pleasure," as a glance at the cast will reveal, and the play as a popular appeal consists practically of that bracing bulldog grapple in the hills of Burmah—a bit of real battle, such as Englishmen always take delight in.

"THE TEMPTER."

A New Play, in four acts, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

First produced at the Haymarket Theatre, on Wednesday evening, September 20th, 1893.

The Tempter	Mr. TREE.	Steersman	Mr. REDMOND.
Prince Leon of Au- vergne	Mr. FRED TERRY.	1st Sailor	Mr. MARK PATON.
Earl of Rougemont ..	Mr. HOLMAN CLARK.	2nd Sailor	Mr. ROBINSON.
Sir Gilbert Morbec ..	Mr. FULLER MELLISH.	Franklin	Mr. MONTAGUE.
Sir Gaultier de Florac	Mr. A. H. REVELLE.	Cellarer	Mr. COWIS.
Father Urban	Mr. F. EVERILL.	The Lady Isobel of Carmayne	Miss JULIA NEILSON.
Drogo Pound	Mr. G. W. ANSON.	The Lady Avis of Rougemont	Mrs. TREE.
Host	Mr. CHARLES ALLAN.	Sarah Pound	Mrs. E. H. BROOKE.
Master of the Vessel..	Mr. BALDIE.	Lettice	Miss IRENE VANBRUGH.
Boatswain	Mr. WYATT.		

Shorn of its embroidery, its pretentious adornment, Mr. Jones's tale is at once tragical and human. Betrothed in childhood, an affianced pair have never since then met. Journeying to ratify their vow, they do meet; but the knight remains unknown to his lady. In her train is a cousin, a lovelier woman still. The man's heart goes out to her, and hers to him. Conscious of their disloyalty, they fight against the love, the hunger of desire, that rages in them. But in vain. Passion spurs them on, and they obey its dictates. Their frailty is bruited abroad, and the woman harbours the belief that her lover has boasted of his conquest. He on his side too readily listens to calumnious report, and sets her down a wanton. A quarrel ensues, wild words are bandied to and fro, and the woman, mad with fury, stabs him to the heart. Could anything be simpler, truer, more dramatic? Could the course of lawless passion be traced with a firmer hand? Unfortunately, however, Mr. Jones had a devil in his eye; and here, there, and everywhere he must tack on this corporeal Devil to his human folk. They can do nothing, say nothing, go nowhere, without this gibing vagabond thrusting his nose into their business, and trailing at their heels. He hampers and hinders them all amazingly—seeing where his interest lies, and how prone they are to damn themselves—and the marvel is that he is not by one and all consigned to hell, instead of *vice versa*. Room for a Devil there was if Devil there must be—a stealthy whispering embodiment of the Devilish thoughts

of the guilty pair. Through him their lust and treachery might have found voice—the Devil in them, that is to say, become articulate and palpable. Such a Devil would at worst have retarded the action of the play but little, and we should have enjoyed a piquant novelty in having the floating, half-formed dreams and longings of man and maid frankly delivered *ore rotundo*. But Mr. Jones's Devil is merely a loquacious busybody. When we want to see *Isobel* and *Leon* conniving at a squeeze and a kiss behind the door, he must come wearying us with horrific accounts of his tortures of damned souls, which we know he has read in Kipling. When we are waiting for the virgin *Avis* to feel mysteriously drawn to the unknown knight, or to resent her cousin's vileness when the truth is known, he monopolises attention to "loose off" against Canterbury, woman, or the moon, like a costermonger who can talk blank verse. If anyone indeed could achieve that feat known as "talking the hind leg off a donkey," this would be the man. And the worst of it is that with all the incessant toil, working himself (and us) to death over a lot of people who appear to be doing quite well—from a Devilish point of view—without him, he is not one penny the gainer in the end. For a godly friar has the last word, and out of his holy wisdom he avers that "all evil and all wrong that men Endure and do . . . are but as pebbles thrown into a pond; and the smooth water doth not sooner close over a pebble with the returning calm, than Heaven's forgiveness drowns and hides man's sin!" So that all the Devil's labour and talk is vain; his threats are bounce; his power a myth; and his only victims we who have had to hear him out! Exorcise this demon, however, and the play is pure drama, fine in conception, noteworthy in execution. It glows with the fervour of romance. The passions which drive the characters on to tragic issues are lusty, the passions of women and of men. With a wonderfully delicate touch, Mr. Jones has written the scene of the lovers' first meeting after the Rubicon is passed. If it be not pure poetry, it is at any rate pure humanity, a scarce inferior thing. Picturesqueness reigns supreme in every act. Prince Leon's bark labouring in a furious sea, the Devil at the helm, and all the powers of Darkness ranged against her; the creeper-covered Fleur-de-Lys Inn; the pillared and groined guest-room at St. Werburgh's Abbey; the woodland bower, and ivy-clad cathedral walls, are each and all as beautiful as art can make them, and not a scene but is warmed with some dramatic fire. *The Tempter* apart, Mr. Jones has indeed achieved a very moving tragedy, and wrought it with a restraint, a depth of passion, and a command of poetic thought surprising in the author of "The Dancing Girl." He has, moreover, with this work breathed new life into the dead bones of romance, and that should be accounted to him for righteousness. First in the list of actors stands, of course, Mr. Tree. *The Tempter* is a showy part, but makes no demand upon Mr. Tree's higher qualities. The sardonic side he finds as easy as A B C, and the Kiplingesque lurid and terrific he lends startling colour to. In denying him the attribute of humanity, Mr. Jones handicaps him sadly, for Mr. Tree, to my thinking, is first among the humanest

actors we possess. Miss Neilson and Mr. Terry are delightfully fervent and romantic. Both miss the tragedy a little. There is less feeling in their work than vehemence and vigour, and Miss Neilson in particular tears several passions to tatters, to very rags; but nothing could have been better than the shy, shamefaced meeting already spoken of, acted as it was to perfection by both. Mrs. Tree, as "Saint" *Arix*, is exactly fitted with one of those willowy, pallid, interesting heroines—just a wee bit too pure and good for human nature's daily food—whom she plays so well. The verse falls from her lips like gentle music. Every pose is a picture; each movement grace itself. And one fine speech, the inevitable dream speech, is delivered with stirring intensity. Of the rest, Miss Vanbrugh stands easily first, with a singularly clever piece of work in a tiny but terribly difficult part. As a whole, the play is as well acted as it is staged, and that is saying much; even ridiculously subordinate parts falling to players like Mr. G. W. Anson and Mr. Everill.

"SOWING THE WIND."

A New and Original Play, in four acts, by SYDNEY GRUNDY.

First produced at the Comedy Theatre, on Saturday evening, September 30th, 1893.

Mr. Brabazon	Mr. BRANDON THOMAS.	Glossop	Mr. CHANDLER
Mr. Watkin	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.	Webb	Mr. J. BYRON.
Ned Annesley	Mr. SIDNEY BROUGH.	Rosamund	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.
Lord Petworth	Mr. IAN ROBERTSON.	Hon. Mrs. Fretwell	Miss ROSE LECLEBQ.
Sir Richard Cursitor	Mr. EDMUND MAURICE.	Maud Fretwell ..	Miss ANNIE HUGHES.
Mr. Deakin	Mr. WILL DENNIS.	Bridget	Mrs. CAMPBELL BRADLEY.

In a Marcus Stone room in a cottage at Fulham—Fulham, A.D. 1833—sit two quaint figures, also of the (Marcus) Stone age. Like Dogberry, they have everything handsome about them. Rosebud chintzes, grandfather chairs, spinet, and Sheraton half-moon buffet, all are pretty enough to engage their eyes, and employ their tongues; but none of these pretty things concern them. The pale young beauty and the silver-haired old widower have left the shallows for the deeps, and both are in troubled waters.

Almost as dear to his childless heart as a child of his own would be is the adopted son of this wealthy and well-born Mr. *Brabazon* of Barchester; and dearer to *Rosamund Athelstane* than herself is the same young blood, *Ned Annesley*. And because the kindly old man has vainly tried to tear his infatuated boy from her embrace, and because she has of her own free will released her lover, banished him, cut herself adrift from him for ever, they two sit face to face and in the shadow of their grief see nothing of the sunny beauty of *Rosamund's* bower. What she has done, she has done for love. She admits the force of the world's objection. A "singing woman" of dubious birth, she grants her unfitness to be this young squire's bride. But where does the unfitness lie? That is the question to which she must in justice have an answer.

She is the child of a notorious woman! Oh, yes. But what fault is that of hers? Her father is unknown to her; her childhood and her girlhood she passed with her wretched mother. Is that her crime? She has lived through scenes to recall which scorches her brain and stops her heart; she earns her own bread as a singer; she loves *Ned*; she is loved

by him ; but is any one of these calamities her fault ? No. The shame she and her dead mother have to bear ; but the sin is her unknown father's. His was the sin of her mother's fall ; his desertion the primal cause of her mother's infamous life ; he is her foe, her sorrow, her curse ; and upon him, when right and wrong are disentangled, will lie all the burden. What proof has she of her mother's innocence, for that would mend matters vastly ? A letter but now delivered by the dead woman's scoundrelly protector. But the woman's own word will not suffice. It may be a lie. In the war of sex against sex, what will not a woman say to win. The old fellow will take the side of the man. "Baby Brabant" was an infamous wretch, and was doubtless deserted because she had deceived. "Speak no slanders of my mother," cries the girl, "and call her by her proper name—call her Helen Gray." And the old man staggers, stricken dumb. For in his youth he loved wisely, loved too well ; but too readily he listened to the voice of calumny, and parted from the woman he loved ; and all his life long he has mourned his lost faith and happiness, and the name of the woman he loved was Helen Gray. So the girl whom a moment since it would have been a social crime for his adopted son to marry, the girl he has helped to persecute, is his own flesh and blood, the child he has all his life hankered to love, and prayed for (as he thought) in vain,

This scene, most tenderly, movingly written, really ends the play ; but mechanical complications necessitate a concluding act of anti-climax, to which, however, the touching humiliation of the father before his deeply-wronged child would reconcile the greatest stickler for proportion. But by the scene described the play is judged, and its passion and power ensure the success of the whole. Never has Mr. Grundy written more telling dialogue, never more surely has he, in following Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Henley (even into their special period of "Beau Austin") with a *Duel of Sex*, probed the hearts of a pure woman and a chivalrous, warm-hearted man. Never, too, has a play of his enjoyed better acting. As *Mr. Brabazon*, Mr. Brandon Thomas, long-looked-for, come-at-last, as a leading man, presents the stage with the most lovable and affecting old fellow conceivable. A little uncertain, perhaps, about the volume of emotion wanted, he knew no uncertainty about its depth and truth, and this one scene established him as the only *père noble* of the English stage. Miss Emery, long since the ideal *Clarissa*, is also of necessity the ideal representative of wronged maidenhood in general, and a tendency to play in too subdued a tone, notwithstanding her passionate defence of trusting womanhood, enormously strengthens her claim, as an emotional actress, to a position in the very front rank. And as with the chief parts, so with the minor ones ; all were admirably filled. Mr. Maude, more happily suited than of late, added one more quaint figure, this time a testy old cynic, to his catalogue of eccentric worthies. Mr. Ian Robertson and Mr. Maurice, as a withered debauchee and a rakish young booby, were most effective ; Miss Leclercq and Miss Hughes managed in a bare five minutes to stamp

an impression upon their too brief scenes of old-world formality and measured grace; and Mr. Brough, taking his place at last as a *jeune premier*, and pressing into service all his boyish sincerity and frankness, made of *Ned Annesley* so comely and honest a fellow as it would puzzle any other young English actor of the day to represent. Mr. Comyns Carr's first managerial venture thus won an emphatic and instant success.

"THE FORESTERS."

A Woodland Masque, in four acts, by ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, with music by SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

First produced in London, at Daly's Theatre, on Tuesday evening, October 3rd, 1893.

Richard Cœur de Lion	Mr. GEORGE CLARKE.	Old Much	Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT.
Prince John	Mr. JOHN CRAIG.	Young Scarlet	Mr. LLOYD DAUBIGNY.
Robin Hood, Earl of Huntingdon	Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.	Pursuivant	Mr. RANKIN DUGAL.
Sir Richard Lea	Mr. HENRY LORAINE.	Three Lank Re-tainers	MESSRS. THOMAS, LESOIR, HICKMAN.
The Abbot	Mr. LLOYD LOWNDES.	Three Merry Beg-gars	MESSRS. BRIDGLAND, WILKS, LESOIR.
The Sheriff of Nottingham	Mr. CHARLES LECLERCQ.	Three False Friars	MESSRS. SAMPSON, WHARNOCK, POWELL.
A Justiciary	Mr. WILLIAM GILBERT.	Kate	Miss CATHERINE LEWIS.
A Mercenary	Mr. CAMPBELL GOLLAN.	The Old Woman of the Hut	Miss FLORENCE SEYMOUR.
Walter Lea	Mr. ROBB HARWOOD.	Titania	Miss HASWELL.
Little John	Mr. HERBERT GRESHAM.	First Fairy	Miss GASTON MURRAY.
Friar Tuck	Mr. WILLIAM OWEN.	Maid Marian	Miss ADA REHAN.
Will Scarlet	Mr. HOBART BOSWORTH.		

It seems a pity that well-nigh the last act of the Laureate was to tamper with a page of history dear to us all. Whether Robin Hood lived or was a legendary creature matters nothing. We all, as children, imbibed him and his Merrie Men in Lincoln Green at wisdom's fount, and if we must have him, why, let us have him as we knew him then. A chivalrous brigand, a foe of oppressors, a friend to the oppressed, this mediæval John Burns, with a feather in his bonnet and a sword on his thigh, cut a truly gallant figure in his forest fastnesses of Sherwood. And what of his "little friend" Maid Marian—that peerless maid—seeing that Catriona is but a dream? Marian, who in all that becomes a man, was a man; and in all that becomes a woman, more than woman. Are these the *Marian* and *Robin* of the Laureate? By no means. Marian up-to-date should be at the Savoy, singing "twenty lovesick maidens we." Not Marian, but Mariana of the Moated Grange, she sits and sings her love. She isn't even sure of the lover she sighs for, and must learn the truth of the fairies! Truly, a mere shadow of the queenly Marian of old. And Robin! He is in worse plight still. Robin up-to-date has a conscience. He looks back and peers ahead. Has he been good? Can he be better? And is it wrong to rob, even if his robbing benefits the poor? Out on him for a writer in the Pseudonym Library. He is dizzy with the introspection fever, and in Sherwood must have been deposed after his first speech. None of this would have mattered had the Masque dealt with the loves of Baron de Bouchier and Maid Marehan; but wantonly to blur those glorious pictures of the outlaws, wilfully to set up images of clay where had stood idols of pure gold, was a sin for which not even the Laureate's exquisite lyrics could atone. Forgetting *Robin* and *Marian*, however, if that be possible, there was much in the Masque to delight in; and the

prettiest scene of all was the Maid's converse with the fairy folk. She is in the heart of the forest, with *Robin* as guard, and a prolix papa to chaperon her. Like *Marguerite*, she is perturbed. Her heart is heavy with love's wonderment. "Does he, does he love me?" The great oaks rustle in the dying breeze. The cuckoo calls, and twittering sleepily the birds tu-wheet tu-wheet "good night." Sombre shadows fall and darkness drops upon the dell. "Does he, does he love me?" The words float faintly on the air, the maiden sinks upon a mossy bank, and sleeps. Mystic strains of music rise, and as the moon pierces through the leafy screen to kiss her form and wrap her in a haze of silver light, from under-wood and fern, from beach and oak and elm, dart and glide and trip myriad elves. Back and forth and round and round they flit, pearl-grey drift of gossamer, waving tiny hands and flashing from their dewy wands sparkles, rose and green and blue and diamond white. And circling round the sleeping maid, with childish chant they ease her heart.

For you love him, and he loves you.

Both be happy, and adieu

For ever and for evermore. Adieu!

Adieu! With that word the spell is broken, and, radiant in a golden mist, *Maid Marian* awakes, to see her fairy comforters dissolving into fern and brake again. Upon this, fancy and melody had wrought their best; and the outcome was enchanting. And there were other pictures worth remembering. Visions of the *Maid*, in wondrous pale gold hair, a lily in her hand, sighing her heart out for its doleful *Robin*; of a merry dance within his frowning castle walls; of the *Earl* himself, gorgeous in velvet and silk, and cross-gartering and shoes of cloth of gold; of *Marian* masquerading as a Red Cross Knight and, like *Viola*, bingling sadly, when it came to crossing swords with her purblind swain; and finally of the buffet play twixt *Cœur de Lion* and the outlaws, a dangerous piece of comedy, saved by Mr. George Clarke, who, bearing himself like a king, with rare dignity and skill kept ridicule at his mailed arm's length. Then the music, written in Sir Arthur Sullivan's hauntingest mood, could not be denied a place in memory. Love-songs, carols, lullabys, full-bodied English choruses, all were delicious. And the acting of Miss Rehan, even though we had seen it all before, in *Rosalind* and the *Country Girl*, that too was queenly and beautiful, as indeed it always is. And Mr. Bourchier was a cause of satisfaction, declaiming right roundly, and promising to fill the place of Mr. Terriss for the coming generation. But even these delights were no compensation for our lost *Marian* and her King of Sherwood; and the first word is also the last, it was a pity that the Laureate's rippling verse, and Sir Arthur's haunting melodies, and Mr. Daly's exquisite scenery and ethereal fairies, and Miss Rehan's captivating genius, were wasted on so trivial a story about so emasculate a pair.



Some Amateur Performances.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" AT THE GRANGE, CLAPHAM COMMON.

Oh that it were possible to more fully develop the penny-in-the-slot system. True, it has been greatly extended. Already it runs Whiteley hard for his claim to the title of universal provider. Do we not utilise it for our drama? Only then—as Mr. Archer recently pointed out—it is a thousand-pound note that does the trick. You put it in the slot, take out the melodrama, and replace the drawer. So simple, and yet so effectual. Even the gas companies avail themselves of its services. The insertion of a penny will secure to the gas consumer light for the evening, and freedom from the haunting thought of a nightmare gas bill as long as his arm. Ah, it's a grand invention—the discovery of the nineteenth century; but I want to see it developed. I should like, for instance, to see one that would meet the requirements of actors. What a boon it would have been at the open-air performance at Clapham, now, if the expenditure of a humble copper on the part of two or three of the players would have secured to them, at least for the evening, some measure of poetry and graceful sentiment. Not that they had any excuse for lacking inspiration. Where every prospect pleased—as it did in the charming grounds lent for the occasion—with nature set, as it were, to the music of Shakespeare's verse, what possible excuse had the actor for being the only jarring note? Emphatically none, but nevertheless matters would have looked black, indeed, for the poetical side of the play had it not been for Miss Florence Bourne. In Miss Bourne, fortunately, the company possessed an actress who was fully equal to the emergency. With all the weight of the comedy element matched against her—and the actors were uncommonly strong in this department—and with nothing more than the flabbiest support elsewhere, Miss Bourne might well have been daunted at the task before her. But was she? Not a bit of it. Poetry might be at as high a premium as coals, but she was perfectly prepared to prove herself an inexhaustible fount. Heart and soul she flung herself into the opposite scale, and to her, and her alone, was due the credit of restoring its balance to the play. All that Miss Bourne does is touched with the most delicate poetic feeling, but her *Viola* was specially remarkable for its truth, tenderness, and purity. The comedy element, as I have said, was safe as the most exacting of critics could desire, the light fantastic Fool of Mr. Herbert Basing, the quaintly precise *Malvolio* of Mr. Alexander Watson, the richly-toned *Sir Toby* of Mr. Beverley, the deliciously imbecile *Sir Andrew* of Mr. Taylor, and the infectious spirits of Mrs. Barry, all combining to raise the lighter scenes to a pinnacle of success.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" AT HELMCOTE.

There's not the least doubt about it. That automatic machine for the supply of poetical sentiment would, like every freshly-started periodical, meet a distinct and long-felt want. There's a big fortune for the man who can only manage to master the initial difficulties. At Helmcote it was even more sorely needed than at Clapham, for the players at the former, unfortunately for them, could boast no Miss Bourne. In Miss Daisy Barrow they had a graceful little actress of pretty voice and gentle mien, but not one with a firm and steady hand to hold the helm against the strongly-flowing tide of comedy. So she, too, was swept along on its breast, the serious interest went for exactly nothing at all, and the day was the comedians'. At Helmcote, these were not the peers of the little band at Clapham, but still they were up to very fair amateur form.

Their intentions were of the best—so were their spirits—and if their performance came something short of the superlative, it was rather their limited experience than their intelligence that was in fault. They had nothing but instinct to guide them, and here and there instinct played the part of will-o'-the-wisp instead of guiding star, and landed them perilously near a quagmire. Still, upon the whole, they kept fairly straight, and perpetrated nothing that deserves unparliamentary adjectives. The lusty *Sir Toby* of Mr. Hugo Valentine and the weak-kneed *Aguicheek* of Mr. Tresham Maybury were speedily established as firm favourites with the audience, and Mr. Herbert Barrow's *Malvolio*, if something lacking in detail and finish, was noticeable for its marked discretion and perception of character.

"DEBTS OF HONOUR" AT THE BIJOU THEATRE.

And talking of will-o'-the-wisps reminds me that there is a bone to be picked with the anonymous author of the new four-act comedy which made its appearance on the boards of the Bijou Theatre. It isn't the usual bone. The accusation of dulness cannot be cast in his teeth. The evening did not go to swell the ever-growing list of wasted hours which cry aloud for vengeance. No, he supplied us with an interesting three hours, right enough, as per contract. We had our pound of flesh, but he need not have given us "double, double toil and trouble" in obtaining it. When we had once struck the trail, why perplex us by starting false ones, from the pursuit of which we returned time after time baffled and discouraged. Very shortly after our introduction to *Stonehurst's* studio in Rome we were on the scent. What was it, you ask? Diamonds—the property of *Fitznorman*, an English milord and a good example of the representative country gentleman, who when he isn't voting with his party is making a bag or a bet. The diamonds—keep your eye on the diamonds, for it's they that will pull you through the evening—are to be inserted in a portrait *Stonehurst* is painting of *Lady Fitznorman*. This *Fitznorman ménage*, by the way, is not an unqualified success. It is young, as *Sakarof*, the mysteriously beneficent Russian Ambassador, remarks, and, for the moment, two hearts have ceased to beat as one. But to return to the diamonds. *Fitznorman* wishes them to be inserted in the picture, his wife objects. He insists, she yields, but, like Beatrice, only upon great persuasion and with her soul in revolt against his authority. Here, then, is an opening for a Tempter. The author has not a mediæval gentleman handy, but a certain *Warren Lee* makes a very efficient substitute. Gambling has been running high in Rome. The *Princess Sakarof* is amongst those whose wings are singed. She is heavily in *Lee's* debt, and he is turning on the screw. Both are witnesses of the scene between the *Fitznormans*. On the one side, therefore, *Lee* has a woman made desperate by his dunning, on the other, a woman wrought up to a pitch at which she is ripe for anything that will spite her husband. What's the result? Yes, you have it. *Lady Fitznorman* is to be enticed into play, and, by fair means or foul, the *Princess* is to get possession of the diamonds and pass them on, in payment, to *Lee*. The means are foul, as it happens. *Lady Fitznorman* loses heavily and hands over her diamonds in pledge to the *Princess*. But possession is nine points of the law, thinks the *Princess*, and when *Stonehurst*, anxious to shield an imprudent wife from her husband's resentment, proposes to redeem them, he is confronted with the unblushing statement that the diamonds were staked and lost, and are not to be redeemed. Now, this meeting in connection with the diamondstakes place at the studio at night, and matters begin to complicate a bit for *Stonehurst*, whose attitude towards *Lady Fitznorman*, by the way, is anything but clearly defined. That she has been playing him off against her husband, and that he, for the moment, is not wholly proof against her charms, seems to be suggested; but as upon this point the author is vague, and the actors vaguer still, I speak under correction. Anyway, there they are, alone together at the studio, as *Fitznorman* believes, and, with a point-blank refusal to credit the assertion made by *Stonehurst's* blind sister that she has been present throughout the interview, he swears that the question of his wife, as well as the question of the diamonds (which had been left in *Stonehurst's* charge), shall pass into his lawyer's hands. Matters are looking pretty black when the *Princess*, to set at rest the question of the diamonds,

offers a revenge. *Lee* works the oracle neatly enough, and again she rises victorious from the table. Short-lived is her triumph, however, for *Miss Stonehurst*—"a damned wide-awakish blind woman," as the baffled adventurer terms her—discovers that it has been won through pricked cards. So the diamonds are restored to *Lady Fitznorman*, and *Lady Fitznorman* is restored to the arms of her husband, and, as I am not in a position to tell you, I trust you are not inquisitive as to the manner in which the latter miracle is accomplished. Well, there it stands, a stirring story enough when stripped of the overgrowth of words and action which, springing up in rank luxuriance, threaten to choke the interest. That they are not weeds is no excuse for their existence. Let them be the choicest blossoms. If they obstruct the growth of the tree they fulfil the dictionary definition of a weed, and they must share the fate of the weed. After all, it's better that the most sparkling flashes of wit should be ruthlessly rooted up than that the whole tree should perish. *Verb. sap.* Mr. Wilde? With considerable cutting, the loose threads drawn together, and the story closely followed up, and entrusted, moreover, to competent hands, "Debts of Honour" should supply an excellent evening's entertainment. At Bayswater, the actors, or the majority of them, afforded fresh proof that few amateurs are equal to touching original work. They can copy well enough—so accurately, sometimes, that you might almost mistake the copy for the original, but when it comes to inventing and building up a part! Ah, that's quite a different thing. In their hands the characters do not add to their stature like the child who, in response to the enquiry as to who made her, suggested that God made her so long, and she "grewed" the rest. They don't grow. They remain as they left their creator's hands. And that's not as it should be. Careful training and painstaking effort were plainly visible, but subtract a couple of actors from the sum total, and nothing particular remains. Mr. Poel was rarely polished and poetical as the chivalrous artist, and—though he let it down again in a curiously conceived emotional scene—worked up the third act capitally, especially the burst of inarticulate rage, introduced with as surprising effect as, according to Mr. Quiller Couch, the big, big D is introduced in "David Balfour." Mr. Alexander Watson, though not wholly at home as the impetuous, overbearing young husband, played with considerable effect, and made the audience feel that *Fitznorman* was not a man to be trifled with. Mr. Hodges is not an incisive actor, but he played with dignity and ease as *Sakarof*. Mr. Leonard Howard, as a confidential servant, gave point to the lines allotted to him. Mr. David Nimmo was energetic, though irritating, as a comic youth, and Mr. Alfred Nimmo was down on the programme as *Warren Lee*. Miss Faulkner was not ineffective as the *Princess* and Miss Everitt showed some promise, though the listless indifference of *Lady Fitznorman* was carried to excess. Mrs. Murray Carson as the phenomenally 'cute blind woman was inclined to be stiff and lacked variety of tone, but every now and again there was a useful bit of work forthcoming from her. Miss Rose Mitchell shines in boys' parts. She does not take kindly to book-muslin and sweet simplicity.

TRIPLE BILL AT THE RICHMOND THEATRE.

Do you remember how, in the course of his London prowls, Washington Irving stumbled across the Charter house, and made the acquaintance of one of the mysterious, black-cloaked, old men whom he had mentally elevated to the dignity of magi? The old pensioner prided himself upon having been something of a traveller—he had been once to France, and only just missed visiting Holland. That he *had* missed it was a keen source of regret to the old man. He would have liked, he said, to have been able to say he had been there. Quoth Irving—Washington, not Henry—"he was evidently a traveller of the simple kind." He didn't care twopence, you see, for the interest of seeing the country, all he wanted was just to be able to say he had been there. Ah, *Messieurs les amateurs*, you aren't so very many leagues removed in spirit from that old pensioner, for all your superior smile. Don't you love to make champion records as dearly as any "wheelman"? Isn't it your proud boast that you have "done" Shakespeare from cover to cover? It's not the slightest use denying it, you know you like to say you've "been

there." It wouldn't matter so much, this little weakness of yours, if only you wouldn't rest content with the boast. But you do. There's so little true artistic feeling about you. You're in such a terrible hurry to stagger your little world by appearing in a new part that you never dream of completing what you begin. There's the part, to be "lightly worn and lightly tossed aside." You no more think of recurring to it time and again with the set purpose of perfecting your work than the old pensioner would of making a second trip to Holland. You have "been there" once, it would be sheer waste of time to repeat your visit. Or if, by chance, you should, it's not with any thought of exploring it afresh, it's only because you "fancy" yourself in the part. So much for the general run of amateurs, and the exceptions are so rare that when we do come across one, perhaps, we may be excused an enthusiastic chortle. Mrs. Dashwood is the *rara avis* in point. Twelve months ago, Mrs. Dashwood acted in these plays that were repeated at the Richmond Theatre, but twelve months ago her performance was very different from what it is to-day. *Nan* in "Good for Nothing" and *Lady Carlyon* in "In Honour Bound" were the parts—nothing very great, perhaps, but quite sufficient to gauge an actress's ability. In both parts, twelve months ago, Mrs. Dashwood showed promise—but little more. Her performance was faulty—very. She had nothing for us but sketches hurriedly dashed off, uncertain in their effects, blurred and rough. Had she been of the general run, without troubling her head any further, she would have hastened on, dashing off similar sketches—all crude and all inartistic. But she was not. Better one finished picture than a score of unfinished sketches, she said, and, being of Richelieu's mind, that there's no such word as *fail*, she set to work afresh. As a consequence, to-day we have performance where before we had but promise. She still has faults to guard against—chief amongst them an unresting fear lest for a moment she should be out of the scene; but her work has the merit of artistic finish, her touch is firm and distinct, she knows exactly what effects she wants, and goes for them straight as a die. Endowed with such an unfaltering resolution to win, I expect to hear something more of this actress. She was very ably backed up at the Richmond Theatre—in Buckstone's comedy by Mr. Trevor and Major Lawrence as the rough diamonds, and Mr. Lowndes, cheery though over highly polished for *Charlie*; and in Mr. Grundy's admirable little drama by Major Davenport, capable, though disposed to be a trifle preachy, as *Sir George*, and by Miss Symons and Mr. Lowndes, a pleasing pair of lovers. To conclude, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke stood security for a harvest of laughter in Mr. Grundy's capital little comedy, "Man Proposes."



Musical Notes.

THE crowning note of the Norwich Festival came very appropriately at the end ; for Mr. Cowen's cantata, "The Water Lily," proved by far the most important novelty produced. Giving scope as it does for the fine dramatic qualities only now and then displayed by this truly poetical and fanciful composer, the work excited an audience prone to embrace romance to remarkable enthusiasm. All the sweet and graceful fancy to be found in Mr. Cowen's earlier compositions can be traced in this work too, but over and above this gift of (what may without depreciation be termed) lesser value, there now stands out a masterful strength and depth of feeling hardly suspected hitherto. The spirit of Wordsworth's poem, vitalized and amplified, breathes in the beautiful strains, and his treatment of Mr. Joseph Bennett's not very inspiring theme adds new radiance to Mr. Cowen's brilliant reputation.

PERHAPS the best performance of the week was that of Handel's master piece, "The Messiah." Voted in some quarters not the thing, and out of date, as though the lofty utterance of genius was ever so, it should be borne in mind that nothing so inspires its interpreters to supreme exertions, sure proof that the fierce flame of genius burns undimmed and undiminished still. The Norwich choristers sang with remarkable fire and precision the grand old choruses, and among the soloists Miss Marian McKenzie, Mr. Norman Salmond, and Mr. Ben Davies, all singing in faultless style, more than sustained their great reputations. A very prominent position was taken by these gentlemen, in company with Miss Anna Williams and Madame Belle Cole, in Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," with which the Festival began. For fervour and purity of style Madame Cole has never excelled, and rarely equalled, her exquisite rendering of "The Lord is Mindful ;" while Mr. Davies created a profound impression by the solemnity of *Stephen's* long recitative, and attained a really pathetic level in the martyr's dying speech.

THE individual successes of the week were, however, reserved for Madame Albani and Mr. Edward Lloyd in the course of Dr. Hubert Parry's "Judith," given under the direction of the composer. Familiar as this fine work is, it never fails to excite ardent admiration, and the nobility of its music is almost equal to exorcising the spirit of treachery and baseness from the story. Madame Albani requires for the full

employment of her great gifts a dramatic opportunity, and this is precisely what the character of *Judith* affords. The intensity thrown into her rendering of the arch-traitoress's music was amazing, and her delivery of "Ho! Ye upon the Walls" at once thrilling and superb. Mr. Lloyd, singing with faultless intonation and virginal purity of style, reserved his chief effort for the Handelian air, "God breaketh the Battle." Here the passion and irresistible power of the singer swept his audience before him, and deafening and exultant shouts of applause broke in upon the continuance of the work. Very dramatic, too, was Mr. Henschel's delivery of *Holofernes'* message, and Mr. Bantock Pierpoint infused great dignity into the music of the *High Priest*. Miss McKenzie was unhappily prevented by a most inopportune and prostrating cold from doing herself full justice.

Mr. BARNETT's specially-composed cantata, "The Wishing Bell," charmingly rendered, in chief, by Miss McKenzie and Mr. Trust, proved something of a disappointment, in no sense rivalling his "Ancient Mariner," and in no way adding to the knowledge already possessed both of the skill and limitations of a thorough but scarcely an inspired musician. Disappointing, too, though for another reason, was M. Paderewski's Polish fantasia. Here the failing lay with the executants. English pulses beat but temperately when warmer-blooded folks' are throbbing feverishly, and the composer of a fiery, dreamy, flaming, languorous, tender, passionate rhapsody must not expect the spirit of his work to reveal itself to stolid Teutons. Other difficulties there are; the piano, for instance, as was almost bound to be the case, seeing who the Maestro is, playing an overwhelming part, and demanding a mastery of the instrument practically only in the power of the arch magician himself. The exquisite colouring and sensuous appeal of the work were, however, perceptible through all deficiencies, and its beauty and melody were often moving in the extreme.

"UTOPIA (LIMITED)."

An Original Comic Opera, in two acts, by W. S. GILBERT and SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

First produced at the Savoy Theatre, on Saturday evening, October 7, 1893.

King Paramount	Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.	Sir Bailey Barre,	Mr. ENES BLACKMORE.
the First		Q.C.	
Scaphio	Mr. W. H. DENNY.	Mr. Blushington..	Mr. HERBERT RALLAND.
Phantis	Mr. JOHN LE HAY.	The Princess Zara	Miss NANCY M'INTOSH.
Tarara	Mr. WALTER PASSMORE.	The Princess Ne-	Miss EMMIE OWEN.
Calynx	Mr. BOWDEN HASWELL.	kaya	
Lord Dramaleigh	Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL.	The Princess Ka-	Miss FLORENCE PERRY.
Captain Fitzbat-	Mr. CHARLES KENNINGHAM.	lyba	
tleaxe		The Lady Sophy	Miss ROSINA BRANDRAM.
Captain Sir Ed-		Salata	Miss EDITH JOHNSTON.
ward Coreoran,	Mr. LAWRENCE GRIDLEY.	Melene	Miss MAY BELL.
K.C.B.		Phylla	Miss HOWELL-HERSEE.
Mr. Goldbury ..	Mr. SCOTT FISHE.		

THE return of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert hand in hand to the Savoy may really be considered a national event, for the differences which divided them, or their old ally Mr. D'Oyly Carte from them, or either one from the other two, or whatever way it really was, threatened



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MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM, MISS EMMIE OWEN,
AND MISS FLORENCE PERRY.

"Turn up your little noses."

"UTOPIA, LIMITED."



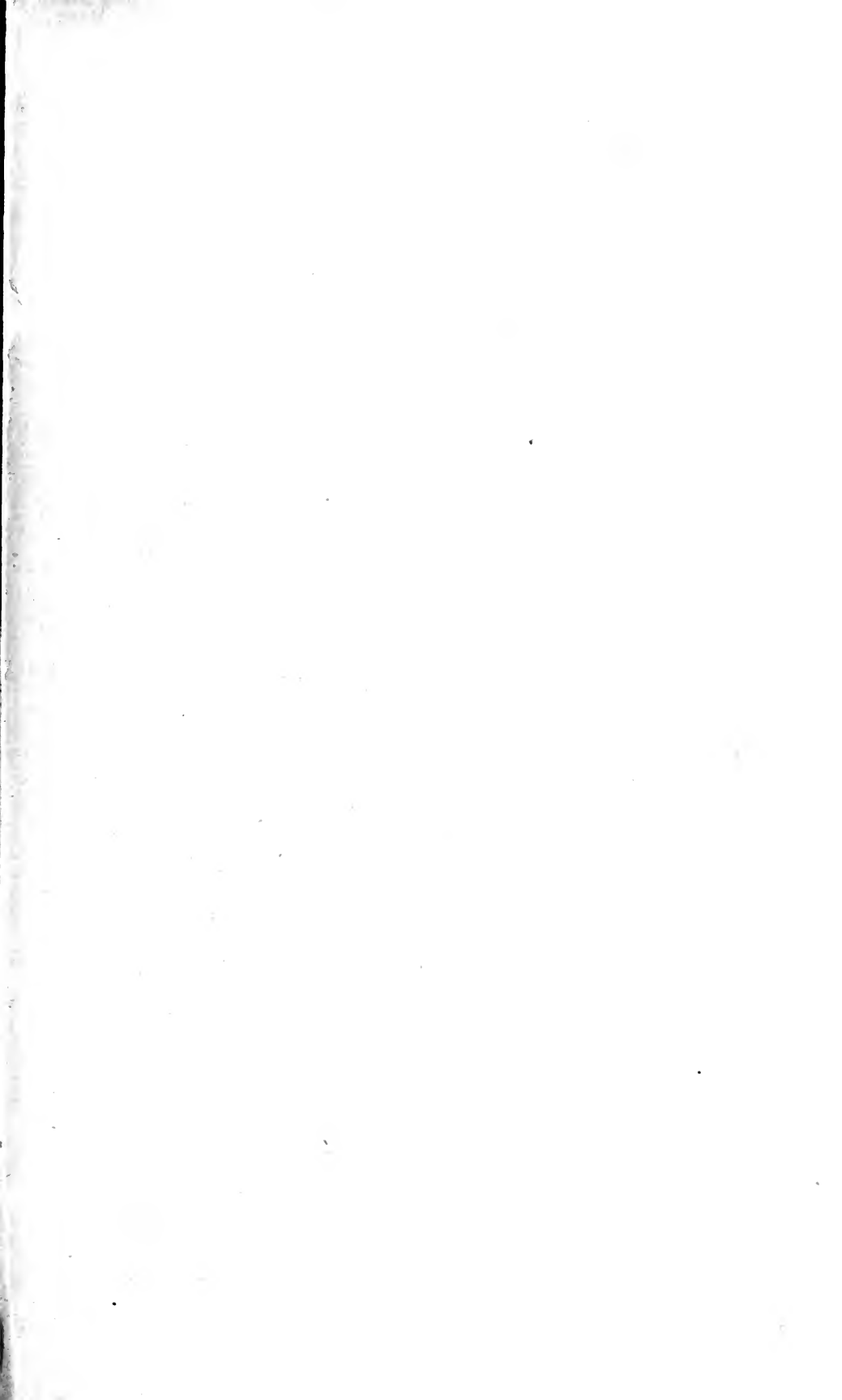
to doom a peculiar form of art to undesired and undesirable extinction. Complete reconciliation as there is, however, the estrangement has partly done its fell work. The famous collaborators are no longer the same men. They have grown sager, soberer; their art has gained in avoirdupois. Frolicsome fantasy, flecked with sentiment, was once the rule, to which they found it impossible to make exception. But "Utopia," though fantastic, is ponderously so; and its sentiment is just a trifle stodgy. Mr. Gilbert has gone too far afield for his whimsicality, and Sir Arthur has suffered from his journey in pursuit. The notion of "Utopia," a State run as a limited liability concern, and all its barbarians and barbarisms Anglicised, seems heavy—"seems, madam, nay, it is"—and all Mr. Gilbert's witty and cynical resources do not entirely hide the fact. He gets a great deal of humour, however, out of England and its Flowers of Progress, its Q.C.'s, Lord Chamberlains, and company promoters, and the chief end and aim of the manager is perhaps attained in providing with Utopia's conversion a background of the most gorgeous description. When Utopians become civilized they naturally rush for presentations, and the Drawing Room scene is one long wallow in satins, velvets, and brocades of marvellous textures and exquisite hues. Sumptuous beyond compare is the mounting, and seeing also that Sir Arthur's melodies, though perhaps less full of lilt and charm than of old, are very beautiful, and show even greater skill than formerly, it may well be that the occasional long-windedness and obscurity of the libretto will pass in the crowd of good things, and the feeble dénouement—the institution of Government by Party as a panacea for all ills—be forgiven. The authors are splendidly served by their actors. Mr. Denny and Mr. Le Hay as two wise men who tyrannise over the despot, *King Paramount*, have too little to do, but their little is faultlessly done. Mr. Rutland Barrington of course takes once more to the Gilbertian deeps as a duck to water. And sweet-voiced singers are Mr. Kenningham and Mr. Scott Fishe. The new prima donna is another discovery of Mr. Gilbert's. Her beauty is Dresdenesque, and her pure sweet voice seems of like fragility; but her acting has grace, and point, and "body" inexplicable in a débutante. Miss Brandram's humour and beautiful contralto voice are delightfully employed in the part of a demure English dame, and two little princesses, her charges, are daintily played by Miss Perry and Miss Owen.



Notes of the Month.

"PEACE with honour" was, after all, the outcome of the war and rumours of war over "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." That disconcerting if captivating lady eventually was not allowed to cause further scandal, or give either of two worthy gentlemen grounds for such great uneasiness as a lawsuit inevitably entails. Mr. Pinero, pardonably nettled though he was, adopted a conciliatory attitude. The disputants met upon Sir George Lewis's neutral territory. Misunderstandings were adjusted, and the upshot was that a note from the pen of Mr. Clement Scott appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, the journal which published the original article that gave offence to Mr. Pinero, to this effect:—"I desire to state that in the article written by me, and published in your paper of August 19th last, I did not intend to suggest that Mr. Pinero had in any way obtained his plot from Paul Lindau's "Der Schatten," or had even heard of that play, and I regret that my comments should have caused Mr. Pinero pain." And thus happily ended the great sensation of the dead season of 1893.

WITH the death of Mr. David James, it might almost be said that one section of the community ceases to be represented on the stage. For the great world of the lower middle-class he did what Mr. Hare and Mr. Alexander have done for the upper strata, what Mr. Irving has done for the creations of romance, and Mr. Tree for "Society" proper—and otherwise. He made everyone feel the truth of the type he presented, the reality of the figure he drew; and on glancing round among his likeliest successors, although many appear capable of picturing the externals of the bourgeois class—the husk of the character—not one seems equal to getting, like him, at the kernel. The rough-and-ready classification of the theatre placed him among the low comedians. That is to say, he was generally expected to keep his audience shaken with laughter; though the privilege of shaking them with sobs was now and then permitted him, this being the low comedian's long-established treat. But he was an actor first, a comedian afterwards. His range was vastly wider than that within which circumstances—and the association of a sad face and unctuous manner—compelled him to move. Pathos he possessed,





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MR. R. JOEP SLADE,
President of the Playgoers' Club.

"Striving to better, oft we mar what's well."

SHAKESPEARE (KING LEAR, *Act I.*)

not only of the conventional bourgeois nature—the broken-voiced, piping-eyed, trumpet-nosed, unrestrained Buttermann kind—the sort that is cheaply and easily got ; but also of the delicate, undemonstrative, difficult order, as the last scene of his faultless *Simon Ingot* in “David Garrick” proved. Intensity, too, he had, as witness the momentary outburst of *Eccles* over the cradle of “yer arristercrettik young pauper,” George “*Dee-Alroy*” junior. And it was an unkind fate which, in linking him with Mr. Thomas Thorne at the Vaudeville and granting him the compensation of a fortune, practically precluded his playing any but one style of part. His sanctified draper in “Two Roses” was so richly humorous that we forgot to ask if this was not waste of talent and time. As a matter of fact, he could have given a good account of *Digby Grant*. His *Grant* would not, of course, have been Mr. Irving’s, that typical swindler of the pompous, condescending class. Rather would it have been modelled on the Clutterbucks and Jabez Balfours, the effusive, genial, suave, greasily-plausible rogues. But the portrait would have been just as true to life. Then in old comedy the richness and roundness of his humour would have worked wonders. If one thinks of Mr. James as *Old Hardcastle*, *Sir Anthony Absolute*, *Bob Acres*, or even (for all his want of manner) *Sir Peter Teazle*, one is repaid by the thought. In modern drama, with what *bon-homie* he would have worn Mr. Sydney Grundy’s unrustable “Pair of Spectacles.” But it was not to be. *Perkyn Middlewick*, the immortal Buttermann of “Our Boys,” was at once his making and his ruin. He was practically never allowed to play anything else. As with Joseph Jefferson and *Rip Van Winkle*, so with David James and *Middlewick*, from the moment he first appeared in this part, it was Buttermann, Buttermann, Buttermann, to the end of his days. What he might have done was tenfold what he did ; but what he did was enough to place him in the very front rank of English actors, enough to keep his memory green for many a day.

MR. R. JOPE SLADE, the new President of the Playgoers’ Club, and a prominent member of the Confraternity of Critics, was born at Torquay in 1857, and educated in his native town and Brussels. Like most writers, he drifted into journalism, drifted until he found himself borne along by the stream, and fairly afloat with the open sea before him. By this time it was 1885, in which year he came to town to write *Pencillings of the Week* in “Land and Water”—work he has never relinquished—and try his fortune as a free lance. In 1888, he was appointed art and dramatic critic to the *Echo*, posts he still retains, and

since then has figured in the columns of more London papers and magazines than can conveniently be catalogued. Of more varied interests and wider sympathies than the dramatic critic in ordinary, who, like the primrose by the river's brim, is merely that and nothing more, Mr. Joep Slade appears as an authority on art in one direction, on yachting in another, and on literature in a third. His first introduction to the Playgoers was through a paper he read to the Club on "A Plea for Conventionality in Art," an effort so vigorous, it seems, that it seated him forthwith in the President's chair. Mr. Slade has a lively pen, wonderful enthusiasm, and a deep-rooted belief in the future of the Club over which he presides; and within a week of his election scored his first official hit by securing no less a star than Mr. Clement Scott to open the Playgoers' season with a lecture on the American and English stage.

SINCE her first appearance as *Madame Favart*, Miss Florence St. John has been merely marking time—though generous Time has not indulged in reciprocal attentions. She has sung, she has played, in many parts, and always like an artist; but her invariable success has been in the teeth of the paralyzing disadvantages of paltry characters and trivial plays. With the revival of "*Madame Favart*" at the Criterion, "the wheel comes full circle," as Mr. H. A. Jones would say, and Miss St. John can begin a new (artistic) life. Someone perhaps will now take the trouble to furnish with a worthy part the sweetest singer and the most versatile comedienne on the comic-opera stage.

COALS and good one-act plays seem the only commodities for which the demand exceeds the supply, and to meet the wide-felt want for the latter article of commerce, Messrs. Dean and Son have just produced a volume of short pieces by Mr. Francis Moore. "*Humorous Plays*" was not the best title imaginable, for several of the contents are not humorous at all; but, on the contrary, very touching. However, it applies to the majority, which are capital, unpretentious little scenes, happily written round bright and original ideas. The collection (consisting of Short Plays, Duologues, and Proverbs in Action) is intended, Mr. Moore says, as an addition to the scanty assortment of pieces suitable for private representation. Having been originally written for this purpose, they involve only a very limited number of characters, and no exceptional amount of dramatic experience. Each is comprised within a single act, and the requirements as to scenery, costumes, and stage appliances are of a simple kind. It is worth noting that all are available for performance, whether in public or private, without payment of any sort.



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MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

"I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

TENNYSON (IN MEMORIAM).



New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from September 12th to October 11th, 1893 :—

(Revivals are marked thus)*

- Sept. 12 "The Fatal Ring," tragedy, in five acts, by F. H. Cliffe (produced for copyright purposes). Ladbroke Hall.
- „ 19* "Dollars and Sense," comedy, in three acts, by Augustin Daly. Daly's.
- „ 20 "The Tempter," play, in four acts, by Henry A. Jones. Haymarket.
- „ 21 "A Life of Pleasure," drama, by Mr. Henry Pettitt and Sir Augustus Harris. Drury Lane.
- „ 25 "The Algerian," opera vaudeville, in three acts, by G. McDonough and R. de Koven. Parkhurst.
- „ 25 "A Modern Don Quixote," musical farcical piece, in two acts, by George Dance; music by John Crook. First produced in London. Strand.
- „ 25 "The Merry Blacksmith," operetta, by E. C. Dunbar. Vaudeville.
- „ 25 "Samson et Dalila," Biblical opera, in three acts, by Camille Saint-Saëns. Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden.
- „ 27 "The Girl I Left Behind Me," ballet, invented by George Edwardes; arranged by M^{de}. Katti Lanner. Empire.
- „ 30 "Sowing the Wind," play, in four acts, by Sydney Grundy. Comedy.
- Oct. 2 "The Plunger," melodrama, in five acts, by D. H. Higgins. Elephant and Castle.
- „ 3 "The Foresters," poetic drama, in four acts, by the late Lord Tennyson. Daly's.
- „ 5* "The Two Johnnies," farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted by Fred. Horner. Trafalgar Square.
- „ 7 "Utopia (Limited); or, The Flowers of Progress." Comic opera, in two acts, by W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Savoy.
- „ 9 "Beyond the Breakers," drama, in four acts, by Sutton Vaue. Grand.
- „ 9 "In Strict Confidence," comedietta, in one act, by Paul Heriot. Comedy.
- „ 10 "Little Christopher Columbus," burlesque, by Geo. R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh. Lyric.
- „ 11* "An American Bride," drama, in four acts, by Lawrence Olde and Maurice Noel. Terry's.

In the Provinces, from September 12th to October 10th, 1893 :—

- Sept. 14 "Settling Day," play, in four acts, by F. A. Scudamore. Opera House, Northampton.



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MISS WINIFRED EMERY AND MR. BRANDON
THOMAS,

IN "SOWING THE WIND."

THE THEATRE.

DECEMBER, 1893.

Miss Winifred Emery:

AN APPRECIATION AND A FORECAST.



O the thoughtful playgoer there can be no more interesting phenomenon than the sudden "arrival" of the younger players of the day. The growth of the new generation has indeed been well-nigh as rapid as that of Jonah's gourd, so suddenly has it sprung up—we might almost say been sprung upon the public. The facts are noticeable enough when we think of our actors—the *jeunes premiers*—Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Mr. George Alexander; the younger comedians, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and Mr. Brandon Thomas; but we appreciate the true strength of the argument only when we come to deal with our actresses. Here the interval between the younger and the older dramatic artists has never been bridged; the transition stage has lasted longer, and has consequently been much more marked. In passing from Mrs. Kendal to Miss Kate Rorke, from Mrs. Beere to Miss Julia Neilson, and from Miss Ellen Terry to Miss Winifred Emery, we are conscious of many gaps. Indeed, one has only to look back carefully over the early eighties to realise the wonderful change that has come over theatrical affairs in this respect.

Who were the leading ladies of the English stage about this time? Of course, I am not referring to Mrs. Kendal or Miss Ellen Terry, to Miss Marion Terry or Mrs. Bernard Beere. The two former ladies were already established favourites; while the two latter, winning their successes rather late in life, form a kind of connecting link between the older and the younger school.

Who, then, were the younger leading ladies between the years
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1880 and 1886? The answer is not difficult. Putting aside migratory stars like Madame Helena Modjeska, Mrs. Langtry, and Miss Mary Anderson, and well-known actresses of the robust drama, like Miss Ada Cavendish and Miss Isabel Bateman, we find three actresses occupying a more or less prominent position in "the coming race"—Miss Mary Eastlake, Miss Eleanor Calhoun, and Miss Alice Lingard. There is little need to recall ancient history, or to record the respective fates of these three ladies. Miss Eastlake and Miss Lingard both made their earlier successes in comedy, and their transference to serious parts was perhaps more or less of a mistake. Neither had much charm, neither had much sensibility, though both possessed a certain measure of rough but genuine power. Miss Eastlake only got one chance she could take advantage of, under Mr. Barrett, and that in a not too successful play—Mr. Grundy's impressive tragedy "Clito." In the scene of Helle's repudiation of her patriot lover, the actress acted with really thrilling effect. Of Miss Lingard pretty much the same may be said. It is in strong rôles that she shows her true mettle. In such plays as "Sister Mary" and "A Million of Money," and in classical works like "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and "La Dame aux Camélias," Miss Lingard plays with undeniable power. Of Miss Calhoun it is more difficult to speak. There seems no reason why she should not dispute the premier place with Miss Emery and Miss Rorke. Beginning, like Mrs. Campbell, with *Rosalind*, this (still) young actress has played *Mabel Vane*, *Dora* in "Diplomacy," *Hester Prynne*, and *Vashti Dethic*—all with genuine charm and sensibility. It is a pity that the English stage should be deprived of the services of so accomplished an artist; and even now Miss Calhoun can hardly be said to be out of the running. These were the actresses who filled the gaps. Very brilliant artists they were not, but they served their turn. Their reign, however, was not destined to be a long one. It lasted barely five years.

Then came the deluge, and since 1886 the English stage has been literally flooded with capable leading ladies. It was about this time that the two most gifted of our younger actresses got their first real chance. Fortunately they had the ability to take advantage of it. Since then Miss Eastlake and Miss Lingard have been in the shade. The lead has passed into the hands of younger artists. Most people know the circumstances under which Miss Winifred Emery and Miss Kate Rorke won their spurs. While the latter lady came to the front as the representative of the heroine in a bowdlerisation of "Tom Jones"—Mr. Buchanan's misnamed "Sophia"—her rival, Miss Winifred Emery,

made her first real hit while understudying Miss Ellen Terry in "Olivia," and subsequently in "Faust." Just as "Sophia" stamped Miss Rorke as an actress of remarkable power and charm in melodramatic parts, so "Olivia" first directed public attention to Miss Emery's suitability for the imaginative drama.

Any dissection of the art of a favourite actress and any comparison of her style with that of her rivals must needs be in some respects an ungrateful task; though some such operation as this seems an indispensable factor in any attempt to discuss Miss Emery's present position and future prospects on the English stage.

Just at present, however, I am not so much concerned with the necessity for contrasting our heroine's methods with those employed by Miss Marion Terry or Miss Kate Rorke, as desirous of arriving at some general idea of Miss Emery's talent. A not unfair estimate of the actress's rank in the dramatic hierarchy would perhaps be conveyed in the assertion that she occupies among "leading ladies" a position similar to that which Mr. Alexander fills among "leading men." Like him, she has a charm of manner, a distinction of style, and a beauty of voice which would in themselves make the fortune of an actress of far inferior ability. And, like her former manager, Miss Emery has a pathos which is present in nearly all her serious work—a true pathos, where "there is the surging of a buoyant wave in the heart, breaking the force of the wave which overwhelms it with dejection."

With Mr. Alexander this gift of pathos threatened at one time to degenerate into a mannerism; but, thanks to "Liberty Hall" and "Mrs. Tanqueray," the danger has been avoided. Miss Emery has never been betrayed into this mistake. Her voice is always charged with earnest feeling, but it is never overloaded with pathos.

But though she will never over-act, she never under-acts; she heeds the advice conspicuous on the Haymarket proscenium. She possesses that highest art of appearing natural. She moves her audience at her will, yet she gets her effects with the very minimum of effort. Another point in which Miss Emery resembles Mr. Alexander is in a certain incapacity for robust work. But just as the last act of "Mrs. Tanqueray" showed the St. James's manager's increase of strength, so of late have Miss Emery's resources been growing proportionately with the demands made upon them. This acquisition of power was first noticeable in the actress's *Vashti Dethic*. Miss Olga Brandon is an actress (probably) of more force than Miss Emery; but, in this rôle at least, the third exponent of Mr. Jones's heroine was more

passionate than her "creator." Then came the New Olympic engagement, over which there was so much ominous shaking of heads. Her experience here gave the young actress breadth of style, without impairing the delicacy of her touch in poetical parts. "Handfast" followed the season with Mr. Barrett. Here, as in "Sowing the Wind," Miss Emery was a beautiful singer of dubious antecedents, with Mr. Cyril Maude as her persecutor. In Mr. Hamilton's play the actress delivered a "Rule Britannia" kind of speech with very telling declamatory power. Then came "The Crusaders," wherein Miss Emery's delightful *Cynthia* hardly bears on our argument. It was, in fact, in "Lady Windermere's Fan" that the young artist's growth of power first attracted general attention. In the scenes of recrimination between husband and wife, and between mother and daughter, Miss Emery displayed real passion. In Mr. Grundy's new play at the Comedy—wherein, as in "That Dr. Cupid," she is the betrothed of a young rake—Miss Emery shows us the high-water mark of her powers. Never has she played in so passionate a part, and never has she more ably risen to the required level. So consistently moving and beautiful a creation the English stage has not seen since the same actress gave us her *Clarissa*.

The third act of Mr. Grundy's play, couched in language of a noble simplicity and pregnancy of which, among our other dramatists, only Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Wilde know the secret, is done the very fullest justice to by both Miss Emery and Mr. Brandon Thomas. And the conjunction of these two names in "Sowing the Wind" suggests some other notable combinations for purposes of dramatic art. In plays dealing with "the great duel of sex," these two artists would make worthy champions of the opposing forces. Miss Emery seems the one actress supremely qualified to represent her sex in that "ancient strife which is the very central fact of life;" and in Mr. Brandon Thomas—an actor who has fully justified the predictions of his powers indulged in by the *Echo* and *The Theatre*—Miss Emery would find a sympathetic colleague for such work. How delightfully she would fill the title rôle in "Denise." And what other actor could you get to fill Got's part of *Brissot* if not Mr. Thomas? Mr. Maude, too, judging from his *Cayley Drummle*, would be admirable as *Thouvenin*. I can only see one reason for Dumas Fils' play being given at the St. James's, and that is Mr. Alexander's suitability for the not too prominent and priggish rôle of the *Count*.

"Clarissa," too, might well be seen in the near future at the Comedy, with Miss Emery in the part which established her fame,

Mr. Brandon Thomas as the *Avenger*, and Mr. Sydney Brough as *Lovelace*. And of course there is "Beau Austin!" Here would be the actress's great opportunity. As *Dorothy Musgrave* she would be above praise. Her physique, her sweet seriousness, her exquisitely modulated tones, her passionate earnestness, and her unsurpassed delivery of dialogue, should nobly equip her for success in the arduous rôle of Stevenson's heroine. And, to stray for a moment into the Shakespearean drama, can any actress on our stage be thought of as more suitable to represent *Isabella's* white passion of purity than Miss Emery? In the great pleading scene of "Measure for Measure" the actress would be at her very best.

What an ear Miss Emery has for delicate inflexions of voice and subtle nuances of dialogue! With what genuine artistry she and Mr. Gould managed the first act of "The Fan." They both caught to a nicety the contrast of tones required. It is the same in comedy, witness the first act of "The Crusaders;" the same in the more poignant passages of a play. Think of the last act of "Clarissa," the exalted inspiration breathed into the scenes with *Lovelace* and the reading of the will. Take the second act of "Sowing the Wind," the parting of *Rosamund* from *Ned Annesley*, or the big scene of the third act. It matters little what the play be; if the dialogue be at all well written, Miss Emery makes her appeal through it with irresistible force. The quiet but touching pathos of *Lady Windermere's* reproach to her husband, "You who have loved me, you who have taught me to love you, to pass from the love that is given, to the love that is bought!" The wonderful soliloquy which reveals the very soul of the young wife as she finds herself alone in *Darlington's* rooms: "And will *he* love me always, this man to whom I have given my life? What do I bring him? Lips that have lost the note of joy, eyes that are blinded with tears!" *Rosamund Athelstane's* passionate vindication of her sex in Mr. Grundy's moving play! All these passages Miss Emery delivers with faultless intonation. Into all of them she infuses a searching pathos, or a throbbing passion infinitely touching.

It is this self-same purity of diction that establishes one of the few points of resemblance between the respective styles of Miss Emery and Miss Marion Terry. Both actresses are admirable elocutionists, both are wonderfully effective in scenes of appeal, both have demonstrated their fitness for imaginative as well as modern work, both, too, are finished comic actresses. But here all likeness ends. Miss Terry has scarcely so sure a touch in the poetic drama as Miss Emery, and she lacks certain physical advantages possessed by the younger actress, but in width of

range she stands without her fellow on the English stage. To pass from the melodramatic anguish of *Henriette Laroque* to the delicate pathos of *Helen Latimer* was something gained; but to grapple successfully with two such different parts as the pure yet passionate *Lady Harding* and the too resourceful yet maternal *Mrs. Erlynne* was a veritable triumph. Nor is this all, for Miss Terry has a beautiful vein of maternal feeling, as evidenced in "Sunlight and Shadow," which would make her the ideal heroine of George Moore's "A Modern Lover." If ever "The Struggle for Life" is revived, Miss Marion Terry should play the *Duchess*; she would easily surpass the English creator of the part.

Now, Miss Emery has hardly manifested the existence of so rare a gift as this, though of course it would be premature to say that she does not possess it. Nor is she likely to rival Miss Terry in the versatility of her powers, though her range is wider, I think, than most playgoers would admit. Indeed, in the modern drama, Miss Emery has scarcely shown the full measure of her ability. Her *Vashti* was rather a novel rôle for her to assume, and her success in it seems to suggest her as the one actress who could give us the true *Rebecca* in "Rosmersholm." Probably, too, Mr. Clement Scott is right in casting her for *Tess* in any dramatisation of Mr. Hardy's great novel. She would act the part beautifully; but is her physique quite suited to so rustic a heroine?

Of course her art has obvious limitations; in the part of a really vulgar, vicious woman, she would fail just as Miss Marion Terry would fail. Physique, temperament, and style all are barriers. A hardness of tone she can assume, but it is the hardness of a proud, pure woman—of *Lady Windermere* or *Hester Prynne*, not the insolent hardness of a *Tosca* or *Mrs. Tanqueray*; and, curiously enough, while unsympathetic vulgarity is rendered by Mr. Cyril Maude with astonishing realism, this actor's wife cannot possibly be vulgar.

Again, Miss Emery was obviously never meant to enact powerfully melodramatic parts. She can move her auditors to laughter or to tears; but administering electric shocks in either comedy or drama is not her forte. Her method is not melodramatic; physique (the lack of lung power) and style (a true and consistent method of characterisation) alike forbid it. Yet, although we can hardly expect Miss Emery to develop into a *Mrs. Kendal*, though perhaps she can never hope to rival Miss Rorke in her more showy parts, there is this much to be said: her rendering of *Leslie Brudenell* would be eminently sympathetic and moving; and surely in the first act of "Diplomacy" would she satisfy even Mr. Scott.

In the Shakspearean drama it is evident that Miss Emery cannot pass beyond certain well-defined limits. As *Juliet*, as *Lady Macbeth*, she would fail, as Miss Ellen Terry has failed before her. She might be successful as *Hermione*, but never as *Constance*, *Queen Catharine*, or the *Shrew*. In the pathetic repertoire of Shakspeare Miss Emery would, however, find her *metier*. *Ophelia*, *Desdemona*, *Imogen*, she would verily embody. And *Portia*, beloved of *Bassanio*, she would play equally well with *Portia* beloved of *Brutus*. But, though Miss Emery can safely be pitted against Miss Terry in these parts, there are two characters at least in which she is hardly likely to obliterate recollections of her elder sister in art, *Rosalind* and *Viola*. True, Miss Ellen Terry has never appeared in the former rôle, but we know how delightfully impulsive she would be in it; and we recollect her playing of another *Ganymede*—in “Twelfth Night.”

As *Beatrice*, too, she would scarcely be convincing; she has hardly the physique which Miss Terry and Miss Rehan have accustomed us to look for in these grand specimens of Renaissance womanhood; but I can well believe that she would realise all phases of the character admirably. And assuming the possibility of “King Lear” being staged again in this generation, the only possible *Cordelia* would be she. She would be calmer, quieter, less prodigal of gesture than Miss Terry; and if ever the time comes when Miss Emery gets such a chance she might do worse than follow Miss Laura Johnson’s example in Mr. Vezin’s recent revival of the tragedy, and double the part of *Lear*’s youngest daughter with that of the *Fool*. The young actress would hardly object to assume male attire, for she has already worn “the lovely garnish of a boy” in “The Merchant of Venice.” As the heroine of romance our subject has already won some distinguished triumphs. On her *Clarissa* it were needless to dilate. Mr. Scott has surely said the last word on this subject in ranking Miss Emery’s performance in Mr. Buchanan’s play with that of Miss Terry in “*Olivia*.” To the actress’s *Marguerite* I have already referred. When I saw it, in Liverpool, in the autumn of 1887, I was greatly struck by the beauty and tenderness of the conception. And with all due deference to Mr. Hall Caine’s compliments to Miss Eastlake, I cannot help thinking that the ideal *Mona Mylrea* was Miss Winifred Emery.

Need I speak of “*Hypatia*” and Miss Emery’s suitability to the part of the beautiful young pagan? Surely not. The only imaginative artist among our younger actresses would assuredly make *Theon*’s daughter a very different being from the Girton

young lady dabbling in amateur Greek theatricals whom Miss Neilson presented to our astonished gaze. The pity is that Mr. Ogilvie should have destroyed the possibility of any further version of Kingsley's romance by his own melodrama on the subject. Else why should we not have had, say, an adaptation by Mr. Buchanan, with Mr. Kyrle Bellew as *Philammon* and Miss Emery as *Hypatia*, Miss Janet Achurch as *Pelagia*, and Mr. Tree as the delightful cynic, *Raphael*.

Why expatiate on "The Scarlet Letter" in this connection? Of course Miss Emery was born to impersonate *Hester Prynne*.

But it is useless, and worse than useless, to speak of the future of the imaginative drama, or to dwell on possible triumphs in it.

Tragedy has been dead in England these twenty years, and at the Lyceum Mr. Irving finds it hard enough to keep alive even the poetic and romantic drama. When he is gone, who shall fill his place?—who can hope to give us the classical drama? If no successor is forthcoming, how of Miss Emery's future? True, she is the only one among our younger actresses whose gifts lie in this direction; but what can she do without a manager? The future of the poetic drama may depend on Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Winifred Emery; but what can the lady do if her only possible colleague wastes his fine talent on paltry plays of Sardou and Robertson?

On Miss Emery's comedy powers I have barely time to touch. In modern plays her comedy is very dainty and charming—witness her *Cynthia Greenslade*; and in old comedy; too, she is delightfully piquant. Her *Lady Teazle*, her *Miss Hardcastle*, both prove this; as does one of her earlier successes at the Vaudeville—her *Lydia Languish*, played to Mr. Henry Neville's *Captain Absolute*. But *Miss Tomboys* suggested even higher possibilities. The actress's irresistible fun and high spirits in this part seemed to foretell a very noteworthy future for Miss Emery in comic rôles of some breadth of humour. Of course, nothing certain can be said at present; but were Miss Emery to make an adorable *Peggy* in Wycherley's "Country Girl," or play with success either of the girls in "The Inconstant," I for one should not be surprised.

For the actress's comedy seems more robust than might have been expected from an artist of so delicate a style in serious plays, and I can fancy even the scabrous works of Mrs. Aphra Behn being made endurable by Miss Emery's art. As it is, we can only wait and hope that, in the future, this charming actress may have as many delights in store for us, in both comic and pathetic parts, as she has given us in the past.

W. A. LEWIS BETTANY.

Actors of the Age :

RECOLLECTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS.

VII.—THE NEW GENERATION.—(Concluded).



VENTURED, last month, to ask where we were to look for the young actresses who might prove themselves capable by-and-bye of sustaining great parts. I have now to ask a similar question about the young actors. Where are the *Romeos* and *Benedicks* of the future? I have no doubt they are slumbering in the womb of Time; they may be working their way up gradually in America, the Colonies, the provinces, or the "outlying" London theatres. Very few of them are now visible to the naked eye. If we put aside Mr. F. R. Benson and Messrs. Osmond and Edmund Tearle, who are now what may be called "old staggers," I know of only one young actor who is accustomed to undertake leading rôles in the "legitimate," and that is Mr. E. H. Vanderfelt, of whom we in London have seen comparatively little. Mr. Bouchier has impersonated, in the metropolis, *Sir Thomas Clifford* in "The Hunchback," and the *Robin Hood* of Lord Tennyson; but his *forte*, I am inclined to think, lies in light comedy, or in such character-parts as the *roué* in "A Visit." Mr. Bassett Roe and Mr. G. W. Cockburn have played "lead" on many an occasion; but they are seen, I fancy, to the best advantage in the sinister rôles of melodrama—though Mr. Roe, it should be noted, is not without a vein of genial humour. Mr. J. H. Darnley, who, I remember, was so excellent a *Victor de Riel* in "Impulse," has apparently surrendered his talents to the cause of farcical comedy. The ambition of Mr. W. Mollison would probably be to succeed in such parts as those which Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Wilson Barrett, and Mr. E. S. Willard habitually essay. Again, Mr. Fuller Mellish and Mr. Matthew Brodie, though they have both played "lead," and, I believe, in Shakespeare moreover, now aim, I should say, less at the "old-fashioned" romantic than at the more modern developments of passion and sentiment. This narrows down

the list of possible "tragedians" to very limited proportions. Mr. Vanderfelt himself is less adapted, perhaps, to the *Benedicks* than to the *Romeos*. His performance in "The Love Chase" gave me the impression that tragedy, rather than comedy, is his proper sphere. It is not unlikely that Mr. Lewis Waller, if the opportunity offered, might develop in due course into an effective *Othello*, and the like. Mr. Acton Bond, though a gentlemanly actor, does not convey to me the idea that he has a fund of force to fall back upon; and I should be surprised to find him coming to the front as an exponent of the stronger class of character. On the other hand, I wonder that the freshness and sincerity of Mr. Frank Rodney's "legitimate" assumptions have not brought to him more vogue and kudos. I have seen him do some very praiseworthy things. Mr. T. B. Thalberg, too, is credited with good work in "legitimate" parts, both in the provinces and in America. Perhaps we have in Mr. Murray Carson one of the coming "tragedians." He has a certain measure of quiet intensity, and one would like to witness his Richard III. He has mannerisms, but we may hope that he will out-wear them. He is certainly one of the most interesting of our younger players.

In the matter of "juvenile leads" we are not over-well situated. Their name is not legion, or anything like it. The best-established of them all is Mr. Sidney Brough, whose style is agreeably frank and unaffected. Mr. Alfred Bucklaw, too, has done some good work in his time—notably in "As in a Looking-Glass," with Mrs. Bernard Beere. Still more prominent has been Mr. H. Reeves Smith, a careful and trustworthy artist, who, moreover, has latterly displayed some faculty for character-acting. Among the newer men may be named Mr. W. T. Lovell, Mr. Philip Cuninghame, Mr. A. H. Revelle, Mr. Nye Chart, Mr. Otho Stuart, Mr. C. M. Hallard, and Mr. Frank Lindo, who was so intelligent a representative of the youth in "Ghosts." Mr. Lovell, after a long apprenticeship, is at last making himself felt. Mr. Cuninghame will be remembered favourably, like Mr. Bouchier, for his appearance in "A Visit"; Mr. Revelle, for his share in a rather "up-to-date" little piece performed at a Criterion *matinée*. I recollect with pleasure the former's work in Mr. Parker's "Sequel," and the latter's contribution to the general effect in "A Question of Memory." Mr. Stuart distinguished himself at the Globe under Mr. Benson's régime. Mr. Frank Fenton, Mr. Douglas Gordon, Mr. Tom Terriss, are all young men from whom something is to be expected. Mr. Henry Irving, jun., is, I am glad to see, to return to the stage to play *Sheridan* in Mr. Buchanan's play. He had so much success in

Mr. Grundy's "Fool's Paradise" that his ability to "score" in modern dramatic work cannot possibly be in doubt. I witnessed his *début* in public at the Ladbroke Hall, when he was quite a boy, and have always taken great interest in his career. He reminds one very agreeably of his father, though I detect no trace of deliberate imitation. Mr. Bernard Gould—the Mr. Bernard Partridge of the art-world—has shown great aptitude for the stage, but figures on it only occasionally. He is always thoughtful and striking; and one could wish, not that he drew less, but that he acted more—though, if he did so, he might possibly be less engaging.

We come now to the young comedians, and it is difficult to know where or how to begin. How shall they be classified? The old subdivisions have been to a large degree abolished, and few actors now-a-days have a special "line." Still, a rough classification must be attempted, and I will start with what may be termed the light comedians. Here, again, the number of new men is small. I have already spoken of Mr. Bouchier, and Mr. Herbert Gresham, of Daly's company, cannot properly be included among English actors—which is a pity, for he is likely to make an excellent figure in the artistic world. Of Mr. John Tresahar I have also had something to say. Mr. Forbes Dawson, as regards experience, is not at all "new;" but I feel in regard to him that he has not yet been seen at his best, and that something riper and more finished is to come from him. In a certain class of part, Mr. Allan Aynesworth is without a rival; he has a keen eye for idiosyncrasy, has a pleasant personality, and should "go far." His best work, perhaps, was done at the first representation of "An American Bride;" but he is always neat, incisive, and naïve. Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. W. R. Shirley, Mr. S. Barraclough, and Mr. C. Burleigh—these are all on the right road. Mr. Herbert-Basing, as an actor, lacks, perhaps, backbone; his touch is light, but should be firmer. I have seen Mr. W. L. Bradfield in two parts only, and in each he seemed to be imitating Mr. Arthur Roberts, whose individuality is so strong and so peculiar that imitation of it is not to be desired. The "great original" is frequently superb; but the mere reflection of his "little ways" is apt to be wearisome. Mr. Bradfield must learn to have confidence in his own powers, which seem to be worthy of it.

The young "low" comedians, pure and simple, appear to be about as few as the "light." It is not easy, nowadays, to separate them from the "character-actors." Broadly speaking, the "low" comedian is he who makes capital out of his own comic sympathies and perceptions, without attempting to assign any

particular physiognomy to his assumptions. From that point of view, such players as Mr. W. Wyes, Mr. Welton Dale, Mr. Fred Emney, and Mr. Edmund Payne are low comedians; and they are acceptable representatives of their class. Mr. Wyes is always delightfully unctuous; Mr. Emney has an agreeable faculty for impromptu humour; and Mr. Payne reveals an enjoyment of his own work which is quite infectious. To these may be added Mr. Eardley Turner, Mr. R. H. Douglass, a clever entertainer, Mr. J. E. Dodson, who was introduced to London by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and Mr. Percy Compton, who has been seen of late more in the country than in town. The two latter are by no means beginners; but in their case, also, one has a feeling that they are destined to achieve their best in the future. Among noteworthy provincial low comedians I may name Mr. Sidney Young and Mr. Fowler Thatcher.

Arriving, lastly, at the young "character" actors, we find an embarrassment of riches. They are to the low comedians as three to one. At their head, undoubtedly, stand Mr. Cyril Maude and Mr. H. V. Esmond—the two from whom, in the days to come, the most is to be hoped. Mr. Maude has been about equally successful in young men and old; he acts with intelligence and finish, but rarely has an opportunity of showing the strength that is in him. In some respects, the part in which he first made his reputation, some years ago, at a Prince of Wales's Theatre *matinée*, remains the best thing that he has achieved. It had force and fibre, and suggested higher flights than Mr. Maude has since had occasion to attempt. Mr. Esmond has been happiest in his portrayal of young men more or less degraded. I am thinking especially of his performances in "The Times" and in "Bess." These and others like them were so remarkably true to life that I cannot help entertaining "great expectations" of Mr. Esmond's future efforts. Certain other character actors, though still young, have already "ranged themselves" in the estimation of the public. Mr. C. W. Somerset, Mr. Nutcombe Gould, Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. F. Kerr, Mr. W. G. Elliot, Mr. Beauchamp, Mr. Dodsworth—these have all shown us what they can effect, and the spheres in which they may count upon success. Of all these gentlemen, Mr. Brookfield is the most Protean. To Mr. Somerset we look for "aristocratic old men" and humorous adventurers. Mr. Gould is the ideal *père noble*, Mr. Maurice the ideal "heartly old man" and youthful "buck." In the representation of the least sympathetic qualities of human nature, Mr. Grossmith has proved himself accomplished—*e.g.*, his *Jacques Strop*, his hotel waiter in Mr. B. C. Stephenson's adaptation, his *Lord Arthur*

Pomeroy in "A Pantomime Rehearsal." In such rôles he is unapproachable. Mr. Kert's American in "Sweet Lavender," his modern "prig" in "Judah," and his "up-to-date" "chappie" in "The Dancing Girl," were masterpieces in their way. Admirable, too, were Mr. Elliot's appearances in "The Times" and in "The Amazons"—full of individuality and *finesse*. Quite latterly, Mr. Beauchamp, hitherto associated with benignant old men, has exhibited a full vein of comedy, particularly in the "line" of the irascible and the bewildered. His comic terror as the General in "Tom, Dick, and Harry" was a revelation of unsuspected power.

I have yet to mention some of the most promising of our youthful character actors. There are, for instance, Mr. Lawrence Irving and Mr. Gilbert Hare, who are making steady progress in their art. Nothing could be better of their kind than Mr. Ivan Watson's sketches of foreigners; his French priest in "Le Pater" was an excellent bit of characterization. How clever, too, are Mr. De Lange's excursions in this direction! I remember particularly his rôle in "Thérèse Raquin." But he is bright and droll in everything he attempts. Mr. D. S. James made his greatest hit in London as a stage Scotsman—in Mr. Christie Murray's "Chums," was it not? Since then he has scored more than one legitimate triumph at the Criterion. His style is mannered, but effective. The same may be said of Mr. George Mudie, whose make-up is always particularly good. If Mr. Mudie has a fault, it is that his humour seems a little deliberate. Mr. W. Dennis has lately "scored" in "old men;" his lawyer in "Sowing the Wind" is very neatly touched off. In "old men," Mr. Cecil Crofton and Mr. Percy Marshall have recently earned praise. In what is called "eccentric" comedy, Mr. Compton Coutts is an adept, and Mr. Herbert Ross seems inclined to seek honours in the same department of endeavour. For a certain class of character—such as the editor in "An Enemy of Society"—Mr. J. A. Welch should always be in demand; he was excellent, it will be remembered, in Mr. Shaw's "Widowers' Houses." I do not know to what "generation" Mr. G. P. Huntley belongs; but if he be a young man, then his bomb-manufacturer in "The Silver Shell" marks him out for eminence in the future. Mr. Hamilton Piffard has reached his highest level (so far) in "Hypatia." Others from whom artistic growth is to be anticipated are Mr. Richard Blunt, Mr. Harry Eversleigh, Mr. Harcourt Beatty, Mr. Bromley Davenport, Mr. Vane Tempest. In the sphere of musical comedy, progress has been made by Mr. Eric Lewis (one of the suavest and neatest of comedians), Mr. Hayden Coffin (who now acts much better than

he did), Mr. Cairns James (whose singing is undeniably clever), Mr. Arthur Playfair, and Mr. Harry Grattan. In comic opera the most brilliant recruits are Mr. Charles Kenningham, Mr. Scott Fishe, Mr. Scott Russell, and Mr. Passmore, by the side of whom Mr. Le Hay and Mr. Peachey are almost veterans. I remember Mr. W. Lugg in "Princess Ida": of recent years, I fancy, he has done more in comedy than in opera; and surely he was the groom in "Dandy Dick"? Mr. Laurence Cautley, reversing the process, has (temporarily, perhaps) "gone in for" Lyric comedy, though his early successes were made in the romantic drama.

Here I come to the end of my tether. To sum up the contents of this paper: While we have plenty of young character actors to fall back upon, we have comparatively few "low" and "light" comedians, few "juvenile leads," and still fewer candidates for the great parts in comedy and tragedy. Ambitious young actors may learn from this in what direction to turn their talents and their energies. The Shakespearean drama, alas! can be studied only in the provinces; in London it is seen but rarely, and then it has "runs" which supply no opportunities for fruitful practice. The sacred lamp of the "legitimate" is being kept alight mainly by such men as Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Willard, Mr. Benson, and the Messrs. Tearle, with whom experience should be sought. Shakespeare is played at the Lyceum and the Haymarket, but chiefly by actors of position; the neophytes must learn their business elsewhere. "Juvenile leads," obviously, are born, not made. Youth, good looks, good bearing, good address—these are the qualities most necessary, and they do not often exist in the same person. "Low" and "light" comedians, too, are largely the product of Nature; they cannot be "grown" and cultivated—they must spring up spontaneously on the boards. Our deficiencies in these and other respects will, no doubt, be made up for by-and-bye. Demand is apt to create supply; and when the public calls for a particular article, that article will doubtless be forthcoming from some quarter.

W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.



Six Phases in the Life of Moliere.

PHASE THE FIFTH.

HIS LAST PART.



ESPITE his domestic unhappiness, the sunset of Molière's life was irradiated with the glory of its meridian.

In March, 1672, immediately after the production of "*Les Femmes Savantes*," the Academy offered him a vacant *fauteuil* on condition of his quitting the stage.

"Tell the Academy," said he to Boileau, who conveyed the proposal to him, "I am flattered by the honour they do me, but I will not insult the profession I love by abandoning it, after having followed it five-and-twenty years."

Yet, at this very period, the inroads of disease ought to have warned him that "the night cometh when no man can work."

From that moment he gradually got worse and worse, and when Boileau again called, towards the end of the year, he found his old friend utterly prostrated by a severe cough and cold.

Boileau again urged him to retire from the stage, but was again repulsed.

On February 10, 1673, the "*Malade Imaginaire*" was produced with triumphant success, and the poet himself enacted Argan nightly until February 19th to overflowing houses.

Alas! he was no imaginary invalid!

Having sung his swan's song, he broke down altogether, and it was only too apparent that he was rapidly approaching the end of his journey.

On the morning of the 17th, he said to his wife and Baron: "I can no longer bear up against the misery which oppresses me; I feel that I am going."

Awaking to the imminent peril in which he was placed, they earnestly besought him to rest, and begged him not to act for a few days at any rate.

"Not act!" said he; "there are fifty poor devils dependent

on my exertions. Shall I deprive them of their daily bread? Not so. I *will* act." And he did.

At that period the performance usually commenced at four in the afternoon. The players, it may be presumed, were not very punctual, inasmuch as he declared that if the curtain did not rise to the moment he would not appear.

Had he a presentiment that his hours were limited, and that it might be desirable to devote all the moments that could be spared between the playhouse and the grave to weightier matters, and to look from time into eternity?

The brilliant and crowded house greeted him with even more than wonted enthusiasm, little dreaming that he was death-doomed from the moment he put foot upon the stage.

Everyone knows that the culminating point of the comedy is the pretended death of Argan, who avails himself of this artifice to test the devotion of Béline, his wife—a part acted, on this occasion, by Armande Molière herself.

It was the very irony of fate that by his own act and deed Molière should have elected to simulate this ghastly mockery. He lay stretched upon the pretended bed of death, while beside him stood the deceitful Béline, exulting in her release.

"From what a burden am I delivered," says this heartless creature. "What was the use of a man whom everyone detested, a man who was always coughing and hawking, always troublesome, always ill-tempered, wearing us all out, scolding and growling, morning, noon, and night?"

Only imagine the poor wretch, compelled by his own fatuity to hear these cruel words—words written by his own hands, and spoken by the lips that he loved best in the world he was so soon to leave.

Contemplate the dying husband here, the faithless wife there, the players jesting and talking behind, the audience roaring with laughter in front, and the grisly King of Terrors noiselessly chuckling over all, biding his time to strike the blow which shall change this mirth to tears, this idle talk to prayers and lamentations.

Nothing in fact or fiction resembles this awful picture. No romance coined by the cunning fancy of poet or playwright can ever come within measurable distance of the gruesomeness of this grim reality.

The worst, however, was yet to come.

During the burlesque ceremony of making a doctor, with which the play terminates, Argan has to speak.

When his cue came, the audience noted something which was not in his part.

As he uttered the word "*Turo*," he was seized with a convulsion, during which he burst a blood-vessel.

With marvellous presence of mind, he concealed the horrible occurrence from the actors around him. As for the audience, they evidently thought his agonies a surprising stroke of art, and their acclamations of delight actually sounded his requiem.

The verdict of the players was, that never had Molière acted so well. Little did they dream that he had played his last part. It was reserved for his well-beloved pupil, and adopted son, Baron, to discover that the curtain which had risen upon a comedy had fallen on a tragedy!

Calling for his chair, he had his dear master carried home and put to bed; where, almost immediately, he ruptured another blood-vessel.

The end was now imminent.

While the lamp of life still lingered, the moribund man besought his friends to obtain for him the consolations of religion.

His brother-in-law, and other friends, ran frantically in every direction seeking a priest.

To their everlasting disgrace, two ecclesiastics of the neighbouring church of St. Eustache refused to administer the last sacrament to the dying man, and while anxiously expecting a third, who came too late, while continually calling, with tears and piteous entreaties, for the wife, who came not at all, the unhappy Molière, suffocated with his own blood, died in the arms of two travelling nuns—Sisters of Charity—who for years had found a home under his hospitable roof during their periodical visits for the purpose of collecting alms for the poor of their distant convent.

Surely all the priests in Paris could have furnished no safer passport to the presence of his Father and his God than the prayers and blessings with which those pious women soothed the last moments of their benefactor.

The bigots who feared him living, and who hated him dead, now carried their hatred to the grave, and even beyond it. Harley de Champvillon, the Archbishop of Paris, a prelate more renowned for his gallantries than his piety, actually denied the dead man the rites of Christian burial.

It was only owing to the persistent applications of his wretched wife (now, doubtless, sorrow-stricken for his death, and sorely smitten with remorse), the continued importunities of his friends, and the express commands of the King himself, that even the semblance of sepulture was granted to the foremost genius of France. Even then, the ecclesiastical authorities expressly stipulated that the funeral procession must not enter the walls

of a church on its way to the grave. And so it came to pass that on the 21st of February, 1673, the remains of the poet-player were smuggled out of the house in the Rue Richelieu, at dead of night, as though they were those of some malefactor.

A single reluctant priest, and a hundred or more of faithful friends, each bearing a torch, followed him at midnight to his grave in the cemetery of St. Joseph, Montmartre, where all that was mortal of Molière reposed for upwards of a century.

PHASE THE SIXTH.

"THEY MANAGE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."

It has passed into a proverb that things are managed better in France than here at home.

Not always,—for, more than half a century before Molière was born, our Shakespeare's bust adorned the chancel of his native Stratford, and Alleyn lay beside his wife in "God's gift" at Dulwich, while "Rare Ben Jonson" slept in the Abbey.

Twenty years after Molière's death Betterton was also laid in Poet's Corner; five-and-twenty years later still, Barton Booth followed him to the same hallowed spot, having been preceded there in 1730 by Mrs. Oldfield, whose remains lay in state in that Royal chamber in which our Fourth Harry died.

At or about the very time when the obsequies of this distinguished woman were being celebrated with queenly pomp, a yet more distinguished Frenchwoman, who combined the highest artistic renown with the greatest social distinction—a woman who it was alleged by her contemporaries was worthy of being classed with Madame de Sevigné—and Madame de Maintenon—a woman whose correspondence actually raised and refined the standard of the French language, was refused Christian burial because she was an actress.

The body of the ill-fated Adrienne Lecouvreur was secretly conveyed by night to the bank of the Seine, where it was interred close to the spot on which the Pont Neuf now stands.

No wonder that the indignant Voltaire exclaimed:

I hear the sorrowing Arts their loss deplore.
Weeping, they cry, "Melpomene's no more!"

* * * * *

What will ye say, ye races yet unborn,
Who learn the cruel wrong these Arts forlorn
Endure from those who rob the dead of peace?

A grave they her deny with scorn—
Her, to whom altars had been raised in Greece!

Half a century later still, the Patriarch of Fermey was himself denied sepulture by the clergy of Paris, and it was only owing to

the pious foresight of his nephew, the Abbé Mignot, that the remains of the foremost man of letters in France were laid in consecrated ground at Scelleries, in Champagne.

A year later our own Garrick was interred with almost Royal honours in the National Pantheon, followed by every living Englishman renowned for genius, famous for science, and distinguished by rank.

The revenges of time make all things equal, and after a lapse of 119 years the remains of the great French poet player, and those of his friend La Fontaine, were, by order of the National Convention, exhumed and removed to the Musée des Petits Augustins; and when, a quarter of a century later, the Musée was destroyed, they were transferred to Père La Chaise, after having received the honours of high mass in the Church of St. Germain des Prés on the 16th March, 1817.

Except the bust at Stratford, for a hundred and fifty years England could boast no commemorative memorial of the national poet, until Roubilliac's statue was erected in the Abbey, at the suggestion of Garrick. At or about the very same time, the actors of the Théâtre Français, upon the initiative of Le Kain, the tragedian, subscribed for a bust of Molière, which to this day is one of the principal ornaments of the foyer of that world-famed playhouse.

Although most of our public places were for centuries made hideous by monumental monstrosities erected in commemoration of eminent idiots, it was not until three hundred years after Shakespeare's death that, thanks to the public spirit of an enterprising merchant of London, a statue of our poet was erected in Leicester Square.

After a lapse of nearly two centuries, Regnier, the eminent comedian, inaugurated a subscription, which resulted in a magnificent work which combines a statue, a fountain, and a monument, in memory of the French poet.

But, after all, apart from his own works, his noblest memorial is the institution which is known throughout the world as "the House of Molière."

Within the past two years the French Government, having found the Conservatoire insufficient for the purpose, have decreed a new school of dramatic art, to be affiliated to that famous playhouse.

Let us admit, then, with becoming modesty, that *this is just the one thing they have managed better in France!*

We have State-aided academies for painting and music. We have also an endowed Royal College of Music, with a splendid home for a hundred pupils, thanks to the initiative of the gracious

lady whose name it bears, and the more than royal liberality of a noble gentleman, at whose sole expense the costly edifice has been erected; but, as yet, the most exacting and the most fascinating of the arts is without college or academy.

The great country circuits, which in former times were our training schools, have ceased to exist. Hence if dramatic art in this country is to be preserved as an art, it is essential that the State should step in and assist in establishing a properly endowed Dramatic College, which shall not only conserve the traditions of the noblest drama the world has ever known or ever will know, but which shall maintain at its highest pitch of purity and perfection the standard of our mother tongue—that tongue which is spoken to-day by three hundred million Anglo-Saxons throughout “the empire on which the sun never sets,” and which in time to come will be the language of the world!

This college should also include a People’s Theatre at popular prices, in the heart of Central London, an analogue to the “House of Molière,” to be called henceforth, to all time,

The House of Shakespeare.

JOHN COLEMAN.



Mrs. Kendal and Mrs. Tanqueray,

AND THEIR AMERICAN CRITICS.



ORE than once Mrs. Kendal has played the part of Critic of the Critics; and whenever she has appeared in this favourite character, her performance has been distinguished by great force and genuine feeling. Never has she more effectually moved her audience, however, than with the counterblast with which she met the storm of censure directed against her and her *Second Mrs.*

Tanqueray by the New York Press, upon the production of Mr. Pinero’s tragedy in that city. As her reading of the part gave rise to fierce contention, and this question was dwelt upon at some length, together with other debateable points in connection with the play, in the course of Mrs. Kendal’s

vigorous "reply," the famous interview is here reprinted *in extenso* from the columns of the *New York Sun*.

"I don't know how to answer your critics, for I am not allowed to see the newspapers at all. But I am told that the people here do not understand the play. At least, they cannot understand it if they call it immoral, for it teaches the strongest moral lesson of any play ever written.

"I suppose it is because your country is so new, so fresh, so innocent, that the play strikes you as bad, don't you know. Of course, in our older civilization, grown hardened in crime and sin and sorrow, we know there is such a thing as the mistress. We meet her in society, because she is received everywhere as the man's wife. The unjust thing about it is that if a man betrays a woman the children born of this mistress before her legal marriage to the man are not recognized as his children, as they are in France. The woman's manners, even after marriage, are not always what we wish. Her voice is sometimes coarse, her deportment lacks the refinement of purer women, the stamp of her past life is still plainly upon her, but she does exist. We meet her at social gatherings, we see her night after night in the stalls of the theatre. You would not receive her in America, perhaps, you are so pure, so innocent. You do not even know that she exists.

"I wonder sometimes if it is always so sweet and childlike and beautiful here in America; if your men are all so lovely—rosebuds just bursting into bloom and knowing no evil. You have a thing here called divorce that we don't hear so much about in England. I think the lawyers ought to understand Mr. Pinero's play. They must know that there is sometimes such a thing as a mistress in America, for doesn't it come up in your divorce courts? I don't read the newspapers, so I may be mistaken.

"But about Mr. Pinero's play; the character was written from a living woman. My conception of the part was formed from a living woman. I know two *Mrs. Tanquerays*. They are not my intimate friends, but they are members of my social circle, and I meet them everywhere I go. The play made a perfect furore in London, where the *Mrs. Tanquerays* are known and acknowledged. It was discussed in the pulpits. It was talked of in the schools. The clergy sent their young men to see the play because of its moral lesson. It is called with us over in London, who are old enough to understand it, the greatest play of the day, and I believe that it is, and that America will grow up to it some day. Perhaps it is like claret, only suitable for older people, don't you know.

"As for how I came to take the part, Mr. Pinero is a great

friend of my husband's, and he offered Mr. Kendal the play. You have made up your minds here in America that I am the Mr. Kendal, but it isn't true. Of course Mr. Kendal consults me and asks my advice, but he is, as he always has been, the man of the house, and I am no more independent and assertive than any of your domestic wives that do not earn their bread and butter before the public. Mr. Kendal bought the play because he liked it and I liked it, and we both believed that it taught the strongest lesson in the strongest possible way.

"What is the moral lesson? First that retributive justice at last overtakes and punishes sin every time, and that repentance, however sincere, will not help us to ward off that punishment. It is in the very moment of repentance that punishment does overtake us, for then we are prepared to feel it most keenly. So this sinful but repentant woman asks the good woman to kiss her, and with the kiss and because of her love, her Nemesis overtakes her. She sees that if she would be good the only thing she can do to make those she loves happy is to die. The terrible lesson that a woman, handed about from man to man as she has been, can never regain her own self-respect, even if she receive that of other people, is plainly drawn.

"The other lesson is the woe and wretchedness men bring upon so many innocent people when they sin against women. If your people cannot understand the moral lesson in all this, I am afraid they cannot understand the Bible. I know it is a little book, not much read, perhaps out of fashion, but it exists, and it teaches plain truths in plain words.

"How do I reconcile the fascination of the husband for such a woman? It is the most natural thing in the world. Here is a man who has been wedded all his life to a cold, severe woman, who has never responded to his love. Then, at the critical time in a man's life, from forty to forty-three, she dies, and leaves him with a daughter precisely like herself. Of course, he turns eagerly to the opposite extreme. He sees this warm-hearted, impulsive woman. He is fascinated with her lively, cheerful, go-ahead ways. Her desire to be better appeals to the protective side of his man's nature. She must be helped towards a better life. He is too good a man to live with her without marrying her, and he does marry her, but he does not and cannot make her other than she is.

"You say the American woman of this kind is more delicate and refined. Yes, in your presence, perhaps, but in the privacy of her own home this coarseness that her life has created will come out. She cannot play a part all the time. You see *Mrs. Tanqueray*, you must remember, in her own home, not before the public.

"As far as my enacting an entirely different woman from the part intended by the author, Mr. Pinero was present at every rehearsal in London, and the conception of the part was entirely in accordance with this idea.

"They tell me the reason why the people are not pleased with me in my new rôle is because they will not accept a woman who has played only sweet and winning women's parts in a character like *Mrs. Tanqueray*. Another proof, perhaps, of the beautiful childlikeness of this new and fresh country. In poor old England, *passé* and weary, perhaps, they have a tradition that the man that can play a villain one night and a hero the next is the greater artist, and gives them most pleasure. And they will allow a woman to play the Virgin Mary one night and *Mrs. Tanqueray* the next, if her artistic nature be broad enough to interpret the two rôles intelligently. And, indeed, it is no new departure for me to take up a character of this kind. When I was three-and-twenty I played a similar part, and, indeed, I played *Kate Kavanagh* for you here, but you didn't like me in it, you know, so to please you I gave it up.

"I never have posed as the only respectable woman in the profession—save in your newspapers. It has hurt me much to be singled out because of my virtue, as if it were something unique to be moral on the stage. It seemed like casting stones at other women, and I have never done that. I can't help it, you know, because my husband chooses to live with me instead of getting one of your American divorces. I can't kill the children that have been given to me. I can't help being fond of them for fear it will look like posing. I have never considered that they had anything to do with my life that belonged to the public, and I have never dragged them into print willingly. When your interviewers ask me about them I cannot very well deny their existence, and so it is written down against me that I love my children, as if thereby I assumed that I was the only true wife and mother in the profession. I have known many true women in the profession. I have known others who came to me confessing to have led bad lives and desiring to reform. I have taken such women into my carriage in the open day. I have invited them to my house. But that was in London, you know, not in America. And I never could understand how any part of their lives or of my life belonged to the public, either to praise or censure, save that part of it that is spent between the hours of 8 and 11 in the evening for people's pleasure.

"Would I like to have my daughters see Mr. Pinero's play? Certainly, if they were old enough to go to the theatre at all. The evil we know, we know how to guard against. The young

girl from the convent in the play understood, and why should not the young girl out of the play understand, and learn to prize that most precious of all things, her purity, by seeing how, once sullied, it can never be restored?

"Perhaps the reason you do not like the play is because your fresh young country is too good to need it. Your men are all noble, your women pure. You need no lessons in morality. Poor wicked old London understood and appreciated the value of the object lesson in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," for the Second Mrs. Tanqueray lives in London and has a coronet on her carriage.

"I am a woman of the world. I have always lived in the world, and because of what I have known of existing evil, I have been able to keep my skirts clear of it. I know this is a serious matter, but my sense of humour is too strong not to see something irresistibly funny in the attitude of the critics towards Mr. Pinero's play."



The Theatrical Revolution :

AN ACCOUNT OF THE REFORMATION OF THE ENGLISH STAGE IN THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY.

1st Player : I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Hamlet : O, reform it altogether.

III.

"**F**ATHER," said Kenneth Daggerwood to old Roscius, when the brief holiday of Aubrey and Camma had come to an end, and the young people were returning to study in the Academy of Arts, "what do you say to a visit to London and a renewal of your acquaintance with the theatres?"

The old man shook his head.

"If thirty years have made as great an advance in the condition of the theatres as in that of the actors," said he, "it would indeed interest me to see for myself the changes that have taken place; but I am an old man now, and after so long living quietly in the country, the discomforts—not

to say tortures—inflicted upon their patrons by theatrical managers would be too much for me.”

“I see your thoughts are clinging to the olden time,” replied Kenneth. “My recent visits to the playhouses have not impressed me with any sense of discomfort. As for ‘torture,’ I don’t understand you at all.”

“Is it not torture to go to the play, even in the most luxurious fashion? Crammed for three hours into a hot and musty velvet chair; one’s shoulders hoisted to one’s ears by arm-rests that are too high; one’s knees jammed against the seat in front which is too near; late-comers trampling upon one’s toes; a hedgerow of heads obstructing one’s view; half what is spoken on the stage quite unintelligible; a noisy orchestra battering at one’s brains; deadly draughts, and a damnable harpy system?”

“I assure you, Father, enjoyment, mental and physical, is the order of the evening—or night, or morning, or afternoon—when-ever you please to go to the theatre.”

“Do they have four performances daily?”

“Only one at each theatre; but the hour varies to meet the convenience of all playgoers. You see, men and women have occupations which keep them at certain hours from attending the theatres. It would be hard indeed if only those who are at leisure in the *evening* had that advantage. One can now witness any play without neglect of business, or loss of rest, by selecting a date upon which the hour of performance chances to be convenient. What a large proportion of the population, night workers and noon workers, must have been debarred from this great intellectual enjoyment when theatres were only open in the evening, or occasionally in the afternoon!”

“As for that,” remarked Daggerwood, senior, “our social conditions are very much changed since I retired from public life. There used to be a general feeling that midnight was meant for sleep, and noon for work, so that the number of persons desiring to visit the theatres at those hours was inconsiderable.”

“What a strange notion that was!” remarked the younger man. “It sprang, no doubt, from the times when illuminants were scarce and inefficient.”

“It was thought that human creatures required a periodical rest.”

“So they do, of course. But why should they take it simultaneously, regardless of the difference in their occupations? Why should he who has been crowded out of the ranks of workers during the day betake himself to sleep at night, leaving the labours which other men have laid down neglected until those other rival workers take them up again?”

"Kenneth," exclaimed old Roscius, with alacrity, "I will do the round of the theatres once more before I die. It gladdens my heart to think that the Stage may have profited in association with the progress of this new era and grown to the usefulness and dignity I long ago desired for it."

So the next morning found the veteran actor at an hotel near Charing Cross, finishing his breakfast and ready to go to the play.

Kenneth laid before him a list of the playhouses, stating the pieces to be performed at each during the week and the hour of raising the curtain; also the names of the managers, the heads of departments, and the members of each company, with their academical degrees.

"This circular might take the place of newspaper advertisements, pictorials, posters, window-bills, and all the devices for attracting public attention which used to involve managers in enormous expense," remarked the elder Daggerwood.

"It does so, of course. To cajole the public into patronizing one house rather than another is no longer necessary. That system of showman rivalry brought such destruction upon the fortunes of the Drama that the Government, subsidizing the Academy of Arts, established the department of Histrions, whereby private—that is to say, *individual*—enterprise was beaten out of the field."

"That was very rough on the vested interests."

"The process was a gradual one. First the Academy invited all professional actors to compete for a degree which would define their rank and secure them a commensurate subsidy. Of course all sought this eagerly, and there were some curious results in the way of reducing below the level of humbler members of the profession many who drew the largest incomes from the stage. Soon the cream of English talent had become Academicians; and for the fine corps thus created it was an obvious second step to establish an Academy theatre, and thenceforward to acquire others. As the Academy extended its operations the showman-managers were left only the rejected plays and players. For a while they subsisted upon the patronage of the brainless and profligate; but one by one these enterprises collapsed, and Art soared higher as she shook their dust from her wings."

"There seems to be a vast number of theatres," remarked Roscius, turning the pages of the circular. His son pointed out that London had been divided into four theatrical areas, North, South, East, West and Central, in each of which were upwards of twenty theatres, each producing at a different hour the series

of plays current in the other divisions. Their hotel was situated in the Central quarter, and at Kenneth's suggestion they strolled forth into a wonderland of palaces. The old man found the play-houses with which he had been familiar completely transformed or done away with altogether. The exterior features of the modern theatre were isolation and facility of exit. The front had a semi-circular form ; a number of doors opening from the vestibules upon a covered carriage way, above which was a terrace whence stairs descended to the various thoroughfares branching from the theatre. This terrace served the upper part of the house, in which the humbler classes were accommodated, and patricians were no longer jostled by plebeians, while the whole multitude could get outside the walls without obstruction. One of the largest houses was emptying as they passed, and they observed that vehicles made the circuit of the building until taken up at one of the doors radiating from the vestibule. Entering this vestibule, the Daggerwoods found the departing playgoers watching an indicator in the centre of the hall. The vehicles, as they passed on from door to door, were shown by shifting numbers which, in conjunction with a semaphore, made their whereabouts clear to those who sought them. There was no bawling of names, delay, or perplexity.

The Daggerwoods went on to another theatre, and perceived by the announcements on the doors that, at 10.30 a.m., the Shakesperean tragedy of "Macbeth" would be performed. It was now verging upon that time of day, and Kenneth led his father through fragrant and well-ventilated though draughtless corridors to the floor of the auditorium, which, sloping somewhat steeply towards the stage, was set with luxurious armchairs, commodiously spaced.

The construction of the auditorium was on a receding plan, giving every seat a front view, that involved no twisting of the neck or corkscrewing of the body. A great number of seats were so remote from the stage as to give the impression that the entertainment would be seen and heard with difficulty. Remark-ing this, Roscius learnt that sound and vision were equalized by scientific arrangements which counteracted the effect of distance.

The house was divided into three parts, first, second, and third class seats. The first, reserved for wealthy and exclusive people, consisted of a tier of convertible private boxes, which separated the floor of the house, or second-class seats, commonly occupied by well-to-do middle-class folk, from the upper part or third-class seats, which were allotted to those whose means necessitated economy.

"So the old pit is quite gone," observed Daggerwood, regretfully, as he looked around. "They were beginning to knock it out of the theatres forty years ago, and it seemed to me as if the popularity of the stage waned from that moment."

"I have heard," said Kenneth, "that patrons of the old pit had to wait outside, perhaps under falling rain or snow, packed in a fetid crowd for an hour or more; that when the doors were at last opened it was a contest of brute force to reach a seat, the attainment of which would involve being wedged into the smallest possible compass for the remainder of the evening, with the view of the proscenium half cut off by the floor of the circle above, and seriously obstructed by a forest of intervening heads. The pit and the gallery are said to have resembled the hold of a slave-ship in the tropics. Were such conditions calculated to promote enjoyment of a play?"

"They naturally spread a distaste. Persons who had undergone such an ordeal kept away from theatres until the painful impression of their last visit had been alleviated by lapse of time. However, for those who do not mind inconveniences, there are five hundred free seats very much more comfortable in every way than the pit and gallery used to be, so far as my recollection serves me. But only the absolutely poor avail themselves of this accommodation, the price of third-class seats being but a shilling, and the second-class half-a-crown. The first-class, consisting of private boxes adaptable to the number of persons comprising a party, they charge ten shillings a head for. The theatres are generally full, and although the expenses of mounting plays are heavy, and authors, actors, and all other persons concerned are very liberally paid, I believe that the histrionic department is not responsible for the Academy's charge upon the national budget. But the theory is now that the stage is a national institution, to be maintained at the national expense, for the edification of the people."

"It is no longer a money-making competition?"

"No, indeed! That was the canker at the root of artistic success. The managers get their salary, and neither make fortunes nor ruin themselves. They compete solely for honours in the performance of their work, and are entitled to a pension when past service."

"Managers, then, are no longer forced to pander to the tastes of the uncultivated majority?"

"No more than schoolmasters are constrained to teach boys to smoke cigarettes. The office of dramatic art is to elevate the audience, not to degrade itself."

The seats began to fill rapidly as delightful strains of music came from a concealed orchestra.

"They put the band out of sight, then?" remarked Roscius. "The practice was begun in the nineteenth century, but the musicians—the leaders at least—considered it a great indignity."

"Surely that was a false conception," returned Kenneth. "The musicians appeal to our ears, not to our eyes. Our vision should not be disturbed by a man waving a stick, or by one cracking his cheeks with a trombone. The sight of the performers must have been destructive of illusion. You will find even the sound of them very unobtrusive now."

"I suppose the favour accorded to particular plays and particular players overcrowds some of the theatres?"

"The varying hour of performance does much to equalize the attendance. A specially popular programme is continued, or revived, to meet the demand as far as possible. But see, they are closing the doors. No one can enter now until the curtain falls again. Late comers are not allowed to mar the work of the players and the enjoyment of the audience, as they were in your day."

"Lights 'down to blue,' eh?" muttered Roscius, as they were suddenly plunged into darkness."

"That is necessary to enhance the stage picture and concentrate our attention upon it. The actors, too, are thus spared the distraction of noticing the audience. If we want to go out, those phosphorescent lines will guide us safely."

Now there gleamed upon the upper part of the proscenium-frame in conspicuous letters:

"SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY

OF

M A C B E T H .

(*Arnold's Revision.*)

ACT I., SCENE I.—*Scotland: A Heath on the Road from Fife to Forres.*"

And upon a tablet on either side:

"1st Witch—GEORGE HUMBOLDT, Fel.

2nd Witch—DEBORAH BURNS, Mem.

3rd Witch—RICHARD WHITE, Mem."

and then the curtain seemed to fade away, and they became conscious of a storm-swept moorland and the three weird sisters.

It was impossible to detect that the scene was not plucked bodily from nature. The phenomena of the sky were exactly counterfeited. The thunder had no suggestion of sheet-iron and cannon-balls. The lightning did not spirt and hiss and smoke.

The rain was a palpable deluge of water—the very smell of it was wafted damply to the audience. Old Roscius noted how much imagination was thrown into this short scene; but he whispered to his son, as the “filthy air” melted brightly into “A Camp near Forres,” that the actors were very imperfect in the text.

“Impossible!” was Kenneth’s reply.

“‘Impossible,’ eh? Do you think I’ve forgotten my Shakespeare?”

“Hush! This is ‘Arnold’s Revision.’”

And ‘Arnold’s Revision’ filled honest old Roscius with amazement. He missed all the time-honoured solecisms of the illustrious poet. There were no longer inconsistencies of story, anachronisms, confusions of time, place, and circumstance, obscurities, ambiguities, faulty metaphors. Words and phrases of inadequate force had been strengthened. Speeches had been advantageously re-allotted. Scenes had been transposed, cut, written-up, or re-constructed. Anti-climaxes were avoided. In fact, the sixteenth century dramatist had been dealt with boldly, if not disrespectfully, by the playwright of the twentieth. It was considered a duty in this new age, Kenneth explained later, to purge from all blemishes such writings as were honoured with interpretation upon the stage, and the museum alone was regarded as a fitting domicile for obsolete literature.

Meanwhile Roscius found his attention drawn to the improved methods of representing the play. The perfected illusion of the scenery, in which the arts of painting and modelling were so skilfully combined that no detail gave the lie to the utterances of a speaker or burlesqued a situation, impressed him strongly. He noted that level planks were no longer regarded as a sufficient representation of rugged ground, and that the base of the picture harmonized perfectly with the rest of it.

An apparently real sky with floating clouds, whose shadows were used to advantage, took the place of canvas ‘borders.’ The eye was not vexed by solar and lunar vagaries.

And what of the acting? There Roscius perceived indeed a wonderful advance. All traces of the actors’ contrivance were concealed, and the conceptions of the poet lived before the audience like men and women born of the olden time, save that they were ennobled in bearing as in speech, and gave joy to sight and hearing.

And what examples of mankind were these actors and actresses of the new age! Roscius gazed rapturously upon their athletic forms and perfectly controlled features. He listened with delight to their rich commanding tones, and thought upon the “eminent

artistes" of the nineteenth century, whose noisy vehemence was as painful to the audience as to themselves, and whose ungovernable grimaces turned solemnity into farce.

The *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* were performed by players holding the honourable degree of "Master;" but, supreme as their ability showed itself, there was no marked inferiority in the supporting cast. Subordinate characters were not employed merely to force *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* into a prominence which they had not the power to legitimately compass, and yet the discretion of these "contributory" actors effectually maintained the symmetry of the representation.

The veteran was dumb when his son led him from the theatre. Being pressed by Kenneth to make some comment upon what he had seen, he exclaimed:

"My boy, I can see now how the stage may advance our civilization and make gods of men."

PERSEUS.

(*To be continued.*)



Condensed Dramas.

No. V.—"A LIFE OF PLEASURE."

ACT I.

SCENE—Ireland: a Country consisting of a Smiling Landscape, a Farmhouse, and a Smithy.

Norah (enters): Be jabbers, and it's a bethrayed colleen that I am entoirely. Sure that's why I'm dressed in an ixpensive and startling costume. Ah, here comes me bould bethrayer!

Captain Chandos (a Dacre villain, pensive but unscrupulous) enters.

Nor.: Oh, me broth of a bhoy, won't ye make an honest woman of me?

Capt. C.: I would gladly do so, but alas! I am a villain; and villains, as you know, are ever doomed to perpetual celibacy.

Nor. : Then, faith, 'tis me heart that will be breakin'; but, thank ye, sorr, all the same, for the kind thought. (*Retires up.*)

Lord Avondale (enters) : I am an absentee landlord residing upon my estate—so Irish, you know! I start for Burmah at the end of the second act, so I must leave Ireland at once. Chandos, you're my shady cousin, so I'll leave you unlimited power to act for me in my absence. (*Looks off.*) Ah, here comes Lady Mary, the only girl I ever loved, so I'll at once go and flirt with Norah—it will lead to complications later on.

(*Lord A. and Norah exeunt flirting.*)

Captain Danby and Lady Mary enter.

Captain Danby : I am an officer and a gentleman, though I don't look it. I also provide comic relief, and it's doosid hard work! Still, I've got my eyeglass, and a clean-shaven face, and there's lots of fun to be got out of both of 'em. Lady Mary, let's give 'em a comic scene.

Lady Mary (with dignity) : Impossible. I am the serious heroine.

Capt. D. : Yes; I know. But my comic partner in succeeding acts is a music-hall singer, and neither Pettitt nor Harris could manage to work her into an Irish eviction scene; consequently, I've got nobody to be funny with in this act except yourself. So come now, I'll make you a comic proposal. Will you marry me?

Lady Mary : No.

Capt. D. : Thank you. That *was* funny! I will now go and put on my uniform. (*Exit.*)

Lord A. (enters) : Mary, I leave for Burmah; be mine?

Lady M. (aside) : Two proposals in one act! Quite a record! (*Aloud.*) With pleasure. (*Car drives up.*)

Lord A. : By Jove, here's a car! Then I'll start at once. Such an effective exit! (*Drives off, and Lady M. melts away.*)

Scasi (enters) : S'elp me! I'm a Jew money-lender, roaming the Britith Empire to collect my debth. (*Capt. Chandos re-enters.*) Holy Motheth, Captin'! pay me my forged billth.

Capt. C. : I am a villain, and consequently penniless.

Scasi : Then induth Lady Mary, the heireth, to marry you.

Capt. C. : How can I do that?

Scasi : By evicting your thweethearth's father, ma tear.

Capt. C. : By gad, a capital notion! and what a splendid curtain! Come along, we'll arrange it all in five minutes. They manage these things very quickly in melodramatic Ireland.

(*Exeunt.*)

Desmond (a dashing Irish hero, enters) : Faith, me heart is so shwelling with emotion that it's bust me waistcoat, so I had

to lave that garmint in the wings. Oh, my little Norah, me Erin-go-bragh, me tinder little Cruiskheen Lawn, sure it's meself that loves ye entoirely. Be jabers! there's the quld smithy, then I'll hammer a horseshoe till somebody comes; sure 'twill give me an opportunity of appearing in my shirt—so picturesque!

The Eviction enters. It consists of apathetic villagers with knee breeches and short sticks, listless members of the constabulary, and a couple of weak-kneed bailiffs. Then to a march in the orchestra enters the British Army, headed by Captain Danby.

Capt. D.: I am not a comic character in this scene; that is why I have put on my full-dress uniform. (*The eviction proceeds.*)

Des. (*rushes from the smithy, in a state of heroic indignation, brandishing a hammer*): Ye dirty spalpeens! Is it evict ye would! Thin it's meself that'll foight the lot of ye. (*Wigs begin to appear on the green.*)

Capt. D. (*interposing*): Desmond, you've shown your dash. Suppose you now pay the rent.

Des: Begorrah, I will. (*Produces the usual bag.*) Here is a bag of gould, with the exact sum required. Take it. *Bad cess to ye!* (*The eviction ceases, Captain Chandos is mildly and politely mobbed by the apathetic villagers, and rescued by Desmond.*)

Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Somewhere Up the River.

Capt. Danby: (*lying in a chair with his back to the Thames.*) I feel far from happy as an officer and gentleman. I can't manage the eyeglass. I should so much have preferred a false nose; but Pettitt says they never wear 'em in the army, and he ought to know. Ah, here comes the rest of the comic relief.

Phyllis (*enters*): I am a comic singer, but otherwise respectable; that is why I am spending a day on the river with a disreputable Jew money-lender.

Scasi (*enters, presumably from a boat*): I've jutht caught a rab, ma tear; we'll have it for lunt; it'll be shepe—dirt shepe.

Capt. D.: I will now make love to the comic singer, and cut out the Jew; he, of course, will be awfully jealous, and this will lead to humorous altercations, in which I shall conduct myself in a manner becoming an officer and a gentleman. (*Conducts himself accordingly.*)

Captain Chandos and Norah enter.

Nor.: I asked ye whin we were in Ould Oireland if ye'd make an honest woman of me, and ye declined. I am now livin' a

Loife of Plisure, so ye're less likely to marry me than iver ; still I must ask ye again just to show that I'm only a simple colleen.

Capt. C. : And my reply must again be a polite negative. (*Retires up.*)

Nor. : Thank ye koindly, sorr.

Lord Avondale (enters) : I've come up the river to bid farewell to my love. I'm always bidding farewell and turning up again—so Irish, you know. Ah ! my patrician love is hiding behind a tree ; so, to lend plausibility to the subsequent lies of the villain, I will flirt with Norah till nightfall. (*Leaves with Norah, flirting.*)

(*Lady Nellborough and Lady Mary enter, meeting Capt. Chandos.*)

Lady Nell. : I am an elderly and unconventional peeress, clothed in a costume which suggests alike the widowed pew-opener and the hospital nurse. The authors have not clearly defined my relationship to Lady Mary, and the omission has annoyed me ; therefore, I shall intrigue with you, Captain Chandos, to break off the desirable match arranged between Mary and Lord Avondale, and then marry her to you, a disreputable pauper.

Capt. C. : Much obliged. I'll do my best. (*Aside, sadly*) : But it won't work, I am sure of it ; the villain, unless he is married to the adventuress, must live and die a bachelor.

Lady Nell. : We will now poison her mind. Mary, my darling (*pointing to the river*), see where your lover, Avondale, is flirting with the poor colleen Norah, whom he has lured from her happy home.

Lady Mary (gazes and gasps) : I see it all ! he is faithless !

[*Scene changes.*]

SCENE II.—An Illuminated Houseboat.

A party of revellers are amusing themselves with the help of the comic relief and a banjo.

1st Reveller. We must now cease to revel, and go forth into the black night, for sundry serious leads are approaching, and they will want the well-lit houseboat for a strong scene. (*The revellers plunge into obscurity.*)

Lord Avondale (enters with Norah) : We have been wandering since tea-time. It is long past our usual dinner hour. Let us enter this bright but deserted house-boat and appease our hunger with the sweet tinkling of the banjo. (*They do so.*)

Desmond (enters) : Sure it's meself that's a broken-hearted broth of a bhoy ; but, praise be to the powers, I'm still dashing. I'm roaming the woide wurld to foind my throe love ; and sure

there's no place like a lonely river-bank, afther night-fall, for meeting long-lost frinds. (*Investigates the rushes.*)

Nor. (*emerges from the houseboat*): Faith, I'm still moighty hungry, so I'll punt myself up the river in the dark. Mebbe I'll meet a frind who'll ask me to dinner. (*Disappears in a punt.*)

Des.: Begorrah, there's an empty houseboat, with me darlin's bethrayer insoide of it. Come out, ye dirty spalpeen, and thrid on the tail of me coat.

Lord A. That I must respectfully decline to do.

Des. (*so overcome that he drops into poetic English*): Then know, thou pampered peer, who hast betrayed the brightest gem that decks the Emerald Isle, that I will drink thy heart's blood drop by drop. (*Seizes him.*) Fight for thy life, black-hearted villain!

Nor. (*appears in a punt*): Hold! Stay thy hand! Lord Avondale can prove an *alibi*. It is not he I love, but Shady Chandos.

Des. (*moodily*): Then have I wasted much resounding rhetoric. (*More cheerfully.*) No matter, 'twill make a foine curtain.

(*It does.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Presumably the Cooling Room of a Turkish Bath.

Captain Chandos (*musing sadly*): I can put no heart into this villainy of mine; it's all so futile. Even if I succeed in leading Lady Mary to what is known in melodrama as the "hymeneal altar," either my wife, whom I married and deserted as a boy, will turn up and charge me with bigamy; or I shall be killed by the second villain, whom I have grossly deceived; or else I shall find myself compelled to commit surreptitious suicide when being led away to instant penal servitude.

Norah (*enters*): Chandy, me darlin'; it's meself that'll be askin' ye the usual question—no act's complete without it—will ye make an honest woman of me?

Capt. C.: Certainly not! I cast you off for ever. But, as compensation, the scene is yours.

Nor.: Thank ye koindly, sorr. (*Takes the centre of the stage, and drops into poetry.*) Base miscreant, who hast blighted my poor life, I scorn thee; and at thy feet I hurl the jewelled gauds wherewith thou temptedst me. (*Drops sundry trinkets on the floor.*) And now, farewell. I go to lead a Life of Infamy. (*Stalks to door, strikes an attitude, and leaves, but almost immediately looks in again and, in a whisper to Chandos, who is carefully collecting trinkets.*) Chandy, darlin', don't be after botherin',

sure, they're only paste; the rale ones are at my banker's; and I'll lave the pawn tickets for ye with the prompter.

Capt. C. : Generous girl! (*Scene changes.*)

SCENE 2.—The Empire, or rather that most important portion of it called a Music Hall.

Gilded youth of both sexes promenade listlessly, ignoring an entertainment which presumably is going on in the wings.

Norah (magnificently gowned, enters and regards herself with satisfaction) : Faith, now, it's the little simple colleen that's got 'em all on entoirely for her great scene. (*Sees Chandos, moves to centre of stage and starts*) What, miscreant, art thou here?

Capt. C. : Woman, away!

Nor. : Never! Dost see this glass of wine? 'Tis meant for thee.

Capt. C. : No, thank ye; I'm not taking any.

Nor. (sardonically) : Ha! Ha! We'll see, proud noble. (*Then confidentially to him*) Captin, darlin', sure, now, ye'll be kind to the poor colleen, and shtand shtill while I fling this wine into your handsome face?

Capt. C. : Certainly not; it would spoil my new hat.

Nor. (coaxingly) : Oh, but see what a mighty fine situation it will make; and it's meself that'll be careful not to wet ye.

Capt. C. (with a shrug) : Very well, then, just for once.

Nor. : Thank ye koindly, sorr. (*Then aloud, and dropping into poetry once more.*) Take that, thou caitiff wretch! (*Throws the glass of champagne against a mirror, which has never done her any harm, and so "realises the posters."*)

(*Curtain.*)

ACT IV.—A Military Interlude.

SCENE.—The Agricultural Hall, Burmah, during the progress of the Military Tournament.

The various competitions are over before the rise of the curtain, and the performance is about to conclude with the usual sham fight.

A real bugle sounds, real tents are struck, and real soldiers on real horses perambulate the stage. Scene changes to a yawning chasm of somewhat mean proportions, which is being held by the British Army against a horde of half-clothed Christy Minstrels who are lurking in the wings. Reinforcements arrive and construct a real bridge, across which the British Army—with a want of stage pluck that is unprecedented—retreats!! Then follow much firing and shouting, and an intolerable amount of smoke. Ultimately the curtain descends, and the

hero and part of the comic relief start for England, in order that the Drama called "A Life of Pleasure"—which in their absence has come to a standstill—may proceed.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Hall of Somebody's Mansion.

Lady Nellborough and guests are picturesquely grouped awaiting the arrival of a wedding party.

Lord Avondale (enters): Just back from the Burmah Tournament. I've won the prize for lemon-cutting, and have come to lay it at Lady Mary's feet.

Lady Nell: Too late, she is Another's—the Villain's!!

(Wedding party enters.)

Capt. Chandos (sees Avondale, aside, gloomily): I knew it; I was certain he'd turn up at the wrong moment.

Lord Avondale (to Lady Mary): Why were you faithless?

Lady M.: Well, you never wrote to me, and my wedding-gown was ready, and so—I——

Lord A.: My letters were intercepted.

Lady M.: Good heavens! Who would have guessed it? But I see it all now. *(To Capt. Chandos.)* Miscreant, away!

Lady Nell: But he is your husband.

Lady M.: Never!

Capt C. (aside, sadly): Of course, always foiled in the fifth act.

Lord A. (to Capt. C.): And now, sir, what about those forged bills?

Capt. C. (quietly, and with resignation): Oh! it's forgery, is it? Thank you for the information.

(Scene changes.)

SCENE II.—A large but scantily furnished apartment in the Albany.

(Lord Avondale discovered writing to the "Times" on the "New Drill.")

Norah (enters): Sure it's the simple colleen will be askin' you to forgive her cruel bethrayer. Faith, 'twas only his fun. He was mighty fond of amateur blacksmithing, ye see, and one day, without maning any harm at all, at all, he took a piece of iron and forged the bills.

Lord A.: Step behind yon wing, and watch the progress of events. *(She does so. Capt. Danby enters.)* Danby, buy back those forged bills from the money lender. If meanwhile you can afford a little comic relief by bargaining with the Hebrew in a manner becoming an officer and a gentleman, do so. When you have

secured the bills, place them in an open drawer, and leave the room. Norah will re-enter, discover and purloin them—and all will be well.

(Capt. Danby carries out instructions and scene changes.)

SCENE III.—Norah's Rooms.

Capt. Chandos: As it is agreed that I have forged certain mysterious bills, I had better begin to commit suicide. *(Produces a very small bottle.)* The Borgia Patent Poison Phial! Fits into your waistcoat pocket, and will destroy an Empire. *(Pours poison into a glass of water.)*

Norah (enters in a state of great excitement): Saved, saved! Here are the fatal bills. And now for the last toime, will ye make an honest woman of me?

Capt. C.: Oh, go away, I'm busy.

Nor.: Then I will dhrink this glass of innocent-looking wather in the hope that it contains poison. *(Drinks.)* It does—it hurts—I die—I die. *(Dies by inches to slow music.)*

Capt. C.: Look at that! Gets a death scene on the stage, with the lime full on, and then turns up again later on. What luck these "sympathetic" people have.

SCENE IV.—Lady Mary's boudoir, luxuriously furnished with a "Duchesse" dressing-table.

Capt. Chandos (enters; as usual he is plunged in gloom): I suppose I must see this business through, but I know quite well that I'm foredoomed to failure. Yet I have taken every precaution—destroyed all the bells, drugged all the servants, and blown up all the staircases. Under these circumstances, I think I may with justice observe that—*(Lady Mary enters)* you are in my power, wife Mary.

Lady Mary (alarmed): Help! help!

Capt. C.: It is useless to call; and as it will never occur to you to escape through the open bedroom door, let us play hide and seek round the dressing-table till somebody comes. *(They do so.)*

Lady M. (with a glance at the window): Ah, the balcony!

Capt. C. (looking out): Of course, the balcony, the one spot I had overlooked! On it are standing most of the characters in the play, waiting for their cues; so it may be fairly assumed that my game is up.

Other characters enter and form groups: the various heroines faint, and the various heroes, with the assistance of the comic relief, denounce the villain.

Capt. C. : Well, what's the charge?

Other Characters : Attempted murder.

Capt. C. : Ah, that's better! I'm sick of forgery. I suppose the usual detective is at hand. (*Detective emerges from a bedroom.*) Good! And now will you all kindly look in another direction while I ~~take~~ take poison? (*They do so.*) Thank you. (*Takes a further supply of poison from the inexhaustible waistcoat pocket and swallows it.*) And now farewell—and, I say, no antidotes or stomach pumps, but just let me wriggle off and die comfortably in the wings. (*Exit.*)

Other characters pair off happily and curtain descends.

W. R. W.



Plays of the Month.

"VIRGINIUS."

A Tragedy in five acts, by SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Revived at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, on Thursday evening, October 19th, 1893.

Virgilius	Mr. WILSON BARRETT.	Titus	Mr. EDWARD IRWIN.
Icilius	Mr. COOPER CLIFFE.	Servius	Mr. H. FAUCIT.
Appius Claudius ..	Mr. AUSTIN Melford.	Spurius Oppius ..	Mr. T. BOLTON.
Dentatus	Mr. FRANKLIN McLEAY.	Vibulanus	Mr. PAUL BELMORE.
Caius Claudius ..	Mr. T. W. PERCYVAL.	Circius	Mr. H. B. GIBBON.
Numitorius	Mr. HORACE HODGES.	Virginia	Miss MAUD JEFFERIES.
Marcus	Mr. STAFFORD SMITH.	Servia	Miss FRANCES IVOR.
Lucius.. .. .	Mr. LEONARD OUTRAM.	Female Slave	Miss ALICE BELMORE.

In London the only revival of note for fifteen years has been that at Drury Lane, in which the American, John McCullough, played the Roman father, and Sir Augustus Harris the fiery *Icilius*. The undoubted "thrill" there is in the play was not, however, got over the footlights, Mr. McCullough's tremendous physical power notwithstanding. It is otherwise with Mr. Wilson Barrett, who always shines in parts requiring a paternal tenderness. In the character which brought Macready his greatest triumph, he touches the highest ground. The rolling, ringing lines of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" have made the story of *Appius* the Decemvir's lustful tyranny, the imperilled innocence of the beautiful *Virginia*, and the desperate way of escape *Virgilius* took, as familiar a tale as that of *Lear* and his

child. The human appeal throughout the crowning scene in the Forum is overwhelming, irresistible. The mere display is impressive, the surging crowds, the serried ranks of soldiery, the lictors, and the threatening throng of clients, huddling close round *Appius'* throne. But without all this the situation would be just as strong and terrible. The terror-stricken girl and the baffled, desperate man claim all eyes and ears and hearts. And with acting like Mr. Barrett's kindling it, such eloquent restraint, such fiery indignation, such a flame of fury, so wild a burst of despair—it is easy to understand how in the old days, as at Leeds, the house rose at the scene with a roar of cheers. This scene of the sacrifice was really all in the original. But Mr. Barrett has conceived a dramatic and poetical climax of notable power. As of old, *Virginus*, distraught, oblivious of his daughter's death, at night seeks out *Appius*, and, stirred by some dim memory of the man's profligacy and injustice, drags him through the deserted streets into the Forum, to the foot of that throne from which the Decemvir pronounced his infamous decree, and there strangles him. A moonbeam falls on the dead face and huddled form, and on the towering figure of the executioner beside it. Darkness and silence are the only witnesses. A murmur breaks the stillness—it is a broken cry from the demented father for his child. Suddenly a startled murmur rises and grows, alarm bells sound, the hubbub swells to a shout, and with a rush the Forum is invaded by a pushing, struggling crowd, struck instantly to silence by the tragic sight. Still *Virginus* stands, with vacant mind, when through the multitude *Virginia's* body is borne upon a bier. At this the last thread of reason snaps, and the father breathes his last beside the body of his child, on the spot where he dealt out a merciful death to her. Played by Mr. Wilson Barrett with remarkable dignity, pathos, and fire, and with plenty of picturesqueness and fervour by his company, who never appear to such advantage as in plays of "classic" times—special mention being made of the virginal grace and exquisite tenderness of Miss Maud Jefferies as *Virginia*, a part closely associated with Miss Helen Faucit; of the baleful power of Mr. Austin Melford, whose *Appius* recalls Mr. E. S. Willard's arrogant *Glaucias* in "Clito"; of Miss Ivor's fine declamatory effort as *Servia*; and last, but not least, of Mr. Franklin McLeay's inspiring delivery of the revolutionary speeches of *Dentatus*—"Virginus" more than justified its inclusion in Mr. Barrett's repertoire, and the enthusiasm it evoked.

"A QUESTION OF MEMORY."

A Drama, in four acts, by "MICHAEL FIELD."

First produced at the Opera Comique, by the Independent Theatre Society, on Friday evening,
October 27th, 1893.

Ferencz Rényi.. ..	Mr. ACTON BOND.	Meyerhof	Mr. CHARLES RUTLAND.
Stanislaus	Mr. A. HAMILTON.	Ferencz's Mother ..	Mrs. THEODORE WRIGHT.
Haynau	REVELLE.	Fina	Miss MARY KEEGAN.
Haynau	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.	Thekla	Miss HALL CAINE.
Mausfeldt	Mr. NEVILLE DOONE.	Elizabeth	Mrs. CHARLES CREWICK.

Three acts of surplusage to one of drama, one halfpennyworth of sack to this intolerable deal of bread, is a proportion which not even the literary fame of "Michael Field" can justify. But what drama there is in "A Question of Memory" boasts prodigious, not to say appalling, strength. Here is the story: Young Hungary has risen against the Austrians, and one patriot has fallen into the Austrian General *Haynau's* hands—*Haynau*, the Woman-Flogger, the savage, who, in 1849, was nearly lynched by the infuriated draymen of Barclay and Perkins. The rebel army are safely stowed away in a ravine, and the prisoner must disclose their whereabouts. *Haynau* will not put him to bodily suffering. That would confirm the youth in his exalted view of martyrdom. He will extort the secret by putting others to torture and to death. His sister and mother are brought before him. "Confess, or they die." His resolution falters. But the women patriots stiffen the waverer's back, seal his lips with kisses, and like heroes go out to their doom. His sweetheart is brought in. "Confess, or she dies." She is different. There is nothing of the patriot about her. She cannot face death without a shudder and a scream. With sobs and tears she entreats her lover to betray his comrades, and thus save her life. The poor wretch would do it if he could, but the name of the defile has escaped him. The shots which killed his mother and sister deprived him of reason. He racks his memory, but Marathon and Thermopylæ are the only names he can recall. And the shrieking girl is torn from him, to be despatched in turn. This is the one situation—the whole drama. Of course it is not new. We had it last in "La Tosca," where it proved horrible enough in all conscience. Here, however, it is—or might be—more horrible still. "Might be," because, to do it justice, the grandest tragic acting is essential, and the grandest naturally is not forthcoming in Mr. Grein's interesting experiments. What M^{de}. Bernhardt and Mr. Irving and Mr. Forbes Robertson could do with this terrible scene between the girl, the general, and the demented lover, would probably pass the limit of human endurance, and I for one should be loth to witness it. For æsthetic enjoyment the agony was sufficiently dwelt upon here, where the

actors were, as a body, unequal to their task. The exceptions were Mrs. Theodore Wright and Miss Hall Caine. Mrs. Wright, as the Spartan mother, used with startling effect the eloquence of voice and face, the intense pathos, the majesty of bearing, which in "Ghosts" won her a name in a single night. Miss Caine as *Thekla* created a deep impression. Her rare merits stood out conspicuously, and the insistent gentle pathos and absolute truth of her acting removed her from the plane of mere intelligent effort occupied by most of her companions.

Coppée's little masterpiece, "Le Pater," played in French, which followed, introduced a Miss Anna Zetterberg, a very intelligent actress, with a note of passion, and a predilection for Mdme. Bernhardt's method. Mr. Ivan Watson was a saintly *Curé*, of faultless elocution; and Mr. P. M. Berton was the fugitive Communard who escapes in an Abbé's dress, and wore a moustache! Altogether an interesting, instructive, and not unduly gloomy incursion into the fields of the literary drama.

"GUDGEONS."

A Modern Comedy, in three acts, by THORNTON CLARK and LOUIS N. PARKER.

First produced at Terry's Theatre, on Friday evening, November 10th, 1893.

James Ffolliott Treherne	Mr. HERBERT WARING.	Gover	Mr. RICHARD BLUNT.
Reginald Ffolliott	Mr. W. T. LOVELL.	Mrs. Ffolliott Treherne	Miss JANETTE STEER.
Howard K. Harrison	Mr. CHARLES FULTON.	Persis Harrison	Miss SYBIL CARLISLE.
Silas B. Hooper	Mr. MURRAY CARSON.	Bundy	Miss CHARLOTTE MORLAND.
Arthur Smith	Mr. JAMES WELCH.		

Reverse the sexes in *Becky Sharpe* and *Rawdon Crawley*, and behold "Gudgeons," which, in compliment to these central characters, should have been called "Sharks." *Treherne* is *Becky*, Up to Date. He and his poor loving drudge of a wife are in the world—the world—but hardly of it, for they have no money. To raise some he does anything—but work. Commissions on clothes and cigars, suburban dinners, as a Guest from Blankley's—none of the dodges, of respectable paupers are too mean. There being no *Lady Steyne* enamoured of him—if there were, he has sunk low enough to jump at her as *Becky* did at my Lord—the purse is generally light. When, therefore, a rich American wants his daughter *Persis* introduced into smart society, *Treherne* is the man to arrange it, for a consideration. But a bigger prize offers. His nephew and *Persis* fall in love, but the struggling young barrister's mouth is closed by the girl's colossal fortune. This is *Treherne's* opportunity. As *Lord Steyne* was bled of a handsome cheque, ostensibly for poor Miss Briggs, so *Mr. Harrison*, he suggests, shall hand over to him a sum equal to the girl's dowry, to be bestowed upon his proud and penniless nephew.

The idea works, but in the very moment of success the scheme is wrecked by the Quixotism of the lovers, who resolve to begin life upon what *Reginald* can earn at the bar. Treherne is face to face with beggary again, but consolation comes in the hour of defeat. A life annuity is left to his wife, and he begins to devote himself to prolonging her valuable existence. These two characters, the well-born, well-groomed scamp, and his subservient wife, are drawn with uncommon skill. They form, indeed, the most interesting stage studies of the day—*Mrs. Tanqueray* always excepted—and, played as they are by Mr. Waring and Miss Steer, their actuality is absolute. Mr. Waring's performance is remarkable for flexibility, variety, and naturalness. It takes rank at once as memorable work. But the acting all round is very polished and smooth. Mr. Carson as a bustling American, Mr. Fulton as another of the *Gilead P. Beck* order, Mr. Welch as a cockney clerk, and Miss Carlisle and Mr. Lovell as the young lovers, were all capital—the first three faultless. And Miss Steer surprised the majority, ignorant of the clever work she has done, by the restraint and pathetic simplicity with which she played the dull, depressed, downtrodden wife.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

A Comedy in five acts, by RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, re-arranged by AUGUSTIN DALY.

Revived in London at Daly's Theatre, on Monday evening, November 13th, 1893.

Sir Peter Teazle ..	Mr. WILLIAM FARREN.	Sir Harry Bumper ..	Mr. LLOYD DAUBIGNY.	Sir Peter's Servant ..	Mr. FREDERIC POWELL.
Sir Oliver Surface ..	Mr. WILLIAM OWEN.	Joseph Surface ..	Mr. GEORGE CLARKE.	Joseph's Servant ..	Mr. WILLIAM SAMPSON.
Sir Benjamin Backbite ..	Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT.	Charles Surface ..	Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.	Lady Sneerwell ..	Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.
..	..	Charlesless ..	Mr. HERBERT GRESHAM.	Mrs. Candour ..	Mrs. G. H. GILBERT.
Crabtree ..	Mr. CHARLES LECLERCQ.	Moses ..	Mr. JAMES LEWIS.	Maria ..	Miss PERCY HASWELL.
Rowley ..	Mr. THOMAS BRIDGLAND.	Lady Teazle ..	Miss ADA REHAN.

A re-arrangement should be worthy of the name, and Mr. Daly's is! The "School," after Mr. Daly has chastened it with strokes from his blue pencil, reminds one of *Mr. Squeers's*. Its own parent would scarcely recognise it. The surprises begin with the very first scene. Gone are *Miss Piper's* twins, the dropsy, and other troublesome items of entertainment. This is no very serious matter; but what shall be said of scandal so diluted that it becomes no scandal at all? What of a *Joseph* without passion, and a *Charles* without mirth? What of a *Backbite* and a *Crabtree* who are not only tame cats, effeminate tattlers no longer, but prominent members of *Charles's* rowdy circle, jolly toppers, leering libertines! What of a *Lady Sneerwell* without envy and hatred, a *Snake* without malice, a *Mrs. Candour* without uncharitableness! These are re-arrangements indeed. Nor are they all. *Sir Peter*

is no longer a wealthy gentleman; with a house in Russell Square. He is a Vanderbilt in powder and smalls, and the father of his wards was evidently another. Now, for none of this can Mr. Daly be thanked. It is not Sheridan. It is not eighteenth century. It is not even English. But while either of two figures is on the stage it is impossible to feel vexed, or to resent Mr. Daly's miserliness in the matter of text, and extravagance in decoration. *Joseph* may be as indifferent as he will, and *Charles* be strenuously bent upon assuming gaiety since he has it not, for Miss Rehan and Mr. Farren are worth everything. The styles, even of these accomplished stylists, clash a little, it is true; but not to the hurt of either, or us. And for their individual playing there is nothing but delight and wonderment. Both carry the costume with distinction, both carry the quarrel scene with inimitable spirit—he with the quaintest uxoriousness and diverting petulance, she with unruffled gaiety and provoking sauciness—and, finally, both carry the screen scene with touches of mingled comedy and pathos quite inimitable in their way. That this guileless girl, all fun and frolic and heedlessness, is the *Lady Teazle* of Sheridan, is perhaps too revolutionary a proposition to be at once accepted on all hands; but that she is, in Miss Rehan's hands, a creation absolutely consistent and irresistibly winning, and moreover that she finds in the *Sir Peter* of Mr. Farren a faultless artistic foil and the complement of the picture, can be questioned by none.



Some Amateur Performances.

"AFTER TWO YEARS," AT DOUBLEBOIS.

Amateurs—London amateurs, I mean—can boast more than one or two playwrights in their ranks for whom they have no call to blush; writers who, when an original spark is struck from their brains, dare to give it shape—crude and irregular perhaps, but still vigorous and interesting. These have raised the standard of the amateur play; and it is by this standard that we judge it. But no further out than the five-mile radius. Beyond that, another and a milder standard must be used. Out in the country progress is slow—very slow. It may be sure; but "fac's is fac's," and there's no denying that country amateurs can't keep pace with their London brothers. They are on the move, it is true. They have begun to recognise that the drama does not begin and end with "Box and Cox" and "Ici on Parle Français." That's a great point gained. But they can't be hurried; they must take their time. It must be a question of line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. By the same token, originality must not be demanded as an essential ingredient of their plays. If these prove to be something like Tomlinson's religion—a hash-up of what they have heard and read—we mustn't complain; though we may feel inclined to echo the remark made by the Scotch farmer who, in the days when sea water drinking was in vogue, took his family to St. Andrews. On his arrival, it so happened that the estuary of the Eden was full, but on his return a fortnight later it was low water; and the simple countryman, unaccustomed to the vagaries of the tide, exclaimed in dumbfounded surprise, as he eyed the water far in the distance, "Eh, but ye maun have drunken well." That's what the Rev. G. E. Hermon, author of "After Two Years," has been doing. He has drunk deeply of ideas and characters long since worn threadbare, and the result is a somewhat insipid resurrection pie. *Colonel Trevanion* and *Mrs. L'Estrange*, a widow, though living in the same village, are not on speaking terms. His nephew and her daughter are, though—and on such exceedingly good terms that they would fain maintain them for life. But the Colonel will have none of the match; and we—or, rather, the unsophisticated amongst us who have not guessed it at the outset—learn why. The widow and he once stood in the same relation to each other as the younger generation, and she jilted him. The sting still rankles, and he is adamant until he learns that the letters that parted them were forged. Ha! did we not know it by the pricking of our thumbs? But, resurrection pie as it is, the author has flavoured it agreeably with some simple and telling dialogue. More than one of the scenes, too, is effectively worked; and whatever might be the shortcomings visible to the practised eye, not one of them was apparent to the audience, which was enraptured with play and players alike. Mrs. Shuttleworth, gentle and appealing as the widow; Mrs. Kelmore, a lively and pretty *ingénue*; Mr. Hermon, dignified and impressive as the Colonel; Mr. Herbert Mole, fervent and frank as the lover; and Captain Triscott, cool and incisive as the gentleman at whose word the misunderstandings melt into thin air, all attained a high place on the roll of local fame.

"BONNIE FISHWIFE," AT SCARBOROUGH.

One thing, at any rate, is certain. The players at Scarborough could not be accused of the fault with which the Bank-Holiday excursionist has recently been charged—that of going too far and doing too much. "The

Bonnie Fishwife" and "Boots at the Swan" cannot be counted an ambitious choice, though it has the priceless merit of being a safe one. No great damage can be done to either play. Both are substantial pieces of earthenware, and when you see them in clumsy hands you are spared the cold shivers and agonized apprehension which set in when it's a daintily-fashioned bit of porcelain that is awkwardly handled. If the earthenware comes with a crash to the ground, well, there's no serious harm done. It's scarcely a penny the worse for its fall. Not that the hands at Scarborough were dangerously clumsy. They might lack training and experience; but they knew enough to keep a tight grip. There was no such crash as strikes horror to the heart of every housewife, and that was all the audience asked. The method of handling might leave something to be desired, but they were neither curious nor critical on that point. Miss Dalrymple made a sprightly fishwife, and prattled away with a bewitching Scotch accent. Mr. Fawley made a handsome though not a particularly dashing *Wildoates*. Mr. Cook was comic, though not broadly so, as the gentleman's gentleman. This actor was also the *Boots* in the second piece, and, backed up by Miss Cook, Mr. Fawley, and Mr. Climenson, he worked hard and successfully for the credit of the piece.

"PYGMALION AND GALATEA," AT THE RICHMOND THEATRE.

It's a pity the critic has not the doctor's knowledge of human nature. You don't catch the medico readily committing himself to a definite opinion on a patient. Reticent is not the word for *him*. Why, in comparison with him, the Sphinx is chatty and communicative. And this is because he understands what Mr. Lang calls "the great *fond* of human nature," and knows how large a share perversity has in it. He knows that if he speaks his death warrant it's a thousand to one the patient will have the bad taste to snap his fingers in the face of the decision, and end by outliving him; while if he dismisses the ailment as trifling, and scoffs at the idea of danger, it is more than probable that, out of pure "cussedness," the patient will make no bones of shuffling off the mortal coil *instantly*. Therefore he does well to commit himself to nothing more definite than Burleigh nods and oracular smiles. Pity that all critics—more especially of amateurs—have not the bump of discretion as largely developed. He's that contrary, is the amateur, that it's safer to rely upon the weather than him. Perhaps he bursts out into sudden blaze; and the critic, starving for lack of something to praise, and feeling that here at length is an opportunity for airing those better-quality adjectives which have been rusting in disuse, sings, in the fulness of his heart, a pæan of rejoicing. But short-lived is his innocent joy. Ere morning, his gourd has withered away. The very next time that actor plays, the very qualities which were singled out for praise will be conspicuous by their absence. "And what does the critic do then, poor thing?" He droops his head under his wing, makes use of a strong word, and wishes, as devoutly as any defendant in a breach of promise case, that he had not committed himself in writing. The *Galatea* at the Richmond Theatre was an object lesson of this description. But a few weeks ago I specially called attention to the rare quality of finish which Mrs. Dashwood lends to her work. *Galatea* is the very part to show it off. And behold, *Galatea* comes, and finish is the one thing as yet she is wanting in. There was sympathetic insight into the character. The actress was obviously on intimate terms with her part, despite the anxieties of production, which accounted for a certain air of formality. Nevertheless, I grudged the loss of that delicate *finesse*, grudged it despite the grace and refinement, the tremulous note of pathos, the timid touch of power, the occasional flash which revealed into what, with time and care, this interesting study might ripen. There should be a run on Mr. Dawson Milward's *Pygmalion* for prospective performances of Mr. Gilbert's comedy. It is quite the most artistic and satisfactory rendering that has been seen for some time amongst amateurs. Miss Alice Moody has the spirit for *Cymiscæ*, but inexperience told terribly against her efforts—a misfortune not confined to her alone, but shared by several of her companions, Miss Luard

being equal to little beyond the bare delivery of *Daphne's* lines, and Miss Clayton proving but a timid *Myrrine*. Colonel O'Callaghan, though not quaint or unctuous in his humour, made a fairly creditable *Chrysox*, and Major Davenport a soldierly *Leucippe*. Buckstone's "Rough Diamond" found everyone on firm ground, Mrs. Dashwood taking the lead and keeping it as the little hoyden, Colonel O'Callaghan in the highest of spirits as *Cousin Joe*, Mr. Milward dignity itself as *Sir William*, and Miss Clayton, Mr. Crawford, and Major Davenport following at a respectable distance in the rear.



MRS. CHARLES F. DASHWOOD.

To be a "star" and yet to be unknown in what Mr. Grant Allen terms this village of London—this it is to be Mrs. Charles Dashwood, a lady who can fairly take her place high in the front rank of amateurs. Yet Mrs. Dashwood brings no long record of ambitious achievements. But three short seasons and double that number of parts constitute her career. For Mrs. Dashwood, a true devotee of her art, is a firm believer in the policy of quality, not quantity. But what her record lacks in length it makes up in variety. It ranges from the farcical comedy of *Georgiana Tidman* in

"Dandy Dick," through rustic comedy such as *Nan* in "Good for Nothing" and *Margery* in "A Rough Diamond," to the domestic sentiment of Mr. Jerome's heroines in "Barbara" and "Sunset," and from the high comedy of *Suzanne* in "A Scrap of Paper," and the restrained passion of *Lady Carlyon* in "In Honour Bound," to the poetic heights of *Galatea*. Mrs. Dashwood's favourite characters are the two last-mentioned, in the former of which she has won the highest praise from no less an authority than the author himself, Mr. Sydney Grundy. Her *Galatea* is still in process of completion. Though several performances of it have already been given, Mrs. Dashwood is too much of an enthusiast to rest content with anything short of perfection, and the fruits of her work will be shortly seen at a *matinée* in London. Mrs. Dashwood has everything on her side. In addition to great personal charm of face, voice, and manner, she possesses most of the natural qualifications for an actress, including a capital perception of character, a true and touching note of pathos, a fine sense of humour, considerable force, and, last but not least, an inexhaustible capacity for work. Should she realise in the future what is at present a scarcely-breathed ambition and essay *Frou-Frou* and the hectic heroine of "La Dame aux Camelias," no one who knows her capabilities can doubt that the experiment would be interesting in the highest degree.

"MEG'S DIVERSION," AT THE NEVILLE DRAMATIC STUDIO.

Who expects wonders from an actor's second appearance? No one with two grains of common sense in his composition. Certainly, not for a moment must it be looked for from the amateur, even if he has enjoyed the exceptional advantage of being under a stage manager able and willing to show him the ropes, and—rarer still—if he has had the common sense to avail himself of the privilege. Nor must it be looked for even from the students of Messrs. Neville and Gartside's Dramatic Studio. True, they have had the benefit of skilled and careful tuition; but, successful teachers though they be, Messrs. Neville and Gartside are not miracle-men, and even they cannot in a moment transform the novice into the practised swimmer. Feats, except, perhaps, in the splashing and struggling direction, are not demanded of the learner taking his second plunge. All that can reasonably be looked for is an increase of confidence, and definite action taking the place of hopeless floundering. And the demands we make upon the stage aspirant are every whit as modest. Let there be visible improvement on the first venture, and all is well. Looked at in this light, all was well with the last performance given by Mr. Neville's students. Natural ability was of course more strongly apparent in some than in others, and of this perhaps Miss Louisa Biddulph was the most marked example. She might—and undoubtedly did—lack the experience for the stronger scenes, but her rendering, as a whole, was touched with tenderness, charm, and sensibility, and a familiarity with stage requirements which was quite surprising. Mr. Albert Francis, a manly and straightforward *Jasper*, and Mr. Stapleton Hutt, cool and condescending as the *Squire*, have the advantage of their comrades in experience—a fact perfectly patent in the additional ease and firmness of their performance. Of the remaining novices, Mr. Oliver Hill, as the polished *Pidgeon*, played with a light touch; and Mr. Arthur White revealed a distinct talent for eccentric character, though he has yet to digest the meaning of the word moderation, and to desist from a spasmodic method of delivery which is rather curious than amusing. The light thrown by Mr. M'Arthur upon *Crow's* character was not exactly luminous, but then he has not yet accustomed himself to the boards, and is seriously handicapped by nervousness. And, to conclude, Miss Celia Herman made a prettily coquettish *Cornelia*, and Miss Hilda Adair a decidedly seductive widow.

"THE LADY OF LYONS," BY THE SIDCUP A.D.C.

The Sidcup amateurs would have done well to lay to heart certain words concerning the folly of setting out to build without first counting the cost.

Granted that they had the actors to hand, there was still the stage to be considered—a fact that would seem to have escaped their calculations. Lytton on a small stage means the greater part of the evening expended in the changing of scenery; and though intervals are right and delightful—especially for those who require frequent refreshing—one does not care for an evening entirely made up of intervals any more than one likes a book to be all margin and binding. It is in circumstances such as these that those who have early trains looming large before them think that, after all, there's a good deal to be said in favour of the old-fashioned placard which did duty as scenery. At such moments as the play *was* in progress, all—or, rather, all that I saw of it—went smoothly and well; but, as the poet sings, “the intervals were long, and time and the train were fleeting.” Mrs. Speck made a pretty, girlish *Pauline*, and responded gallantly to the demands made upon her, lending a charming playfulness to the earlier scenes, and attacking the later ones with resolution and spirit. The club was less fortunate in its *Melnotte*. Mr. Layton worked well and earnestly; but earnestness could not atone for the utter lack of poetry, imagination, and fire. Mr. Gribble made a grimly sardonic *Beauseant*; and Mr. Washington, though scarcely airy enough for the foppish *Glavis*, was at least respectable. Mr. Fearis, if he cut out most of the humour, was bluff and outspoken as *Damas*; and Mrs. Davis and Mr. Dare Clapham made much of the snobbish *Deschappelles*. Mrs. Moberly was a trifle stiff and unsympathetic as the *Widow Melnotte*, and has, as yet, almost everything to learn; and Mr. Teignmouth Shore doubled the *landlord* and *Gaspar*, and was better as the former than the latter.



Notes of the Month.

At the City of London College in Moorfields, on October 12th, the inaugural address of the Michaelmas term was delivered by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who discoursed on “The Relations of the Drama to Education.” Mr. Jones contended that all great dramas, however complex their story, mainly illustrated the greatest, simplest, truest, and most universal of the great truths of life. “Hamlet,” “Macbeth,” “Faust,” and the “Agamemnon” taught most impressively these central truths. Wide knowledge of life, of good and evil, is a good in itself. “We live in an age when there is a loud and general demand to know the truth about life. It is an age of upheavals, of inquiry, of searching. Smug half-truths and wandering, benighted prejudices are everywhere being challenged and stripped. ‘Come out into the daylight’ is the cry of this age to national

beliefs and institutions. 'Unmuffle! let us see whether you are an eternal truth or only a notion.'” Mr. Jones protested against any horror or disease or ugliness or evil being represented on the stage for its own sake—that is to say, unless a higher spiritual beauty could be shown beyond—but “the wider, deeper, fuller knowledge of life that the stage can display the more it should be welcomed and received and acknowledged as a national teacher. Why is it that the Bible and Shakespeare are everywhere allowed to be the two sovereign teachers of the English nation? Because life and the great realities of life, the whole heart and nature, the whole body and soul of man, are therein dealt with in the freest and plainest and simplest way. Enforce the narrow prejudices that governed the theatre until a few years ago,” Mr. Jones declared, “and you may have spread all over the country a series of large puppet shows, with living marionettes, but you will have no national drama. But the outlook for the English drama is on the whole brighter and healthier than it has been for some generations. One can discern the gradual formation of a sound taste and a sound body of public opinion. Whether the progress that has certainly been made will be continued depends upon how far the drama as the portrayer and interpreter of life can be still further separated from mere funny theatrical entertainments.”

THAT a good deal remains to be done in still further separating the drama from mere funny theatrical entertainments, the bare record for the month of the plays in London furnishes sufficient evidence. Two burlesques lead the way in point of popularity—“Little Christopher Columbus,” of which *the* feature is the song—

“Rumpty tummy! Rumpty tummy!
 That’s the way to dance!
 To all the fair it’s “Hulloh, there!”
 And give the girls a chance.
 Swing ‘em round and off the ground,
 And mash ‘em in between.
 Rumpty tummy! Tiddly umpty!
 That’s the sort I mean!”

and “The Gaiety Girl,” a gibing, tongue-in-the-cheek, hotly-spiced travesty of Gilbertian topsy-turvydom, in which Gaiety girls and guardsmen are the immaculate exponents of virtue, and clergymen and judges represent vice. In the wake of these come five farces, “The Orient Express,” “The Lady Killer,” “Tom, Dick, and Harry,” “A Screw Loose,” and “Mrs. Othello,” of which the last four are based upon the mistaken-identity idea,

and a jumble of Mr. Arthur Roberts and Lord Byron, called "Don Juan." Eight mere funny entertainments! and, to set against them, one comedy of serious bent—the social satire, the piece of observation and actuality—"Gudgeons."

ON the other hand, if the Drama is to be tricked out in the habit of the Dominie, the danger to the good seed will be worse than the risk it now runs of being choked by rank multitudinous weeds. The stage can, and, while we have Mr. Pineros, Mr. Grundys, and Mr. Joneses among us, will, educate. But only so far as the education can be made to look like entertainment. It's the old game of the powder in the jam. Show us the powder and we shall decline the spoon, jam and all. Without the "funny" element, we should probably have rejected "Judah," and the fine lessons unostentatiously conveyed therein would have been lost to a good many thousands who stood perhaps in need of them. We are all children. Things that are good for us we generally find unpalatable. And being children, we cry out at what we don't like, and run away from it. Lessons are a bogie. Teach them without calling them lessons, and we shall not find them irksome. Adopt the other method, and educators like Mr. Jones will soon have all their time free for lectures, for as dramatists they will join the unemployed.

"NOT too much farce, but just farce enough," should be the cry—not in the interests of the drama only, but in that of playgoers and players as well; for there is lamentable waste of opportunity, criminal waste of talent, in setting Miss Rehan, Miss Fanny Brough, Miss Lottie Venne, Mr. Hawtrey, Mr. Elwood, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Mr. Abingdon—to mention only the more glaring instances of sacrifice—to play the blind man's buff of mechanical farce.

LESS as lecturer than cicerone, Mr. Clement Scott, on Sunday evening, the 5th November, at St. James's Hall, conducted a great gathering of the Playgoers' Club, their president, Mr. Joep Slade, and many guests well known in connection with literature and the drama, on an amusing tour of inspection of the theatres and players of the world. His address was entitled "A Plea for Dramatic Free Trade," but his case was hardly strengthened by the unprepossessing sketches he drew of the state of the drama in China, Japan, India, and America, where Free Trade is enjoyed. Incidentally, an attack—upon its restrictive policy—was levelled at the London County Council, which found strenuous advocates

in Mr. Bernard Shaw and Dr. Aveling. This, with a series of interesting anecdotes and an impassioned peroration—in which Mr. Scott looked to the unhampered amusements of the people for an antidote to the misery and despair of the poor—practically constituted the address, in the discussion upon which Mr. Scott declined to state whether, in his demand for “Free Trade,” he included the abolition of the Censorship.



New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from October 12th to November 16th, 1893 :—

*(Revivals are marked thus *)*

- Oct. 13* “The Last Word,” comedy, in four acts, adapted from the German of Franz von Schoenthau by Augustin Daly.
Daly’s.
- „ 14 “A Gaiety Girl,” musical comedy, in two acts, by Owen Hall, Lyrics by Harry Greenbank, music by Sidney Jones. Prince of Wales’s.
- „ 16 “Miami,” operatic version, in three acts, of the late J. B. Buckstone’s drama, “The Green Bushes,” arranged by John Hollingshead, with lyrics by Warham St. Leger, music by Haydn Parry. Princess’s.
- „ 16* “The Middleman,” drama, in four acts, by Henry Arthur Jones. Lyric, Hammersmith.
- „ 16 “In the Moonlight,” drama, in four acts, by Mark Melford. Surrey.
- „ 16* “La Mascotte,” opera comique, in three acts, by Audran, adapted by the late Messrs. H. B. Farnie and Robert Reece. Transferred from the Gaiety. Criterion.
- „ 16* “The Bauble Shop,” comedy, in three acts, by Henry Arthur Jones. Grand.
- „ 16* “Dorothy,” comedy opera, in three acts, by B. C. Stephenson and the late Alfred Cellier. Parkhurst.
- „ 17 “The Lady Killer,” version, in three acts, of the French farce “115, Rue Pigalle,” by Alexandre Bisson. First time in London. Strand.
- „ 17 “Binks, the Downy Photographer,” musical absurdity, in one act, by Ernest Bucalossi. Strand.
- „ 19 “Mistakes,” play, in two acts, by Christina Dening. Produced by amateurs. Pioneer Club, Cork Street.
- „ 19* “The School for Scandal,” Sheridan’s comedy. *Matinée*. Crystal Palace.

- Oct. 25 "The Orient Express," comedy, in three acts, by F. C. Burnand. Daly's.
- „ 26 "A Hard Case," farcical comedy, in three acts, by W. Carleton Dawe. Terry's.
- „ 26 "Dido and Æneas," travestie, in three acts, author unannounced. Royalty.
- „ 27 "A Question of Memory," drama, in four acts, by Michael Field. For the Independent Theatre Society. Opera Comique.
- „ 27 "Le Pater," play, in one act, by François Coppée. For the Independent Theatre Society. Opera Comique.
- „ 28 "Don Juan," burlesque, in three acts, by James Tanner, lyrics by Adrian Ross, music by Meyer Lutz. Gaiety.
- „ 30 "Frog," comedy drama, in three acts, by Dr. Edward Aveling. Royalty.
- „ 30* "Niobe," fantastic comedy, in three acts, by Harry and Edward Paulton. Parkhurst.
- „ 30* "A Trip to Chicago," musical farcical comedy, in two acts. Author unannounced. Grand.
- Nov. 2 "Tom, Dick, and Harry," farcical comedy in three acts, by Mrs. R. Pacheco. First time in London. Trafalgar Square.
- „ 4 "A Screw Loose," farcical comedy, in three acts, by Mark Melford. Vaudeville.
- „ 4 "Mirza," play, in four acts, by W. Bryant. Opera Comique.
- „ 6 "The Bush King," drama, in four acts, by W. J. Lincoln. Surrey.
- „ 10 "Leap Year," comedietta, in one act, by Frederick Kerr. Terry's.
- „ 10 "Gudgeons," comedy, in three acts, by Thornton Clark and Louis N. Parker. Terry's.
- „ 11 "Mrs. Othello," farce, in three acts, adapted from the French by the late Fred Leslie and Arthur Shirley. Toole's.
- „ 11 "The Brothers," play, in one act, by Henry Byatt. Toole's.
- „ 13 "The School for Scandal," Sheridan's comedy. Daly's.
- „ 13 "Nance," drama, in a prologue and three acts, by John Douglass. Pavilion.
- „ 14 "A Vain Sacrifice," comedy-drama in three acts, by Walter E. Grogan. Strand.
- „ 16 "Nice Boy, Jim," operetta, in one act, by Albert Drinkwater, composed by William Vinning. Produced by amateurs. Bijou Theatre, Archer Street.

In the Provinces, from October 11th to Nov. 4th, 1893 :—

- Oct. 16 "The Land and the People," drama, in a prologue and four acts, by Arthur B. Moss. Produced by amateurs. Public Hall, New Cross.
- „ 17 "The Golden Days," operetta, in one act, by P. Shaw Jeffrey and W. Teignmouth Shore, composed by Harold S. Moore. Produced by amateurs. Village Hall, Chislehurst.
- „ 20 "Archibald Danvers, M.D.," comedietta, in one act, by Gertrude and Ethel Armitage Southam. Winter Gardens, Southport.
- „ 23 "A Widow's Wooing," comedietta, in one act, by Edwin Oliver. County Hall, St. Albans.

- Oct. 25 "Prince Cherrystar," operatic extravaganza, in three acts, by Tom Saunders, music composed and arranged by Harry Richardson. Royal, Hereford.
- „ 27 "Just Retribution," sketch, in four tableaux, by Ronald Bayne. Bijou Hall, Bedford.
- „ 30 "The Black Hawks; or, The Wild Cauliflower of the Sansomone," American drama, in four acts, author unannounced. First time in England. Queen's, Birmingham.
- Nov. 1 "Gentleman Jim," dramatic sketch, in one act, by W. R. Walker. Shakespeare, Liverpool.
- „ 4 "The Dude and the Dancing Girl," farcical musical sketch, in one act, by Messrs. Steele, Forward, and Eyre. Brixton Hall.

In Paris, from Oct. 10th to Nov. 9th, 1893 :—

- Oct. 10 "La Prétantaine," vaudeville-operetta, in four acts, by Paul Ferrier and R. Bénédite, composed by Léon Vasseur. Nouveau.
- „ 11 "Veuve Prosper Successeur," vaudeville-operetta, in three acts, by MM. Vély and Alévy, composed by Paul Marcelles. Déjazet.
- „ 19 "Le Chat du Diable," féerie, in three acts, adapted from the English by MM. Nutter and Trefeu, music by Offenbach. Chatelet.
- „ 25 "L'Amour Brode," comedy, in three acts, by François de Curel. Français.
- „ 27 "Madame Sans-Gêne," piece, in four acts, by Victorien Sardou and Emile Moreau. Vaudeville.
- „ 30 "Monseigneur," comedy, in one act, by Charles Meyreuil and Henri de Gorsse. Palais Royal.
- Nov. 6 "Les Rois," piece, in four acts, by Jules Lemaitre. Renaissance.
- „ 8 "Une Faillite," piece, in four acts, by Bjoernstjerne Bjoernsen, adapted by MM. Schürmann and Jacques Lemaire. Théâtre Libre.
- „ 9 "Leurs Gigolettes," comedy, in four acts, by H. Meilhac and Albert de St. Albin. Palais Royal.





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